



# J.F. Janfislo.



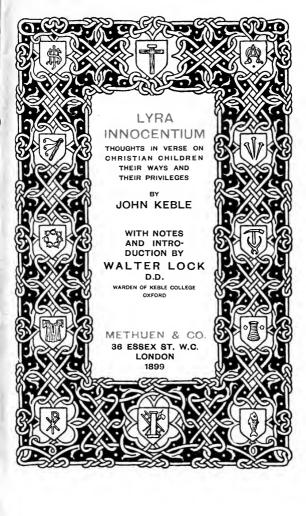


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### LYRA INNOCENTIUM





"Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them."



### CONTLATA

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,,	Feb. (?)	ii. 2.	Children like Parents.
,,	Feb. (?)	ii. 10.	Lifting up to the Cross
,,	Feb. 1.	vi. 7.	Enacting Holy Rites.
,,	Feb. 11.	ii. 4.	Sleeping on the Waters.
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#### UNDATED POEMS

Presumption. Tears Restrained. V. 2. Stammering. v. 5. Dressing Up. vi. 4. Pebbles on the Shore. vi. 5. Autumn Buds. vii. 6. The Oak. vii. 7. The Starry Heavens. vii. 10. viii. 3. The Gibeonites. viii. 4. David's Childhood. viii. 7. Hezekiah's Display. viii. 8. St Joseph. ix. 3. The Lich-Gate. Obeisance at Entering Church. ix. 11. White Apparel. Chil fron

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### INTRODUCTION

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A BOOK of poems about children must in Origin and the main be left to explain itself and purpose of the poems. to justify its existence by its correspondence with the facts of childhood, and its power of satisfying the universal and instinctive delight of the grown-up in child-life. But the "Lyra Innocentium?' also takes a strong colouring from the circumstances of the time at which it was produced, and cannot be understood adequately without due regard to them. As far as the dates of the poems are known, their composition falls entirely within the years 1841-1846; and those were years of intense anxiety both for the Church of England and for Mr Keble himself. The first wave of the Tractarian movement had spent itself: suspicions of its tendency had been aroused; criticism and denunciation, fair and unfair, learned and ignorant, had taken the place of enthusiasm; reckless followers would not follow the guidance of their leaders; and the most prominent of those leaders, John Henry Newman, to whom Keble had given his heart away in loval affectionateness, and to whom he had

been wont (in his own words) to pay "habitual deference," was known to be himself uncertain of his position, drawn this way and that, on a current which now ebbed and now advanced. but which was clearly setting Romeward. 1842 he left his college rooms at Oriel College, Oxford, and withdrew to Littlemore; in 1843 he resigned the vicarage of St Mary's; in 1845 he resigned his fellowship, renounced allegiance to the Church of England, and was | formally received into the Church of Rome. At reach step : Keble had been in communication with him, recalling the memories of past spiritual blessings, suggesting thoughts of reassurance, with the most delicate respectfulness throwing out hints, suggestions, pleadings. Newman has described thim as brokenhearted, morbid, and over - wrought, accusing himself of being the cause of Newman's own perplexity. The sense of personal sinfulness grew upon him, i He cast about to see how far the truth would allow him to go with Newman, what aspects of truth the Church of England had neglected, what her right attitude was to the Church of Rome and the other Churches from which she was separated. The serious illness, in 1845, of his only brother and of his wife added to his own personal anxieties. There were "thoughts that ache and eyes that

lower" (i. 3); there was "a wearier age" to bear (ii. 3): he could only see "farreaching ways, unknown and wide" (v. 7). But through all this stress he remained quite clear of his own duty of loyalty to the Church of England, and of the impossibility of joining Rome, "until Rome is much changed indeed"; and he emerged from the strain, even more confident than before of the spiritual realities within her; assured of forgiveness, and assuring many another of forgiveness, through her ordinances; "with hopes to sweet sad memories akin" (ix. 16), but clearly hopeful, radiant, even joyous.1 Two voices had been arguing in his heart, as in the heart of Tennyson and of so many others in those days of eager questioning, but the dull and bitter voice of despair and doubt was gone,

"A second voice was at my ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer'";

and to him this voice had been the voice of children. He had been thrown more with

<sup>1</sup> He wrote in Lent 1846: "For myself I can truly say that everything which has happened during the last six months seems to me to tell one way—i.e. to satisfy one more and more that it is one's duty to stay where one's lot is cast, and make the best of it. Everything almost, public and private, speaks to my ear with one voice,"

children than in his earlier years. Over and above the children in his village school at Hursley (whose sayings have suggested many of his poems), there were the growing families of his own brother at Bisley, of Sir W. Heathcote at Hursley Park, of Dr Moberly at Winchester, of Mr Justice Coleridge at Ottery. Some of these he had baptized, to others he had acted as sponsor; so, like another St Joseph (viii. 8), the childless one found a new place and portion "in bowers of home delight," and claimed his share of the children's smiles and tears as their "father in God." He would have gladly spoken of them in the words of a later poet, as

the innocent little ones,
Of value high o'er stars and suns,
Evangelists by heaven's decree,
Commissioned truths to teach to me
That elsewise I had never known

His scholars taught him his own forgotten lore: they stirred once more the deepest feelings of his heart, and those feelings found their relief in song. He was now about fifty years of age. "The Christian Year" had been published fourteen years before (1827): the Tractarian movement had called out some forty short poems of much vigour, much stern defiance, and warlike tone, which had appeared in the

"Lyra Apostolica"; but since then he had, it would seem, scarcely written anything. Now, however, the springs that had been stopped were re-opened, and we have in the "Lyra Innocentium" the aftermath of a St Luke's Summer.

These poems he decided to publish, partly for the practical reason that he needed money for the restoration of Hursley Church, partly because he hoped that he

A true and timely word might frame For weary hearts that ask to see Their way in our dim twilight hour.

And, therefore, if we may say it with all due reverence, he did as his Master had done at a time of disputing and wrangling, "He took a child and set him in the midst of them."

He took a child and set him in the midst of them-and that, it would seem, with a threefold purpose:

i. He set it there for its own charm and attractiveness: its sweet magic had charmed him out of restlessness into peace, out of morbidness into health, out of perplexity into faith. Two days before the proposed condemnation of Tract xc., at a time of "fretting cares," and "broken hearts," the sight of a bright-haired babe sleeping trustfully amid the storms of winter had called forth that most restful of all the poems, "Sleeping on the Waters" (ii. 4, where see note). Children's "artless smiles," whether awake or asleep, their "beaming glances," their "flashes of quick thought," their "gladsome talk and gay," their "pure thoughts fashioned to the Master's mind," their sports, their May garlands, their sympathy with animal life, their ready thankfulness, their simple words of praise, their delight in hearing a thing that they liked "again," "again,"—even their bereavements had drawn him out of his moodiness. "The book has been" (so he wrote to Mr Justice Coleridge, in May 1845) "a great comfort to me in the desolating anxiety of the last two years." 1 "When things were most perplexing" (writes Miss Yonge of these years), "and the heaviest shocks were in full force, a child, or a child's festival, or a great holy day, had a striking power of making him put off cares and griefs, and be thoroughly happy and blithe. . . . The delight in scenery, children, animals, flowers, and books was as fresh as ever." 2 He hoped, therefore, to relieve the strain of others' minds by the sound of children's voices, as though in the crisis of a tragedy a chorus of children had passed across the stage chanting their sacred hymns. Had

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Coleridge, "Memoir of Rev. J. Keble," p. 279. <sup>2</sup> "Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Innocentium,'" p. xxiii.

one asked "Who are those with thee?" he would have answered with Jacob: "The children which God hath graciously given thy servant" (τί ταῦτα σοι ἐστί; ὁ δε εἶπεν, τὰ παίδια οἶς ἡλέησέ με ὁ θεός. Gen. xxxiii. 5).

ii. This beautiful child-life was not only attractive in itself; it served "to still the enemy and the avenger"; it served as a reassurance to the perplexed, and as an apologetic answer to the opponent, as being a proof of the reality of God's grace working within the Church of England. It was a life of "faith and silent praise"; it was like the life of the harebell or the nodding fern, growing, blooming, green and gay, at the very side of the waterfall, unscared by the roar of its waters, untroubled by the uncertainty of its course, leaning without fear into its spray, and kept fresh and bright by it (vii. 9). The reality of the regenerating gift of baptism was proved by the growing likeness of the baptised child to the Father, to Christ, to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints: their filial yearnings, their patient smiles, their desire to learn, their willingness to obey, their sense of awe and reverence, their pastoral care for animals and for children younger than themselves, their self-devotion in confirmation-these and many such traits of the true Christian character were proofs that God's grace is still

real, active, powerful in our midst; indications of the serious peril that those would run who defaced the cross so clearly stamped upon children; grounds, too, or of hope that the prayer of innocents on earth would problems.

Guard, as of old, our lonely tents, T ii

Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and wonders in Israel from the Lord of Hosts." (Is. viii. 18.) As with our Lord's own action, so here, the child-character was also to serve as an example. "Be thou through life a little child, by manhood undefiled " (vii. 1), was one lesson of the book. "Except ye continue to be as little children, ye cannot remain in the kingdom of Heaven." In contrast to "the world's freedom feverish and untrue" (iv. 8), to "our cold irreverent age" (ii. 10), in days of much restlessness, much wilfulness, great timidity, and much morbid introspection, we have the picture of their simple delight in all that is bright outside themselves, "tracing glad lessons in the moonlight skies," and able to view this earth as still being like "Eden's stainless bowers"; their courageous love of animals and sympathy with them; their shyness, which is the germ of true reverence; their trustful clinging to their mother's robe; their alarms quickly stilled by the sound of her voice; their faults told into her loving ears; their quick "thank you" for any gift; their generosity with their own treasures; their loyal clinging to a friend who is leaving them; their tenderness for a sick sister; their indignation against injustice or cruelty; their courage in venturing out of their depth in bathing; and, above all, their duteousness, are all portrayed with more or less explicit suggestion of the inference to be drawn from them.

Jesus in His Babes abiding
Shames our cold, ungentle ways,
Silently the young heart guiding
To unconscious love and praise, (ix. 15.)

Indeed, if there is one word characteristic of the book, it is this word duteous. It is applied to Nature's obedience to Law. The sun that performs his daily appointed round is the duteous sun. It is applied to animals; the watch-dog's duteous care guards the slumbering child. More frequently it is the characteristic of human life: Naaman's maid-servant served Jehovah with duteous fear; St Joseph guided the Virgin and the Child into Egypt with duteous staff; the boy at the miracle of the Feeding of the Five Thousand brought his basket to the Apostles with duteous heart; with

duteous cry the children welcomed our Lord to Jerusalem; the buyers and sellers in the temple made duteous way for His sounding scourge; his duteous friends waited for the promise of the Holy Spirit at Jerusalem; with duteous art St Andrew changed the form of the Cross on which he was to be crucified, lest he should seem presumptuously to imitate his Master; the Christmas festival yields its duteous love and praise; the Church is Christ's duteous spouse; duteous maidens come in stainless white to confirmation; day by day we to Our Father duteous pray; duteous deed, duteous fear of sin, a duteous mind, are characteristic of the Christian boy; the duteous-hearted boy waits upon the old; and-

> With joy the guardian angel sees A duteous child upon his knees.

In this Mr Keble carries out the ideal legislation of Plato for the training of the young, that the sacred choir of children should first sing with all their heart their songs in the ears of the whole city, and that their theme should be that the gods declare the holiest life to be the happiest.

Child-life is thus put forward to relieve from strain, to reassure from perplexity, to restore to a true ideal of character; whence it follows, of necessity, that the volume is not primarily a child's book in the sense of being a book for children to use. In its first inception it was intended to be "a sort of Christian Year for Teachers and Nurses, and others who are much employed about children." Its title was to have been "The Child's Christian Year," with the poems adapted to each Sunday and holy day of the year, and many of the poems bear in the MS. the inscription, "C.C.Y.," or even "C.C.Y., pt. ii.," as though the plan of the book had been thought out completely; but that title was used in 1841 for another volume of poems, compiled under Mr Keble's supervision by Mrs Yonge of Otterbourne; and, apart from that fact, the book had taken a different shape, and, when published, it was arranged by subjects rather than by days, the index of days being, except in the case of the earlier poems, a subsequent and somewhat arbitrary adaptation.

The result is that the book is of a composite character: some of the poems are addressed to children; others are written for children and put into their mouths; more frequently they are moralisings about the ways and sayings and privileges of children; in a few cases there is no reference to children at all. But these last are few, and, with their exception, the book

is always the "lyre of innocents," the chord touched by their fingers, the thoughts which, consciously or unconsciously, they sing to us, the melody which they inspire, the utterance of their "soul's immensity." Mr Keble was fond of the thought that angels take up and expand into a richer meaning the simple prayers of children; and as in "The Christian Year," he had described their innocent gestures as wearing a meaning half-divine, so here, angelwise, he takes up and expands their simple sayings into a deeper spiritual or ecclesiastical analogue.

Characteristics. The book was published anonymously; but it could not fail to be recognised as the work of the author of "The Christian Year." The charitable austerity; the deep sense of personal sinfulness; the faith in forgiving love; the soothing, sober tone; the delight in home life, in children, in the quieter aspects of Nature; the classical diction; the touch of obscurity:—these were clear indications of its source, and on these points of similarity we have no call to dwell. But it may be well to note two characteristics which somewhat separate it from its elder brother, the one a clear gain, the other at once a gain and a loss—a gain to those who

<sup>1</sup> Cf. iii. 2, ix. 5, "The Christian Year," on The Catechism, and "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 101.

have accepted the full Church position, at least an apparent loss to those many devout souls outside the Church who yet had welcomed "The Christian Year": they are, first, its brighter joyousness of tone; and, secondly, the stronger ecclesiastical stamp upon it.

The brighter joyousness can be found in almost every page; there is, indeed, side by side, with lit, a terribly stern and solemn side: the cradle has its fears as well as its hopes; a child may turn out to be a Cain, a Judas, even an anti-Christ; the generous boy may, like David, prove "a fallen man"; and teaching about the eternal consequences of sin is a true act of a mother's love, guarding her child from evil. There is, indeed, nothing in "The Christian Year" more grimly stern than "The Cradle Guarded" (ii. 15), more impressive and aweinspiring than "The Effect of Example" and "Presumption" (iv. 1 and 2). Yet, in the main, the joyousness predominates. "The Christian Year? had assumed the Church to be "in decay."; but the Tractarian movement was a proof of its intrinsic vitality. It had revived; it had asserted itself; it had conveyed its message of forgiveness to penitents; it had gone through fresh travail pangs: and the "Lyra" expresses the joy that a new life was born into the world. There is the man's joy in the joy

of children; there is the joy even if only "joy subdued "-in the heart of the penitent; there is joy in earth as well as in Heaven over the return of the penitent. "White ilisi the poet's favourite colour, and it is seen from one end of life to the other, starting from the babe's white chrisom, passing through the Sunday dress, the confirmation veil, the surplice for priest and chorister and penitent, the bridal dress, the linen on the altar, and ending in the white winding-sheet of the last scene on earth. " Healing" is the poet's favourite word; whereas "soothing" was the favourite word of "The Christian Year," "healing" is used here twice as often as "soothing." 1 Thus, Jehovah's Name was the bealing name; the faith of the widow of Sarepta was worth bealing and life to her child. Christ is the Healer, He who waits to heal, born under Bethlehem's healing star. His Hand is a healing Hand; healing balms flow," and the bealing cloud descends from Him. He has store of healing for our daily sore; His grace can heal the wound within. His Cross is a healing rood; the pangs He suffered then were bealing pangs, His Blood con had it ; each a or . How the server:

In one passage (ix. 16) the original phrase of the MS. "The sweet bells that costed Life's morn," was strengthened into "The sweet bells that charmed Life's morn," on publication.

all-healing, kindly blood; the waters of Baptism are healing, holy waters; the Comforter comes on healing wings; none, not even the sullen and passionate and envious temper, are without the reach of his healing.

It is a natural result of this radiancy of tone that there is a greater charm of melody and lyrical expression. There is no poem in "The Christian Year" in which we feel the real harmony between thought and form so perfectly caught as in "The Offertory," "Christmas Eve," "Continual Services" (ix. 15, x. 2, ix. 17). In the two former the bright, vigorous melody expresses excellently the appeal for generosity and joy; in the last the quiet stately flow of the metre, line passing into line with no "harsh bounding," is the utterance of one whose ear has caught somewhat of "the eternal melodies " of the majestic movement of the universe. One poem, "The Song of the Manna-Gatherers" (viii. 2), stands quite by itself in Mr Keble's poetry for its combination of melody with dramatic force. He has for once given himself the rein, and thrown himself into a bright, happy situation, describing the feelings of the Israelites, without staying to allegorise it or consider any spiritual inference.

The second note of difference from "The

Christian Year" is that of ecclesiasticism. This, indeed, is only a difference of degree, but it is clearly marked. The struggles and activities of the Church had made it dearer to the poet, more all-embracing, more clearly correspondent to all, in Nature that was typical of its truth. There is, perhaps, a greater emphasis on a few doctrines—those which had specially been the centre of controversy—the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, of sacramental grace (cf. ix. 10, Church Rites), of absolution, of eternal punishment. There is a more didactic tone; so that a poem is often the lyrical expression of one of his sermons, This is particularly true of the first section, "Holy Baptism," which should be read with the Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices. There is, at times, a patristic over-straining of the allegorical interpretation of the Bible (cf. i. 2, ix. 14). More significantly still, scenes in Nature are seldom described for their own beauty. The loving description of the river, with its willows and lilies, and willow-herb and meadow-sweet (vi. 6), is a striking exception to this; but, as a rule, Nature is brought closely into line with Church doctrine or with some spiritual or ecclesiastical analogue. In "The Christian Year" the praise of God's goodness was heard in the outside world in the chant of wakeful birds, in the deep weltering flood, in whispering leaves; in the "Lyra" it is heard, not only there (cf. especially v. 12, and 13), but also in the carol of the Redbreast which has found its way into a cathedral. It is the holly used in church decorations, the violet picked to lie on'a grave, rather than the snowdrop or the willow-tree in the open country, that teach their lesson. The church bells are heard in every breeze; Nature's chords "make tunes for holy times"; and "the endless round of Nature's wheel" gains its chief charm from the fact that it suggests the universal Eucharist of the Church. There is, no doubt, a mysterious and important truth in all this, for it expresses the unity of all God's work, and the sense of Nature being "free to wait on grace"; but there is at times a feeling that the two halves of the analogy have not fallen into line, but have been forced into line; there is, here and there, a sense of unnaturalness; of a want of freedom; there is in the poems a larger amount of what is prosaic, and apparently written to order, than there was in "The Christian Year," .. The range of illustration is again scarcely so wide and varied as there 1; yet it is still wide. The Bible, Christian traditions about the Virgin, Plato, 1 Cf "The Christian Year," Introduction, pp. 12-16.

Virgil, Hooker, Spenser, Newton, Wordsworth, Sir W. Scott, the scenery of Hampshire and of Scotland, have all given their contribution; there is, too, a more frequent allusion to music and to paintings, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, Domenichino's "St John," Overbeck's "Christ blessing little children," Miss Trench's sketch of a "Belgian girl lifting up her baby sister to the Cross," all being described. The whole volume proves the truth of Miss Yonge's account of the author: "It seems to me that in power of exceeding enjoyment, in positive admiration (which was real thankfulness), see he was an unusually happy man; children, high characters, good people, noble actions, fine prints or pictures, music, scenery, all gave him such great delight."1

Devotional value. For whom, then, will such a book have a devotional value? for whose sake is it included in a Library of Devotion?

i. For children? Yes and No. Not, it would seem at least to me, for young children, for with them it might tend to produce a premature self-consciousness. But it would be a

<sup>1&</sup>quot; Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and 'Lyra Innocentium,'" p. xlv. One poem ("The First Smile," ii. 1) is not Mr Keble's, but was written by Mr Justice Coleridge; the thought of another (Languor, v. 13) was also suggested to Mr Keble by him.

healthy book for boys and girls as they approach the time of confirmation: they would be helped to realise the greatness of their privileges, the true responsibility for them, the contribution which each life, each prayer, makes to the whole life and worship of the Church, the value of little things, the effect of example, the danger of trusting mere generous impulse; boys would learn fearlessness and the true soldier spirit; girls would learn humility and love and the true maidenly spirit; boys and girls alike would learn duteousness.

ii. For parents? Yes; most of all for parents, and any who stand in loco parentis; for they would be taught the beauty of each regenerate soul, fairer than the flowers of Eden, or the stars of Heaven (i. 3); the separateness of each life with its "world of thought alone" (iii. 1); "the heart's lone awful world" (v. 2); "the mystery of the tears of men" (ib.); they would be reminded also of the serious possibilities of evil as well as of good that lie in each child of man: and therefore no cradle would remain "uncharmed by prayer"; there would be no driving, no forcing of the child's will, but a true reverence for it, a respect even for its shyness and its stammering, a bright expectation of its capacities, no parade of its cleverness, but a gradual training in God's laws, and a

commendation of it into the hands of Him who alone could guard it securely. And parents would find the lines of Christian training clearly drawn for them; they would be reminded of the danger of a love of praise and admiration; of trusting to mere impulse, however good; of the spirit of selfishness, envy, disrespect, irreverence, inward pride; even of too great love of a good home, which might unfit a child, as it did St. Mark, for the work of life (iv. 9). On the other hand, if they followed the book's guidance, they would train their children in a true admiration for the beauty of Nature (ii. 6); they would guide their imagination and their conscience in the study of art and of history (iii. 10); they would teach them the Creed, and soothe them with the words of the Bible (iii. 9, v. 3); they would make them realise the presence of God, so that they might have "one law for darkness and for light" (iii. 1): and so turn them out trustworthy, courteous, obedient, self-disciplined, forgiving, igenerous, er li child of mane and lone

It is in this connection that we may best note the reverence paid to the Blessed Virgin. This was probably due in part to the controversial circumstances of the time; for, though Mr Keble held that "the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary was one of the things which made it im-

possible to join the Church of Rome," yet he also felt that the entire ignoring of the thought of her in the religious life of even the best of English Churchmen, was a point in which we fall short of the true Catholic instinct of what is rightfully due to her. 1 But the references to her grow naturally out of the thoughts of maidenhood and maternity; she is ever brought into close connection with her child; and with her, as with all the saints, we are especially guarded against any thought of a goodness or a power apart from Him, and from "the Fountain Orb of Good": we are warned against adoration or the thought of an Immaculate Conception. Thus she is called "the first of creatures," "the whole earth's flower and prime," "whom the awful blessing lifted above all Adam's race"; she is the type of maidenhood (ii. 2); again, the type of motherhood, the spotless mother whose mother's love is one with the Almighty Will, so that she is willing to see her child suffer, if God so

1 In a letter to the Rev. J. Miller of July 6th, 1846, J. K. writes that one of the principles which had guided him, while composing the "Lyra" was "that, since the Church of Rome is a church [... it is our duty to long and pray for union, to put the best interpretation upon everything, and when it can be done prudently and charitably, to claim and use as our right (we being Catholic as well as they), such usages and sayings of theirs as seem to be free from corruption, and not forbidden by our own Church."

will (ii. 11). Her presence at Pentecost is a pledge that children have their share in its blessings (x. 10); it is a thought to mothers dear that the Church's memory ever recalls her as adoring her Son. She, with the Saints, is present in our worship (iii. 3); and the orphaned girl is reminded not only that her own mother is still praying in Heaven, but that she may also think of "A holier mother rapt in more prevailing prayer" (v. 9). The fullest poem about her, entitled "Mother out of Sight," was not published at the time, as some of his friends thought it might give offence, but as it was intended for this volume, and as it has since been published,1 it has been added here in an Appendix.

iii. The book will have a special value, also, for any who are burdened with the sense of their own past sin—for penitents. The portrayal of childlike purity will indeed add a new poignancy to the remorse for that which they have lost, and make them more ashamed of sin (ix. 9); yet children also shew a sympathy with the trouble which they cannot understand (x. 6); and, apart from the action of children, the penitent will hear that "sun and air have soothing power"; he "In Coleridge's "Memoirs," ch. 13, and in the "Miscellaneous Poems."

will hear of "the soothing hand that Love on Conscience lays" (v. 12). But he will also hear that repentance does not annul the effects of past sin; that true grief for having done wrong shows itself in willingness to endure the penalty; that the sinner who is wrongly praised should turn his praise into penance; but that if this is done, the past purity may be recovered; that there is a white robe for the penitent, as white as the babe's christening dress; that "the withered bough may blush with fruitage still"; nay, even that the memory may be cleansed from the association of evil.

What if yet,
In some far moment of eternity,
The lore of evil I may quite forget
And with the pure in heart my portion be?

(iii. 7; cf. v. 11, 12; viii. 3; x. 1).

iv. Lastly, there is healing here for those in perplexity, especially in perplexity about their allegiance to the Church. Such will not discover any arguments to help them in controversy, but they will find themselves enwrapt in an atmosphere of sunshine and of trustfulness. This atmosphere implies no lowering of the ideal of the Church. It is she "whose laws are sealed on high" (ix. 14)—she is "the Power Doomed to be Queen o'er all"; and though the ideal is far from being realised, and there seems

to be no union and no love, yet all her branches are under one unfailing guide; they will haply blend in some distant cave. All who are baptised and press onward by deeds of holiness belong to the true Church (vii. 9). Meanwhile, her duteous children will cling to their mother's robe (v. 7); they will bear patiently with imperfections in their own Church (ix. 13, 14). And to such children she reveals herself in her true motherhood; and the sense of brotherhood with the Saints deepens itself." "The pure and childlike dead," "the Living Dead," seem to draw nearer to us than before, praying with intenser might (ii. 2, v. 8, 9, 10; ix. 7). The manifold ways of the Saints, countless as the stars of Heaven (vii. 10), become clear to our vision. They join our worship here on earth; Christ is in them; from Him virtue goes out through them "the whole world to bless." The Sacred Home is never quite bereft of her Saints; and therefore, in the presence of these great realities, we may trust God's choice of our position,

For sure thine holy Mother's shade and the fit Rests yet upon thine ancient home: No voice from Heaven hath clearly said "Let us depart"; then fear to roam.

The MS. of nearly all the poems, written out by Mr Keble himself on backs of letters and envelopes (cf. ii. 4, note), was given by his

Scope of this Edition.

brother to Keble College Library, and that has been collated for this edition. It has not many variations from the printed editions, and most of them have evidently been deliberately changed; consequently, I have not attempted to print many of these "chips from the workshop"; but a few of them have an interest of their own, and in a few the MS. seems to retain the correct reading, which has been accidentally lost in the printed editions. It has also enabled me to supply the dates of sixteen of the poems which have hitherto been undated. As in dealing with the "Christian Year," I have added a short analysis to the majority of the poems; but some are so clear that it seemed an insult to any reader to do so. I have also added a chronological index of the poems, and prefixed to each poem the Sunday or holy day with which it was connected, and added a few explanations of the allusions in the poems and illustrations from Mr Keble's other writings, or from previous writers who had influenced his language or his thought; and, as mentioned above, I have reprinted from the "Miscellaneous Poems "the poem which was originally intended for the "Lyra Innocentium."

#### WALTER LOCK.

Keble College, Oxford, Scpt. 13, 1898.

brusher to X on the property of the Man Man that - has been collined to this cellio. It has not many variation is to the title in the and most of then have miteral ton in heretely then to be not tell to be warrend; begand the print ander it is seen to be week-To a my caller or the realist contract of quite on that a second self-two and the grove that it retain the color serdence in the hardence actional los in a los los les relatives that are the wife of the second can well of the press of the are I than a been maked. gradity of the Bull the West The Back CraA · La majaza a ra in manaja sa babba poems, by the second of the second at bolder of the action of the care against any or at already the street of the Real creek down as the real of the captible of a second off and the same of the same of the same hope it has not a more most to or distance a manufall Sugar Harry Comment of State of Contraction Entropy of the my to

# LYRA INNOCENTIUM

"O DEAREST, dearest Boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

Wordsworth.

### TO ALL FRIENDLY READERS

There are, who love upon their knees
To linger when their prayers are said,
And lengthen out their Litanies,
In duteous care for quick and dead.
Thou, of all Love the Source and Guide!
O may some hovering thought of theirs,
Where I am kneeling, gently glide,
And higher waft these earth-bound prayers.

There are, who gazing on the stars

Love-tokens read from worlds of light,

Not as dim-seen through prison-bars,

But as with Angels' welcome bright.

O had we kept entire the vow

And covenant of our infant eyes,
We too might trace untrembling now
Glad lessons in the moonlight skies.

There are, to whom the gay green earth
Might seem a mournful penance cave;
For they have marr'd their holy birth,
Have rent the bowers that o'er them wave.
Where underneath Thy Cross they lie,
Mark me a place: Thy Mercy's ray,
Is healing, e'en to such as I,
Else wherefore bid us hope and pray?

Coursely as of wins

Fib. ' . . ' .

1841

What if there were, who laid one hand Upon the Lyre of Innocence, While the other over sea and land Beckon'd foul shapes, in dream intense

## 30 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

Of earthly Passion? Whoso reads,
In pity kneel for him, and pour
A deep heart prayer (0! much it needs)
That lies may be his hope no more.

Pray that the mist, by sin and shame
Left on his soul, may fleet; that he
A true and timely word may frame
For weary hearts, that ask to see
Their way in our dim twilight hour;
His lips so purg'd with penance-fire,
That he may guide them, in Christ's power,
Along the path of their desire;

And with no faint nor erring voice
May to the wanderer whisper, "Stay:
God chooses for thee: seal His choice,
Nor from thy Mother's shadow stray:
For sure thine holy Mother's shade
Rests yet upon thine ancient home:
No voice from Heaven hath clearly said,
'Let us depart'; then fear to roam."

Pray that the Prayer of Innocents
On Earth, of Saints in Heaven above,
Guard, as of old, our lonely tents;
Till, as one faith is ours, in Love
We own all Churches, and are own'd.—
Pray Him to save, by chastenings keen,
The harps that hail His Bride enthron'd
From wayward touch of hands unclean.

### HOLY BAPTISM

I.

### THE MOST HOLY NAME. July 1843.

Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. St Matt. xxviii, 19.

### (TRINITY SUNDAY)

The Name of God given in Baptism is like a charm to protect thee from evil, and to complete thy Heavenly life. But it has to be tested in the face of trial and temptation; and thou must make use of it, both in the time of childish innocence, and also in after years, at thy own morning and evening prayers, and in public worship, and finally on thy deathbed; so that at last, with all spiritual foes vanquished, thou mayest proclaim it with the Angels in Heaven.

Once in His Name who made thee, Once in His Name who died for thee, Once in His Name who lives to aid thee, We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

'Christian,' dear child, we call thee; Threefold the Bath, the Name is One: Henceforth no evil dream befall thee, Now is thy Heavenly rest begun.

Yet in sharp hours of trial
The mighty seal must needs be prov'd: 1

<sup>1</sup> Scal, a technical word for Baptism in Patristic writers, perhaps originating in 2 Cor. i. 22, Rev. ix. 4. Cf. Lightfoot "Clement of Rome," Ep. ii. c.7.

Dread Spirits wait in stern espial:—1
But name thou still the Name belov'd.

Name it with heart untainted, Lips fragrant from their early vow, Ere Conscience yet have swerv'd or fainted, Ere Shame have dyed the willing brow.

Name it in dewy morning,
When duly for the world's keen fray
With prayer and vow thy soul adorning,
Thou in thy bower salut'st the day.

In quiet evening name it,
When gently, like a wearied breeze,
Thou sink'st to sleep; O see thou claim it—
That saving Name—upon thy knees.

Name it in solemn meetings,
'Mid chanted anthems grave and clear,
When toward the East our awful greetings
Are wafted ere our Lord appear.

Upon thy death-bed name it:
So mayst thou chase th' infernal horde.
So learn with Angels to proclaim it,
Thrice Holy, One Almighty Lord.

1 Dread Spirits wait in stern espial—i.e. the terrible powers of evil watch ruthlessly in hope to see the moment when they can harm thee. Cf. i. 4, st. 5, and viii. 4, st. 5.

Not with sword and shield and lance,
But with charm-words from our Book,
Gems from our baptismal Brook
Meet his stern advance,

## NEW CREATION. Feb. 1843.

He hath set the world in their heart. Eccl. iii. 11.

Thom would re o'er a o'er

### (SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY)

The Baptism of each child recalls the details of the creation of the world. As then the earth was without form and void, so here is the child's soul, until the Spirit moves upon it. As on the first day light was created, so enlightenment is given here: as on the second day, the waters were stored above the firmament to drop their dew upon earth, so here aethereal drops fall from the font; as on the third day the earth was separated from the waters, and yielded its fruit, so the child is saved from the world to be in peace: as on the fourth day sun and moon were created, so for the child Christ and the Church are as sun and moon: as on the fifth day fishes and birds were created with power to move in sea and air, so to the child is given power to rise from earth to Heaven: as on the sixth day man was quickened, so here the requickening power of the Atonement, also wrought on the sixth day of the week, is brought to the child. Finally, the rest of the Sabbath is like the child carried away asleep in the nurse's arms, with a rest which may be eternal.

This illustration is based on St Paul's use of the phrase, the "new creation," in 2 Cor. v. 17, Gal. vi. 15: and in the Hexaemeron of St Ambrose many of the details will be found, but there the analogy to Baptism is not drawn out with this elaborateness. See the notes on the poem in "The Christian"

Year," for Septuagesima Sunday. Work 1 80 1 10 10

WHO may the wondrous birth declare
Of Earth and Heaven so vast and fair?
Yet whensoe'er to Love's pure spring
A helpless Little One they bring,

Those wonders o'er again we see
In saving mystery.

All in the unregenerate child
Is void and formless, dark and wild,
Till the life-giving holy Dove
Upon the waters gently move,
And power impart, soft brooding there,
Celestial fruit to bear.

God on the first day spake in might,
"Let there be Light," and there was Light.
So o'er the Font enlightening grace 1
As surely beams from Jesus' face,
As when in Jordan's wave He bow'd
Beneath the hovering cloud.

The second day, God stor'd on high
The dewy treasures of the sky:
And who the pure glad drops may tell,
Reserv'd in yon ethereal well,
Faith to revive upon her way,
Hope's weary thirst allay?

The third day dawn'd: at His command The rushing waters left the land, With herb and flower the green earth smil'd. So art thou rescued, Christian Child,

1 enlightening grace. There is a reference to the technical use of φωτισμός, "illumination," "enlightenment," in the sense of "Baptism.", This was probably based upon Heb. vi. 4, and was common from the time of Justin Martyr.

From tossings of the world's land and the control of the plane of the control of the contro

Bright rose the fourth triumphal morn, at For then the sun and stars were born, And the soft moon, whose chaste cold ray and Tells tidings of a purer day, and to so about the Christ in the Font became our Noon, the stady.

The holy Church, our Moon of quals all "

To the fifth dawn and eve belong made of Motion and life and flight and song,
In watery deeps and deeps of Heaven:—
Such gift to thee, dear babe, was given,
When from the earth He bade thee rise
To greet Him in the skies.

The sixth dread day, the last in place,
Dread in its deeps of untold grace,
Moulded, at morn, the cold dull clay,
Inspir'd, at eve, the quickening ray;
The same sad morn and evening mild
Renew'd us, earth defil'd.

Thee, awful image of the All-good, 2011 That one atoning day renew'd in good average.

1 Cf. "The Christian Year," Septuagesima Sunday.
The moon above, the Church below, "
A wondrons race they ran, in best [
But all their radiance, all their glow, [
Each borrows of its Sunday, "

<sup>2</sup> Thee\_i.e. human nature, made in God's image. This was renewed for all mankind by Christ's For the whole world; the fontal wave of more To each apart the glory gave, we have no Washing us clean, that we might hide

In His love-pierced side of the contained

Thus in each day of, toil we read a so in each the coli role and so in the soir n bar we lead to the soir n bear we stained to the soir of the soir of

The sleep foreshew of infant blest Mary Borne from the Font, the seal new given,

Perchance to wake in Heaven?

GUARDIAN ANGELS. June 9, 1844.

He shall give His Angels charge concerning
Thee. Ps. xci. 11.

Motion and If a said light and level In watery deeps and deeps of Inc.

### (FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

A vision of the night, in which Angels are seen bringing babes to the Font, and carrying them upwards, fairer than any flower of Eden or gem of Heaven, to the Throne of God, who welcomes them as the High Priest welcomed the Paschal offerings.

Atonement on Good Friday, but the renewal is brought home to each at Baptism. Cf. i. 4, st. 2.

His saving words, with holy water blended, Have brought the glory to my prime of morn.

These two stanzas (8, 9) are an expansion of what is only one in the MS.

The sixth dread day, the last in place,
Dread in its deeps of untold grace,
In Adam formed, in Christ renewed
Thee, awful image of the All-good,
For the whole world—the fontal wave

I't into yd 'To each the glory gave. or sant safi'i

The poet prays that this vision of innocence may support him and soothe his aching heart. (Cf. p. 2.)

FELL me now thy morning dream."
"In the flowery sweet spring-tide I beheld a sparkling stream,

Where by thousands Angels glide; Each beneath the soft bright wing Seem'd a tender babe to bring, Where the freshest waters fell " at In an ever-living well.

" Far within the unearthly Fount Shew'd the pure Heaven's steadfast rays, Stars beyond what eye can count

Deepening on the unwearied gaze. Whoso of those springs would draw, Wondrous joy and wondrous awe On his soul together rise, Starlight keen and dark blue skies.

"Round the margin breath'd and bloom'd Flowers from Eden: far below Gems from Heaven the sides illum'd :-

But nor flower nor gem might show Half so fair as your soft charms, to i Who in your own Seraphs' arms 'me had in Here are wafted, in pure vest in pair 10 Rob'd, and wash'd, and seal'd, and bless'd.

"There one moment lay immers'd to me we Each bright form, and ere it rose, Rose regenerate, Light would burst From where golden morning glows,

With a sudden, silent thrill, Over that mysterious rill. Ne'er so bright, so gentle, sweep Lightnings o'er the summer deep.

"In a moment came that ray,
Came but went not: every sprite, I don't
Through its veil of mortal clay,
Now is drench'd in quickening light;
Light wherewith the Seraphs burn,
Light that to itself would turn
Whatsoe'er of earth and shame
Mars e'en now the new-born frame.

"Through the pure Heavens now at large
See the immortal guardians soar,
Joying to behold their charge
Purg'd, wing'd, brighten'd more and more,
As the strong undying spark
Buoys them upward to God's Ark,
To the Throne where all repair
With the first-fruits of their care.

otara in a ha sina krajo

"Ne'er with smile so glad and kind Welcom'd God's High-Priest of old Abraham's seed with Abraham's mind 177 Offering gifts from field and fold,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cf. Eph. v. 7-14, esp. v. 13, and J. K.'s "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Office," p. 102. "A spark of holy fire is lit up in the child, which if it be duly attended to, will consume all that is gross and earthly, and purify him altogether in the likeness of Jesus Christ."

Lamb or kid, or first-ripe corn, Glory of the Paschal morn;— When the shades from Salem's wall On Siloah deepest fall;—1

"As in that entrancing dream,
On my sleep-embolden'd eyes,
From the shrine, the approving beam
Thrill'd, as each new sacrifice,
Each new living ray, each soul
Borne beyond where shadows roll,
With its faithful Watcher, found
Place in the eternal round."2

O sweet morning dream, I pray,
Pass not with the matin hour;
Charm me:—heart and tongue allay,
Thoughts that ache and eyes that lower.
From the Fountain to the Shrine
Bear me on, thou trance divine;
Faint not, fade not on my view,
Till I wake and find thee true.

1 Siloah—i.e. "the pool of Siloam" (Neh. iii. 15, St John ix. 7). "The waters of Shiloah that go softly "(Is. viii. 6). "Siloa's brook that flowed Fast by the oracle of God" (Milton, "Paradise Lost," i. 11). Josephus (B. J., v. 6, 1) speaks of the old wall of Jerusalem taking a turn eastward from Siloah. This would account for the shadow falling deepest there in the morning.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Virgil, Georgics iv. 225-227:

Scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri Omnia, nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare Sideris in numerum, atque alto succedere coelo.

## BAPTISMAL VOWS. Jan. 6, 1844.

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come. Rev. ii. 25.

### (ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST)

Addressed to the newly-baptized child. Hore's

The presence of Jesus in Baptism heals and calms thee now; and may He ever guard thee as His servant; may He make thee like St John—resting in adoration on His breast (St John xiii. 23), ready to drink His cup, and to be baptized with His Baptism (St Matthew xx. 22, 23), and to guard His Mother (St John xix. 27), able to remain pure, loving, obedient, and to tarry patiently till He come (St John xxi. 23): feeding on His awful Bread, and worshipping at His Altar.

O HAPPY new-born babe, where art thou lying?

What are these sounds that fill with healing

The hallow'd air, of power to still thy crying
At once, and nurse thee into heavenly
calm?

"His bosom bears me, who on earth descended,
Of a poor Maid vouchsafing to be born.
His saving words, with holy water blended,
Have brought the glory to my prime of

<sup>1</sup> the glory—i.e. the glory of the new birth. Cf. i. 2, st. q.

Joy to thy nurse, more joy to her who bare thee, Lamb of that Shepherd's flock, whose name is Good:

As He hath won, for ever may He wear thee, 1 And keep thee purified with His dear blood!

"Amen: and therefore am I sworn His servant,
His sacred Heart through life to be my

To watch His eye with adoration fervent,

Foe of His foes, and in His white robe

O blest, O safe, on God's own bosom leaning!
But passion-hours are nigh:—keep thou thy

And far and wide are evil watchers, gleaning
The lambs that slight the Shepherd's fostering
grace.<sup>2</sup>

"Nay, I will drink His cup; my vow is taken; With His baptizing blood mine own shall blend;

Ne'er be that holiest charge by me forsaken, 'The' dying Saviour's trust to each" true friend," the friend, 'Annual of the savar you all I a

Well hast thou sworn, and be thy warfare glorious:

But Saints are pure, the Church is undefil'd,

<sup>1</sup> wear thee—i.e. as a gem. Cf. i. 3, st. 3.
2 evil watchers. Cf. i. 1, st. 3.

And Jesus welcom'd from His Cross victorious

"Them ask for me of the dread Son of Mary,'s wo Whose arms eternal are young children's home,

Prayer shall not fail, but higher He would lead thee: rel noing object they or

od His bosom-friend ate of that awful Bread:
So will He wait all day to bless and feed
thee:—

Come thou adoring to be blest and fed. Id O

But passion-hours are night; heep thou thry bounden sim is meet and right, and mine so bounden And far and wide are coil matchers, sydubng. And far and wide are coil matchers, so book in Cook in the book in the

fall solve at a selection of the Posts of th

Before His Altar-step, and see His Beauty, "And taste of Him, my first, my last, mine mall." and boold get in a set of Him.

1 i.e. Jesus from His Cross gave His welcome to His mother and to His disciple St John, and committed her to his care.

<sup>2</sup> The boy takes up the Eucharistic words, "It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto Thee."

But Saines are pure, the Church in undelil'd,

<sup>1</sup> wear three he as a gen. ("This this 2 coll a thicker this this to

If the dread markelbough dim, be there

### SIGN OF THE CROSS. October 1843.

(See the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. " Receyve the signe of the Holy Crosse, both in thy forehead, and in thy breste.")

I will write upon him My new Name, Rev.

### (FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The Sign of the Cross on the baptized child is like the master's name branded on a slave, or the royal badge on a soldier, or like the owner's mark upon a lamb—in each case a token of guardianship. Well for us if we respect that sign: Woe to us if we deface it.

WHERE is the mark to Jesus known, Whereby He seals His own?
Slaves wore of old on brow and breast

Their master's name impress'd, 1

And Christian babes on heart and brow

Wear Jesus' token now.

His holy Priest that token gave With finger dipt in the life-giving wave.

When soldiers take their sovereign's fee,
And swear his own to be,

The royal badge on forehead bold on liv

They shew to young and old.

Nor may we hide for fear or shame

Only with downcast eyes we go it is it is

At thought of sin that God and Angels know.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gal. vi. 17, "the marks of the Lord Jesus," with Bishop Lightfoot's note on the passage.

If the dread mark, though dim, be there
The watchers will not bear
From spirits unblest or reckless man
Unpitying word or ban.
"Mine own Anointed touch ye not,
Nor Mine handwriting blot.2
Where'er My soldiers cross your path,
Honour My royal Sign, or fear My wrath."

The Shepherd signs his lambs in haste,

Ere on the mountain waste

He loose them, far and wide to stray,

And whoso mars their way,

Or scorns the awful Name they show,

That Shepherd counts him foe.

Fresh from His arms are these, and sure

We read His token here undimm'd and pure.3

Fresh from th' eternal Arms are these, Or sporting on our knees, Or set on earth with earnest eye And tottering feet, to try

<sup>1</sup> The guardian angels will not allow evil spirits or evil men to despise the baptized or pronounce them lost.

them lost.

2 mine own Anointed. Cf. Ps cv. 15.

2 Cf. J. K., "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices," p. 257. "We know what shepherds do in order that their sheep and lambs may be quite safe. They put their master's name, some letter of it, or some mark belonging to their master, upon each sheep or lamb separately, and so turn them out when they have been washed and shorn."

Their daily walk, or newly taught Grave prayer and quiet thought. The fragrant breath of their new birth Is round them yet: avaunt, ill airs of earth.

Ye elder brethren, think on this ! ...! Think on the mighty bliss, probability Should He, the Friend of babes, one day

The words of blessing say :- 1/11 bal. " My Seal upon My lambs ye knew,

And I will honour you: "-

And think upon the eternal loss If on their foreheads ye deface the glorious Cross.1

6.

### DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED. April 27, 1842.

The dew of Thy birth is of the womb of the morning. Ps. cx. 3.

This poem needs no analysis. It was written on the baptism and death of the child of one of Mr Keble's parishioners at Hursley.

It may be compared with Wordsworth's "Lines to H. C."

Thou art a dewdrop which the morn brings forth, Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks, Or to be trailed along the soiling earth; A gem that glitters while it lives And no forewarning gives; But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife Slips in a moment out of life.

<sup>1</sup> St Matt. xxv. 45.

WHAT purer, brighter sight on earth, than

The Sun looks down upon a drop of dew, Hid in some nook from all but Angels' ken, And with his radiance bathes it through and through, and the sun and through and

Then into realms too clear for our frail view Exhales and draws it with absorbing love? And what if Heaven therein give token true Of grace that new-born dying infants prove, Just touch'd with Jesus' light, then lost in joys above?

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### II. THE WAY WELL

## CRADLE SONGS

Τ.

### THE FIRST SMILE.1

Post et ridere coepi; dormiens primo, deinde vigilans, Afterward I began also to smile, at first in sleep, then awake. St Augustine, Confessions: i. 6.

This poem was written, probably in December 1845, by Mr Justice Coleridge, the first stanza only having been retouched by John Keble. (Cf. Coleridge, "Memoir," p. 318. Ed. 1869.)

Human life begins with tears, for it is the life of sinners; but soon a smile steals across the sleeping child's face—a smile sweeter than later smiles drawn out by the things of earth; for the child is perhaps recalling some earlier happier state; or the Angels are telling it of its future glory after its labours of love; or are telling it that it will pass at once to Heaven, and draw its mother's heart to a clearer faith.

May we so live, that such a smile may pass across our face on our deathbed, and give peace and hope

to the mourners.

TEARS from the birth the doom must be Of the sin-born—but wait awhile, I do to Young mother, and thine eye shall see and to The dawning of the first soft smile.

It comes in slumber, gently steals

O'er the fair cheek, as light on dew:

Sit by and muse; such dreams are true.

1 For this poem the author is indebted to a dear friend.

Clos'd eyelids, limbs supine, and breath So still, you scarce can calm the doubt If life can be so like to death-'Tis life, but all of earth shut out.

'Tis perfect peace; yet all the while O'er marble brow and dimpled chin Mantles and glows that radiant smile, Noting the spirit stirr'd within.1

Oh dim to this the flashing ray, Though dear as life to mother's heart, and ad From waking smiles, that later play; In these earth claims the larger part.

Tis childish sport, or frolic mirth, Or the fond mother's blameless guile, it and Or glittering toy, some gaud of earth, That stirs him to that merry smile.

Or if in pensive wise it creep, With gradual light and soberer grace, part 1000 Yet shades of earthly sorrow sleep, steaten advert Still sleep upon his beauteous face.

But did the smile disclose a dream Of bliss that had been his before? from anno? Was it from Heaven's deep sea a gleam of I Not faded quite on earth's dim shore? 2

1 Noting = denoting. 21 ( ) 1991 1 10 mit 10 () Wordsworth, "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," st. 9. - h d a ; who have yelling

Hence in a season of calm weather, it's and Though inland far we be,

Or told some Angel from above
Of glories to be his at last,
The sunset, crowning hours of love
His labours done—his perils past?

Or, thought of trial for her breast,
Did the mild spirits whisper then,
"From the Baptismal Fount, O blest,
Thou shalt be ours, dear child, again?

"Thou shalt be ours, and Heaven be thine,
"Thy victory without peril given;
Sent a brief while on earth to shine,
"And then to shine a light in Heaven."

"And her that folds thee now so warm,
And haply thinks 'twere death to part,
Her shall a holier love inform,
A clearer faith enlarge her heart."

Blest smile !—so let me live my day,
That when my latest sun shall set,
That smile reviving once may play
And gild my dying features yet:

That smile to cheer the mourners round,
With hope of human sins forgiven;
Token of earthly ties unbound,
Of heart intent on opening Heaven.

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

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## CHILDREN LIKE PARENTS.

February 1845. (?) Tooks aid

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as He is. "I St John iii. 2.

### (SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

As we delight to see in the features of a child a growing likeness to its parent or to some kinsman, so the angels delight to trace in God's true children the marks of their true birth—in filial prayer, in patience, in meckness, in obedience; or to trace a likeness to the saints of old, the penitent being like St Peter, the loving old man like St John, the simple maiden like the Blessed Virgin; remembering that these saints are children of the same Father, and draw their life from Him.

G. J. K., "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices," p. 184. "Think of them as children. We may ask that they may grow up like that holy and blessed Child. . . This is He, whose Image and Likeness you pray that you may see in these little ones; and surely we may see a great deal of it, if we will but watch, in their loving and confiding ways, in their little acts of self-denial, in their contrivances

how to be kind and dutiful and obedient." It is too i

WHEN travail hours are spent and o'er,
And genial hours of joy mad in
In cradle songs and nursery lore
All the glad home employ,

Full busy in her kindly mood

Is Fancy, to descry

The welcome notes of fatherhood, In form, and lip, and eye.

And elder brethren's hearts are proud,

And sisters blush and smile,

As round the babe by turns they crowd,

A brief and wondering while.

With eager speed they ready make
Soft bosom and safe arm,
As though such burthen once to take
A blessing were and charm.

And ever as with hastening wing
His little life glides on,
By power of that first wondrous spring
To all but babes unknown,1

Easier each hour the task will grow,
To name the unfolding flower,
By plumage and by song to know
The nestling in his bower.—

Oh, while your hearts so blithely dance
With frail fond hopes of earth,
Will ye not cast one onward glance
To the true heavenly birth?

1 spring—i.e. spring-tide, Cf. vil. 1.

The life that in them deeply dwells,
Of genial spring-tide tells.
or, perhaps, the upward springing of the young life,
Cf. v. 9, st. 1.

Will ye not say, "God speed the time "When Spirits pure, to trace
The hues of a more glorious prime,
Shall lean from their high place, in her death of the same hard."

"And mark, too keen for earthly day,
The Father's stamp and seal,
Christ in the heart, the Living Ray,
Its deepening light reveal?"

Soft bolom self age arm.

Oh, well the denizers of Heaven Their Master's children know,
By filial yearnings sweet and even,
By patient smiles in woe,

By gaze of meek inquiry, turn'd
Towards th' informing Eye,<sup>1</sup>
By tears that to obey have learn'd,
By clasped hands on high.

Well may we guess, our Guardians true Stoop low and tarry long, Each accent noting, each faint hue, That shows us weak or strong.

with the with the thirty

And e'en as loving nurses here
Joy in the babe to find
The likeness true of kinsman dear
Or brother good and kind,

off. Ps. xxxii. 8. I will guide thee with Mine eye.

So in each budding inward grace
The Seraphs' searching ken
The memory haply may retrace
Of ancient, holy men.

For of her Saints the Sacred Home of C. Is never quite bereft; and if the Each a bright shadow in the gloom, with all A glorious type, hath left:

And by those features, stern or sweet,
Of bold or gentle gleam,
Heaven's keen-eyed Watchers haply mete
What mortals holy deem.

"And hark," saith one, "the soul I guide—
I heard it gently sigh
In such a tone as Peter sigh'd,
"Touch'd by his Saviour's eye."

"And see," another cries, "how soft Smiles on that little child Yon aged man! e'en so full oft The lov'd Disciple smil'd."

And oh, be sure no guardian fires

Flash brighter in their joy

Than theirs, who scan the meek desires

And lowly lone employ

Of maiden in her quiet bower, in the state of the Mhen haply glance or mien Reminds them of the lily-flower.

With Blessèd Mary seen.—

But as when babes by look or tone
Brother or friend recall,
In all the Parents' right we own,
Their memory blend with all.

So in earth's saintly multitude
Discern we Saints above:
In these, the Fountain Orb of Good,
Pure Light and endless Love.

r 3. Juntest

THE LULLABY. August 6, 1843.

Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept. Is. xxx. 29.

### (THE HOLY INNOCENTS)

A maiden is heard singing her little sister to sleep with the tune of the Seventy-First Psalm. She sings no words, but the child has a sense of a Saving Name that guards it. So God has His charms which protect us through life, though we cannot understand them. His Incarnate Presence saves us from Satan and from Herod; and overrules their cry of vengeance to be a lullaby to us.

THE western sky is glowing yet,
The burnish'd Cross upon the spire
Gives token where the sun hath set,
Touch'd faintly with its last dim fire.
Pause on thy way from evening prayer,
And listen: through the twilight air
Floats from yon open cottage door
A soft strain warbled o'er and o'er.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to the Cross on the spire of Ampfield Church. (Miss Yonge, "John Keble's Parishes," p. 112.)

A maiden rocks a babe to sleep,
And times the cradle to her song;
A simple strain not high nor deep,
But awful thoughts thereto belong:
For oft in holy Church's shade
She to that strain hath lent her aid:
"In Thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, for Thou art just."

Without a Psalm she breathes her strain,
Lest haply ruder ears be nigh;
But to the babe her sense is plain,
In that half word of lullaby.
That sound still varied, still the same,
To him is as the Saving Name pronounced in every tone, and strong
To guard his sleep from every wrong.

Angels may read such words of power,
And infants feel them: we the while
But dimly guess, till in His hour
We see the Lord's unclouded smile.
Then spells that guarded us of old
Their hidden virtue shall unfold:
Charm'd writings are they now; no eye
May read them till the fire be nigh.

O awful touch of God made Man! We have no lack if Thou art there;

<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxi. 1. New version.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> till the fire be nigh—i.e. till the last day is revealed in fire, and all things are seen in their true light. 'Gf.' I Cor. iii. 13. Perhaps there is a reference to the power of fire to reveal writing written with an invisible ink.

From Thee our infant joys began, By Thee our wearier age we bear.1 From Satan's breath, from Herod's sword,2 The cradle where Thou watchest, Lord, Is safe: the Avenger's rushing cry Is like a sister's lullaby.3

"E--- S. 4.

### SLEEPING ON THE WATERS.

February 11, 1845.

And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake Him, and say unto Him, Master, carest Thou not that we perish? St Mark iv. 38.

### (FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

In time of storm there is nothing so peaceful as the quiet happiness of some cottage, above all, the sleep

In the MS. these lines run :---

Then shall we know how Herod's steel Proved to the Bethlehem babes the seal Of Martyr's bliss: one pang, one cry, Each little one is crowned on high.

3 The Avenger's rushing cry-i.e. the murderer's shout is overruled by God to be as a lullaby hushing the child to its true rest. So it is interpreted by Miss Yonge ("Musings on 'The Christian Year,' and the Lyra Innocentium,'" p. 35), and the original form of the poem in the MS. (v. supra) seems to bear this out. The Avenger is perhaps suggested by Psalm viii. 2 ("that thou mayst still the enemy and the Avenger"), or by the language of Ps. lxxi. 9 ("God hath forsaken him; persecutehim and take him"), as though the persecuted represented himself as God's instrument of vengeance.

<sup>1</sup> our wearier age. Cf. "The Christian Year," for St Philip and St James' Day. But the MS. reads, " our woes in age."

<sup>2</sup> from Herod's sword, St Matt. ii. 16.

of the child, lying undisturbed by storm or sorrow or evil—sleeping like Moses, who was destined to awake and turn the Nile to blood, and to cleave a path through the Red Sea; sleeping like Jesus, Who, too, was destined to wake and calm the storm, and, like a second Jonah, to save others by sacrificing

His own life.

The date of this poem is most significant. It was composed two days before the condemnation of W. G. Ward, and the attempt to condemn Tract xc. by Convocation (cf. Dean Church, The Oxford Movement, c. xviii.). The MS. of the last few verses is written on the back of a letter which runsthus: "My dear K., —You will hardly believe that the Heads are going to propose the condemnation of Tract 90 on the 13th. Will you send up any names of persons who will vote against it? It is monstrous.—Ever yours most affectionately, E. B. P."

WHILE snows, e'en from the mild South-west,
Come blinding o'er all day,
What kindlier home, what safer nest,
For flower or fragrant spray,
Than underneath some cottage roof,
Where fires are bright within,
And fretting cares scowl far aloof,
And doors are clos'd on sin?

The scarlet tufts so cheerily and knish ()

Look out upon the snow,

But gayer smiles the maiden's eye 1

Whose guardian care they know.

<sup>1</sup> But gayer. The MS. reads Not gayer.

The buds that in that nook are born— Through the dark howling day Old Winter's spite they laugh to scorn: What is so safe as they?

Nay, look again: beside the hearth
The lowly cradle mark,
Where, wearied with his ten hours' mirth,
Sleeps in his own warm ark
A bright-haired babe, with arm uprais'd,
As though the slumberous dew
Stole o'er him, while in faith he gazed
Upon his Guardian true.

Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes

Deform the quiet bower;

They may not mar the deep repose
Of that immortal flower.

Though only broken hearts be found
To watch his cradle by,
No blight is on his slumbers sound,
No touch of harmful eye.

So gently slumber'd on the wave.
The new-born seer of old,
Ordain'd the chosen tribes to save;
Nor dream'd how darkly roll'd
The waters by his rushy brake,
Perchance e'en now defil'd
With infants' blood for Israel's sake,
Blood of some priestly child.

Ü. 4

What recks he of his mother's tears,
His sister's boding sigh?
The whispering reeds are all he hears,
And Nile, soft weltering nigh,
Sings him to sleep; but he will wake,
And o'er the haughty flood
Wave his stern rod;—and lo! a lake,
A restless sea of blood!

Soon shall a mightier flood thy call.
And outstretch'd rod obey;
To right and left the watery wall
From Israel shrinks away.
Such honour wins the faith that gave
Thee and thy sweetest boon
Of infant charms to the rude wave,
In the third joyous moon.

Hail, chosen Type and Image true
Of Jesus on the Sea!
In slumber and in glory too,
Shadow'd of old by thee.
Save that in calmness thou didst sleep
The summer stream beside,
He on a wider wilder deep,
Where boding night-winds sigh'd:—

Sigh'd when at eve He laid Him down,
But with a sound like flame
At midnight from the mountain's crown
Upon His slumbers came.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Exodus vii. 20; xiv. 21.

Lo, how they watch, till He awake,
Around His rude low bed:
How wistful count the waves that break
So near His sacred Head!

O faithless! know ye not of old
How in the western bay,
When dark and vast the billows roll'd,
A Prophet slumbering lay?
The surges smote the keel as fast
As thunderbolts from heaven:
Himself into the wave he cast
And hope and life were given.

Behold, a mightier far is here;—
Nor will He spare to leap,
For the souls' sake He loves so dear,
Into a wilder deep.

E'en now He dreams of Calvary;
Soon will He wake and say
The words of peace and might: do ye
His hour in calmness stay.

5.

### FIRST WAKING. February 16, 1844.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. St John xx. 16.

### (EASTER MONDAY)

As a child's first start at waking is soothed into happiness by the mother's presence and caress, so

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Jonah i. 15.

the startled sorrow of St Mary Magdalen on Easter morning was cheered by our Lord's word of greeting, and by the promise of being with Him for evermore.

"YE who wait in wistful gaze."
Where young infants lie,
Learning faith and silent praise.
From each pure calm sigh,
Say, 'mid all those beaming glances,
Starts, and gleams, and silent trances,
When the fond heart highest dances,
Feeling Heaven so nigh?"

"Hard it is, 'mid gifts so sweet.

Choosing out the prime:

But no brighter smiles we meet

Than at waking time,

When they burst the chains of slumber,

Chains that guard but not encumber,

And glad fancies without number

Ring their playful chime."

"Nay, but with a moaning sound
Babes awakening start;
See the uneasy eye glance round,
Feel the beating heart.
But the watcher's look prevailing
In a moment stills that wailing,
Eye and heart have ceas'd their ailing,
Joy hath learn'd her part."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "The Christian Year" for Holy Baptism, st. 10.
Who taught thy pure and even breath "To come and go with such sweet grace?
Whence thy reposing faith,
Though in our frail embrace?

So when rose on Easter dawn a printer of the Court all-glorious Sun,

You might see Love's eye withdrawn From th' adored One.

Tears that morn were in her waking, Now again her heart is breaking; Who may soothe her soul's sad aching?

For her Lord is gone.

Him for tears she may not see,
E'en her soul's delight,
Yet full near to her is He.
Say, did Hosts of Light
Ever breathe in mortals' hearing
Tones so soft, so heavenly cheering?
"Mary" was the word endeaving?

"Mary," was the word endearing— Heaven and earth grew bright.—

Lo, the babe spreads out his arms
Toward the watcher's face,
Fain to hide from sad alarms
In Love's safe embrace.
See, the Word of Grace attending,
Magdalen full lowly bending:

"Touch me not till Mine ascending,"

Is the Word of Grace.

Love with infant's haste would fain.

Touch Him and adore,
But a deeper, holier gain.

Mercy keeps in store.

"Touch Me not: awhile believe Me: "Touch Me not till heaven receive Me, Then draw near and never leave Me, Then I go no more."

our off to 6. The salt of the

### LOOKING WESTWARD. Sept. 22, 1843.

God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

#### (ST MATTHEW)

A parent would fain train a child's mind to true awe and admiration, not by showing him earthly jewels, but by pointing him to the moon, or the sunrise at morn, or sunset at night. So our Lord in Baptism trains the child's heart to look upon His own glorious Presence.

Compare with this poem iv. 6, st. 1. The title of it may perhaps have been suggested by Wordsworth's

"Stepping Westward," in which

stepping westward seemed to be A kind of heavenly destiny.

But the thought is probably more indebted to the following extract from Crabbe's "Life," vol. i. p. 140:—"My first recollection of my father is of his carrying me up to his private room to prayers in the summer evenings, about sunset, and rewarding my silence and attention afterwards with a view of the flower garden through his prism." (Cf. Miss Yonge, "Musings on 'The Christian Year," p. 326.)

The last stanza has the appearance of being an after-thought, and it is added in the MS, in a

different ink.

HAD I an infant, Lord, to rear And mould in Jesus' Law,
How should I watch in hope and fear '1
The first deep glance of awe,

When for a bright and conscious gaze
He lifts his eyelids meek,
And round his own world's little maze
Some marvel fain would seek!

Bright be the spot, and pure the ray,
That wins his steadfast eye; Tr. INCO.
A path of light, a glorious way, and the transfer of the transfer

O, rich the tint of earthly gold,
And keen the diamond's spark,
But the young Lamb of Jesus' fold
Should other splendours mark.

To soothe him in the unquiet night
I ask no taper's gleam,
But bring him where aerial light
Falls from the Moon's soft beam.

His heart at early morn to store

With fancies fresh and rare,

Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,

Shew him no mirror's glare,

But lift him where the Eastern heaven
Glows with the Sun unseen,
Where the strong wings, to morning given,
Brood o'er a world serene.

There let him breathe his matin thought Of pure unconscious love, In factor and There taste the dew by Angels brought In silence from above.

Yet, might I choose a time, meseems
That earliest wistful gaze
Were best to meet the softening beams
Of sunset's glowing maze.

1. 7

Wide be the western casement thrown At sultry evening's fall, The gorgeous lines be duly shown That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.

Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close
Upon so fair a sight:
Not gentler mother's music flows,
Her sweetest, best good-night.

So hastes the Lord our hearts to fill With calm baptismal grace, Preventing all false gleams of ill By His own glorious Face.

### 7. UPWARD GAZING. July 6, 1844.

And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leapt in my womb for joy. St Luke i. 43.

#### (ST JOHN BAPTIST)

As John the Baptist, while still in the womb, leapt to welcome his Lord, so the newly-baptized child welcomes Christ, when it turns its eager look toward the sun rising in the East, and, to his mother's delight and wonder, offers its infant worship to God; but if the babe is to be trained to be a saint, it must, like John, be disciplined to fast and pray, and bear separation from home; it must let Christ increase, and self decrease.

"WHENCE is the mighty grace, Mother of God, that thou to me shouldst come,

Me, who but fill a sinner's place,

A sinful child hid in my womb?

Who in God's sight am I,

And who mine unborn boy,

That I should view Heaven's Spouse so nigh,

He in my bosom leap for joy?"

O cry of deep delight

By Aaron's sainted daughter breath'd that hour!

O joy preventing life and light,

When th' Incarnate in His Power

Came to th' Unborn! e'en now

Your echo faint we feel,

When o'er the newly sealed brow Glad airs and gleams of summer steal.

Oft as in sunbright dawn

The infant lifts his eye, joying to find
The dusky veil of sleep undrawn,
And to the East gives welcome kind:
Or in the morning air
Waves high his little arm, at a part and the As though he read engraven there

Oft as in hope untold

The parent's eye pursues that eager look,
Enkindling like the shafts of old,

His fontal name, Christ's saving charm:

Where mid the stars their way they took:

1 Virg. Æn. v. 525. In the contest of archers, the arrow of Acestes, which is aimed at the goal, catches fire and disappears among the clouds.

E'en in the mid expanse of skies The arrow kindles as it flies: 11. 7

Still in Love's steady gaze,
In Joy's unbidden cry,
That holy mother's glad amaze,
That infant's worship, we descry.

Still Mary's Child unseen Jillary's Comes breathing, in the heart just seal'd His

Prayers of high hope: what bliss they mean, and band where they soar, to Him is known? I have been a soar to Him is known? I have been a soar to Him is known? I have been a soar to have

Stern is the Babe, and lone: Vow'd from his birth, unborn he seals the vow, And ere he win his glory-throne,

Vigil and fast his frame must bow,

And hours of prayer, apart ;— From Home's too soothing praise;— His Saviour's image in his heart of the saviour's image in his heart of the saviour's image.

Increasing while his own decays. T

Th' irrevenent trace all, then make last to hidd Ag, are glare, gA and the Behind, it draws a fiery glare, and Then waiting, vanishes in air a

In wonder either nation gazed, Their souls to heaven in prayer upraised.

How the range of the edition of the form of the Community of the community

a dinga kacamin'n ka

### childrens, Thankfulness: March 29, 1845. Ani tad'I

A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. Ps. cxlvii. 1. negan Hid Ja v to M Hito

### (FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

A child in her nurse's arms has given the poet a wiolet, and he has not yet thanked her; and she rises as if prompted by some angel trained to the courtesies of heaven, to rebuke him, and herself says "Thank you." So children and angels in their constant gratitude are ever wondering at the thanklessness of man. The child who suggested the poem was Miss Dora

Moberly.

Stern is the Babes at the break TOT 20 X /HY so stately, Maiden fair, wo V VV on Rising in thy nurse's arms at With that condescending air; for V Gathering up thy queenly charms, Like some gorgeous Indian bird, Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd, Turns the glowing neck, to chide Th' irreverent foot-fall, then makes haste to hide

Again its lustre deep i Anides Under the purple wing, best home of downy la wender either nation ! qools

Their seeds to heaven in parter normised. Not as yet she comprehends How the tongues of men reprove. But a spirit o'er her bends Train'd in Heaven to courteous love, And with wondering grave rebuke

Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful look.—

Who for her maiden bounty, full and free, The violet from her gay

And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks

Therefore, lo, she opens wide
Both her blue and wistful eyes,—
Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
Our too tardy sympathies.
Little Babes and Angels bright—

They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night, How th' all-holy Hand should give,

The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.

We see it and we hear,

But wonder not: for why? we feel it all too near.

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
To the youngest at the board
Call we to incline the head,
And pronounce the solemn word.
Not in vain they clasp and raise

The soft pure fingers in unconscious praise,

Taught perchance by pictur'd wall

How little ones before the Lord may fall,

1 G. Hooker, Eccl. Pol. v. 31. At the board and in private it very well becometh children's innocency to pray, and their elders to say Amen. Which being a part of their virtuous education, serveth greatly both to nourish in them the fear of God, and to put us in continual remembrance of that powerful grace which openeth the mouths of infants to sound His praise.

L'empers, to search b'vol. siH. dt. woH! | 10k Reach Duk resir. bns. mrs. sealtearend, two har no. it no bounty. Lessarent free, Who for her mailten bounty. Lessarent free, The viol! thom her say

As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks,
If but once one babe you greet.

Never weary, never dim, door From Thrones Seraphic mounts the eternal hymn. Babes and Angels grudge no praise:—

But elder souls, to whom His saving ways

Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek The sincer band in lawrence to the since the bear.

From the blight of thankless eye:

Teach us for all joys to crave

Benediction pure and high,

Own them given, endure them gone, Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won.

Prize them as rich odours, meet of additional

For Love to lavish on His sacred Feet;
Prize them as sparkles bright

Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing; well of voor and light.

The picture referred to is the well-known representation of "Christ blessing the children," by Overbeck.

# Drushing the wind, e-pane, Will reach there in the WITH DUMB CREAL LATER WITH DUMB CREAL TURES: March (?(5) 1845;

The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. Is. xi. 8.

### (SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

How are we to explain the mutual sympathy between children and dumb animals? Is it a mere instinctive sympathy of life with life, of movement with movement? or, as Eastern philosophy would say, the result of transmigration of souls? Rather is it an unconscious reminiscence of Eden—the dumb creatures recognising their superior in man, and man taming them by his kindness—and an unconscious anticipation of Heaven. Each baptized child has learnt from the Good Shepherd somewhat of the pastoral spirit, and shows it by caring for pet animals or for children younger than itself.

THOU mak'st me jealous, infant dear;
Why wilt thou waste thy precious smiles,
Thy beckonings blithe, and joyous wiles,
On bird or insect gliding near?

Why court the deaf and blind?
What is this wondrous sympathy,
That draws thee so, heart, ear, and eye,
Towards the inferior kind?

Brushing the window-pane,
Will reach thee in thy dreamy trance,
When nurses' skill for one bright glance HO
Hath toil'd an hour in vain. HUT

And as thou hold'st the creatures dear, here were So are they fain on thee to wait. The solution Bloodhounds at thy caress abate Their bayings wild; yea, without fear Thou dalliest in the lair Of watch-dog stern; thy mother's eye meaning the solution.

Of watch-dog stern; thy mother's eye
Shrinks not to see thee slumbering lie
Beneath his duteous care.

The war-horse treads full soft, they say,
If in his path a babe he see.
The tiger's whelp, encaged with thee,
Would sheathe his claws, to sport and play.
Bees have for thee no sting:—2
They love thy trusting heart too well,
That mightier guard than fairy spell
Of old, or magic ring.

<sup>1</sup> Gf. "The Christian Year." All Saints' Day, st. 5. As bloodhounds hush their baying wild, To wanton with some fearless child.

<sup>2</sup> There is perhaps an allusion to the story told of St Ambrose. When asleep in his cradle, with his mouth open, a swarm of bees settled on his face, going in and out of his mouth as though it were their hive, and at last flew away without having harmed him (Paulinus, "Vita S, Ambrosii," § 3). Mr Keble may also have in his mind Horace's account of himself as a boy. Odes, III, iv, 9-20.

Oh, who the secret powers hath trac'd, who the secret powers hath trac'd, who that in such league mysterious bind a configuration. The gentlest with the fiercest kind, which is sheepfold with the howling waste?

Is it, that each and all
The living sympathise with life?

That sudden movements, though in strife,
The entranced thought recall? 1 and off!

With a term of the state of the

He whom the burning East hath bred, "O Wizard or sage, in day-dreams wild, Might say, "Dim memories haunt the child, Of lives in other beings led, "The burney of the same. Nor less an instinct true, though blind, "The burney of meaner, kind, like the burning of meaner, kind, like the burning East hath bred, "O burnin

Spark of past hope or shame." 2 111

Nay, call it recollection deep
Of Eden bowers,—high purity
Beaming around from brow or eye
Of infants, waking or asleep:—

<sup>1</sup> That sudden movements—i.e. that quick movements of animals, even though at strife with each other or with man, yet recall to the child its entranced thought at the mysterious moment when it first received the gift of life from God (cf. st. 8, "The broken dream") or, perhaps more simply, attract its absent thought (cf. st. 2, "thy dreamy trance").

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> i.e. On the theory of the transmigration of souls the animal's instincts would recall both the hopes of better things, and the shame for sin which had once been felt by the child.

Oh, who the secrepperew jamit blo hi aA
That in such lewel gnibned noil layor aT
The gentlest, work kyrolgrnigriv is an U
The gentlest, work kyrolgrnigriv is an U
The sheepfold Lbein and end all
Is it, that each and all

Of homage paid in Paradise squitz guivil ad I To Adam, guileless then and pure us tad I The broken dream may yet endure of I

Within them—visions vague arise

Of a Superior Power, would all modes H. Discern'd by form erect, and mien by W. Commanding, and calm purpose, seen had. In eyes that smile for lower. I to me sould fo

Thus tender babes and beasts of preyace 10/4
May silently each other mind in all and I of the old League: "Let man be kind
And true, so all must him obey."

Thus giants of the wood, from the control of the Wild elephant or mountain bull, I select the Beneath some quiet stripling's rule gramma Stand quailing and subdued.

Who knows but here, in mercy lent, and in ho A gleam preventing Heaven we see, and him A token of Love's victory in edit he riscort results as weet awful Sacrament? It is good to meach make the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Spenser, "Faery Queen," Canto iii. 5, 6. 28ds

Pronaque quum spectent animalia cetera terramedi Os homini sublime dedit, caelumque videre indi Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Hearts fallen and sin-born,
Oh, why are ye so fondly stirr'd?
For bounding lamb or lonely bird!
Why should ye joy or mourn?

Lill Joses answern Limit sai. . Le

Ah, you have been in Jesus' arms,
The holy Fount hath you imbued.
With His all-healing kindly Blood,
And somewhat of His pastoral charms,
And care for His lost sheep,
Ye'there have learn'd: in order'd tones
Gently to soothe the lesser ones,
And watch their noon-day sleep.

Lo, far and wide the Love o'erflows,

The Love that to your souls He gave

In the regenerating wave;

Both man and beast His mercy knows:

Nor from His pattern swerve

His children, tending lamb or dove:

But aye the choice of all your love

Ye for His Least reserve.

To point the way where they should go,
By word and gesture, o'er and o'er,
Teach them untir'd all courteous lore,
Hear their first prayers, so meek and low:
These are your arts: by these
Ye in the fold your task fulfil,
And the Good Shepherd on the hill
From far approving sees.

### Heart fallen and or-born, O's, why are as a formly stand it. RECROSS, HATSON, GUBLITILI February (?), 1845 ods vol W

But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto Him, We are able. St Matt. xx.v22. xx guic - Is H da V

Ar i enceybat o (samat TS) observed This poem is based upon a sketch made by Miss Maria Trench of a scene which she had seen in Belgium—a girl holding up a newly-baptized child to kiss a wayside cross. What were her thoughts? (muses the poet): Was it that the newly-baptized was more worthy than her sinful self to kiss the Crucified, sure of being owned by Him? or was it that to kiss the Crucified implied a willingness to share the Cross, and that that was too great a burden for her to have laid upon her brother? Christian love must always feel some such shrinking as it brings children to Baptism; yet the Comforter can strengthen them to be strong, like the sons of Zebedee, to share the Lord's Baptism and His cup, or to face sorrow and death, as the Virgin and Simeon and the Magdalene, who kissed the Saviour, had to face them.

FT have I read of sunny realms, where skies are pure at even, to this brown And sight goes deep in lucid air, and earth seems nearer, Heaven, and a rious need-And whereso'er you lift your eyes, the Holy Cross, they say, a now blot dini of Stands guardian of your journey, by lone or crowded way; an orage art mon ?

And I have mus'd how awfully its shadows and its gleams ing thu, in a

Might haply fall on infants' eyes, and mingle with their dreams,

And draw them up by silent power of its o'ershading arm, and thomas!

And deepen on the tender brow Christ's seal and saintly charm.

Oft have I read, and dream'd, and now behold a token true!

A maiden from a distant isle, where Faith is fresh of hue,—1.
Where Memory tarries, to reprove our cold

irreverent age, In churches set like stars around some saintly

hermitage;— Where old Devotion lingers beside the granite Cross,

And pilgrim seeks the healing well, far over moor and moss;-

A noble-hearted maiden, from a believing shore, Is by, to see Christ's little ones Him crucified adore.

Upon a verdant hillock the sacred sign appears, A damsel on no trembling arm an eager babe uprears,

With a sister's yearning love, and an elder sister's pride,

She lifts the new-baptis'd, to greet the Friend who for him died.

1 A traveller from Ireland witnessed this scene on the Continent, and described it to the author.

Who may the maiden's thought divine, performing thus in sight

Of all the heavenly Watchers her pure unbidden rite?

While fearless to those awful Lips her treasure she would raise, and published o

I see her features shrink, as though she fain would downward gaze latin bus

Perchance a breath of self-reproach is fluttering round her heart:

round her heart:
"Thou, darling, in our Saviour mayst for certain claim thy part:

The dews baptismal bright and keen are glistening on thy brow,

He cannot choose but own thee, in His arms received e'en now.

But much I've sinn'd and little wept: will He not say, 'Begone?'

I dare not meet His searching eye; my penance is undone.

But thou and thy good Angel, who nerves mine

And lift thee up so near Him, wilt strive for me in prayer. 22 1/201 is me in prayer. 21 1/201 is me in prayer. 4

Or chanc'd the Thorny Crown her first upseeking glance to win,

And the deep lines of agony trac'd by the whole world's sin?

Oh, deeply in her bosom went the thought, "Who draw so nigh

Unto those awful 'Lips, and share the Lord's departing sigh, \_\_\_\_ , yel awood Who knoweth what mysterious pledge upon their souls is bound, 'anothern suit Toncopy in their own hearts' blood each keen and bitter Wound Buord's vill of If of the dying Jesus we the Kiss of Peace Cross she could not see. , evisoer How but in daily dying thenceforward dare When the hour History it meaning told, dil by "And was it meet, thou tender flower, on thy nited young life to lay ... militand vi 1 Such burden, pledging thee to vows thou never I even it, ye babys, at matin! yearn tenas t is all What if the martyrs' fire some day thy dainty I as the mether's motruoved admilaten of What if beneath the scourge they writhe, or in With the Edull famine cower ? Than but the general What if thou bear the cross within, all aching and decay? ( ) , the aid government And 'twas I that laid it on thee: -what if thou fall away?", . . il . r . 1 mit vil 1 oc Such is Love's deep misgiving, when, stronger acit ; far than Faith, Ar art guenner , son's She brings her earthly darlings to the Cross for

O, be Thou present in that hour, high Comforter, to lead Her memory to th' eternal Law, by the great King decreed,

I'm my'm'

or H. sweet and Inc. death. and Inc. law end

What time the highly-favour'd one who on His bosom lay, ed as grandent

And he who of the chosen twelve first trode the martyrs' way, it is along right

Taught by their mother, crav'd the boon next to Thy throne to be, 7 and has For her dreams were of the Glory, but the

Cross she could not see.

O well for that fond mother, well for her belov'd, that they

When th' hour His secret meaning told, did by

their promise stay.

"Thy baptism and Thy cup be ours: for both our hearts are strong."

Learn it, ye babes, at matin prime, repeat it all

day long.

Even as the mother's morning kiss is token of is to delight all on the dr number of the W/

Through all the merry hours of day, and at fall of dewy night

Her evening kiss shall to her babe the softest

sumbers seal,

So Thy first greeting life imparts, Thy last shall cheer and heal.

Then, maiden, trust thy nursling here; thou and a or wilt not choose amiss

For his sweet soul; here let him dwell; here is the gate of bliss.

Three Saints of old their lips upon the Incarnate Saviour laid.

And each with death or agony for the high rapture paid.

His Mother's holy kisses of the coming sword gave sign, if a row soon to conduct to

And Simeon's hymn full closely did with his last breath entwine;

And Magdalen's first tearful touch prepar'd her but to greetiw into their ratios.

With homage of a broken heart His pierc'd and lifeless feet.1

Then courage, duteous maiden; the nails and bleeding brows,

The pale and dying lips, are the portion of the Spouse. In the part of the par

II.

### SICKNESS IN THE CRADLE. September 12, 1843.

They brought young children to Christ, that He should touch them. St Mark x. 13.

### (THE CIRCUMCISION)

Children may have to suffer in their cradles as Christ Himself at His circumcision; if this is so, such chastenings prove His presence and have a sweetness of their own.

The poem should be compared with the poems for The Circumcision and for Holy Innocents Day in

"The Christian Year."

# "A CHRISTIAN child in pain!

A babe elect and born again, With blood of Jesus bought,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St Luke ii. 29, 35; vii. 38: St Mark xv. 47.

broThat never yet knew dream of sin, stold all Nor throb of pride, nor will unclean; and Yet faint with fever see him lie, soomie broA Or in strong grasp of sinners' agony !:"! and b'mapag stout british and and wild, no of tud b'mapag stay the complaining word! and still What wouldst thou have? Thy suffering child be all Is as his Saviour Lord; suffering child of ever eight brief days have flowned at the, the unstain'd, must make His mean; after Must taste the sacrificial knife, savoge Must to the Cross devote the tender life.

Behold, the Virgin blest REMANDIA
Calls on her Babe to wake
From His sweet slumber on her breast;
How should her heart not ache?
From her pure bosom, where all night
He softly slept, that Maiden bright
Resigns her Well-belov'd at morn
To shed His blood; for therefore was He born.

Is one with His Almighty will, strength of the Changed by the deray well, will, when Dove. O freely then your treasures yield, With the dread Cross so lately seal'd, Yield to the chastenings of the Unseen, The Saviour's Presence-tokens, sweet as keen.

And loud the chart of hope and gire

## ANTICIPATION AND RETROSPECTION. August 4, 1843

And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. St John xvi. 22.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

In Heaven's light our griefs will prove joys, if God's rainbow blessing has fallen on them; but our joys will be grief if not lit up by His Light. Brighter each year grew to the disciples the anniversary of the Lord's Passion; but sadder every year, grew to his mother the anniversary of the birth of Cain.

A FRAGMENT of a rainbow bright.

Through the moist air I see,

All dark and damp on yonder height,

All clear and gay to me.

An hour ago the storm was here, The gleam was far behind; All So will our joys and griefs appear to a poble When earth hath ceas'd to blind.

Grief will be joy, if on its edge is one of Fall soft that holiest ray: cooling and Joy will be grief, if no faint pledge grine A Be there of heavenly day. It is oned W

Christ's Passion-eve fell dark and drear of Upon His faithful few; all company of the But brighter, each returning year, of the same In memory gleam'd anew.

And loud the chant of hope and glee O'er Adam's eldest born, But, hapless mother, who like thee Her travail pangs might mourn?

And ye now there one you prow; but I will see you again, and you heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. . 11 John wil. 22.

### JUDAS'S INFANCY. Nov. 20, 1844.

The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Himbut woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man 1s betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born. St Matt, xxvi. 24.

#### (WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER)

Sad thought that childbirth, which produced the Saviour of the world, has also produced a Judas, and may yet produce an Anti-Christ. The new treasure given in birth must therefore be watched and guarded from evil by prayer. If the world have been supported by the same of the same o

A LAS! that e'er the pangs of birth, no.
The consecrated throes, whereby T
Eden revives, should breed on earth live of
Untempered agony to the latter and W

Yet sure as frail repenting Eye od fliw ho's?)
For pardon knelt of yore, and now![ar]
Adoring kneels, there to receive, od lliw to.
Where all the world shall bows and be

From fruit of her own favour'd womb, and The peace, the home, her wandering lost:—Sure as to blessed Mary come, resident and The Saints' and Martyrs' host, men at I

To own, with many a thankful strain, some of the Channel of undying bliss, it is a life of the bosom where the Lord hath lain that held by His;

The glory and the joy shall wear, hat of the That rob'd her, bending to adore the line of the The Babe her chaste womb bare;

So surely throes unblest have been,
And cradles where no kindly star
Look'd down—no Angel's eye serene,
To gleam through years afar.

Did not our Lord speak out His ban,
The Christ for His betrayer mourn?
"Alas! good were it for that man
If he had ne'er been born."

Nor may we doubt, 'His Mother mild Upon that bosom pitying thought, Where Judas lay, a harmless Child, By gold as yet unbought.

But Time, as holy sages sing,
When earth and sin have waxed old,
A direr progeny will bring,
The last foe of the fold.

Of mortal seed, of woman bred, and the seed of the Antichrist, they write, will be, From a soft bosom duly fed, Rock'd on a loving knee.

High grace at first to Judas came— in the same of Who knows but he, the Man of Sin, and Table of The May his dread course begin?

O ye who wait with hearts too light By Font or cradle, fear in time! O let not all your dreams be bright, Here in Earth's wayward clime!

From the foul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won.
Heaven's child and yours, uncharm'd by prayer,
May prove Perdition's son.<sup>1</sup>

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### THE SAINT'S INFANCY. Dec. 21, 1843.

And all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an Angel. Acts vi. 15.

### L. (ST STEPHEN)

The light of Heaven falls on the newly-baptized, and mothers have eyes to see it; it falls upon the young heart in confirmation, and pastors have eyes for it there; it falls more fully on the favoured few (? at ordination) who learn God's truth in close communion with Him, and the thoughtful have eyes to see it there; but it falls most fully on those who witness as martyrs and true soldiers of the Cross, who see it themselves, as St Stephen did, on the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Perdition's son. The phrase is applied both to Judas (St John xvii. 12) and to the Anti-Christ (2 Thess. ii. 3).

Saviour's face, and then even the unbelieving world is forced to see. Such a lot may be that of our children; what blessing if we can forward it! what doom if we hinder it!

WHERE is the brow to bear in mortals' sight
The Crown of pure angelic Light?

And where the favour'd eye

Through the dim air the radiance to descry?

An infant on its mother smiling,

Wash'd from the world and sin's defiling, And to Faith's arm restor'd, while yet

With the blest dew its cheeks are wet :-

There Christ hath sworn seraphic Light shall be, There eyes, the Light to see.

He who vouchsaf'd to kindle that pure glow Will feed it day and night, we know, By duteous fear of sin

Fann'd into flame the virgin heart within,
Till once again at Angels' warning

Heaven-gates shall part as clouds of morning,

And the confirming Spirit pour

His glory where young hearts adore:

There is Heaven's Light; there, if true
Pastors be,

Are eyes, the Light to see, all

And what if there some favour'd one should kneel,

Whom in His time the Lord will seal, High in the Mount to draw

1 The Crown of Light, suggested by the name of St Stephen (στέφανος).

Light uncorrupt from His pure fontal Law,
Then 'mid his brethren bear unknowing
The lustre keen within him glowing,
But veil it, when he feels their gaze,
As Moses veil'd the Sinai rays?

Blest, who so shines: and blest the thoughtful few, Who see that brightness true.

Wouldst thou the tide of grace should higher flow, The angelic ray more glorious show? Wait for His trial hour,

His willing Saints in His dread day of Power.

Ever as earth's wild war-cries heighten,
The Cross upon the brow will brighten,
Till on the very scorner's gaze

Break forth the heaven-reflecting rays,

Strange awful charms the unwilling eye compel
On the Saints' Light to dwell.

Yes—strive, thou world, in thy rash tyrant-mood, in the To slake that burning Cross in blood:—

It will but brighter burn, and

1 Cf. Miss Wilbraham's account of Mr Keble's feelings about the Crimean War, "The individual acts of heroism—often Christian heroism—which that war gave birth to, and the wonderful endurance shown during the course of it by our officers and men, kindled his highest enthusiasm. A really soldierly spirit had great charms for him" (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. lxix.), and The Times, April 6, 1866.—
"As Professor of Poetry, he had to write the Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Wellington. It was a good Ode, and must have reminded Keble's friends of an old saying of his that, if he were not a clergyman, he would be a soldier."

As martyrs' eyes near and more near discernide. Where on the Father's right hand beaming, Light upon Light in glory streaming, and The Saviour, felt, not seen, in life, and Deigns to be seen in that last strife, and

And Angels hail, approaching to the shore,
Rays like their own, and more.

Who knows but maiden mild or smiling boy,
Our own entrusted care and joy,
By His electing grace

May with His martyrs find their glorious place?

O hope, for prayer too bold and thrilling,
O bliss, to aid its high fulfilling!

O woe and wrong, O tenfold shame, W. To mar or damp the angelic flame!

To draw His soldiers backward from the Cross! Woe, and eternal loss! I that wo did we will be soldier to the control of the co

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" Memuit." p. 324, ed. 1864.)

# March 9, 1845.

Whose fan is in His hand, and He will, throughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire. St Matt. iii. 12.

As therefore the tares are gathered, and burned in fire so shall it be in the end of this world. St Matt. xili. 40,

#### - (FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

God has shown His Love by teaching us the fear of eternal punishment. The very child smiling in

his cradle seems to plead with us to be protected from evil by the fear of punishment; the wild crags and rushing torrents serve to protect the valley beneath, and the sinner, as he stands upon the mountain-top and feels the impulse to throw himself down, is warned and saved by the sight of the deep terrible gulf below, and can go back to dwell in peace in the smiling valley beneath.

This poem should be compared with that for the Second Sunday in Lent in "The Christian Year," and with that on the Athanasian Creed in the "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 41.

Creed of the Saints, and Anthem of the Blest,
And calm-breathed warning of the kindliest love
That ever heaved a wakeful mother's breast
(True love is bold, and gravely dares reprove)
Who knows but myriads owe their endless rest
To Thy recalling, tempted else to rove?

The allusion to the mountain is to Ben Nevis, which Mr Keble had climbed in August 1844, and Glen Nevis is the valley beneath. (Cf. Coleridge's "Memoir," p. 304, ed. 1869.)

THE Lord, th' All-gracious, hides not all

Through the dim chinks of this decaying earth Gleams ever and anon th' unwasted fire, and startling rude eyes, and shaming lawless mirth.

St Natt, Ill

E'en in the joy of Harvest, see, His Brand
Over the chaff is kindling; sheaves for food
And tares for fire, He binds in equal band.
At vintage time His robes are roll'd in blood.

G. St Luke iii. 17; Isaiah ix. 3-5; lxiii. 3.

His Angels and His Saints cry out, How long?

His little ones full keenly are they bent A.

To right the fallen and redress the wrong, 100

Full eagerly to justice run unsent.

These are Thy tokens, all-redeeming Lord!
Where, but of Thee, learn'd we aright to name
The last dire prison? Thine the dismal word,
Thine the undying worm, th' unquenched
flame.

Therefore Thy duteous Spouse, our Mother dear, Tuning her love-notes to the Father's voice, Is fain to breathe grave warnings in deep fear And say to Sin, Hell is thine hopeless choice!

The strain Love taught her, she in love repeats.—
Call it not hard, if in each holiest hour,
When with unwonted joy her King she greets,
With His own threatenings she would fence

Call it not stern, though to her Babes she show
The smoke aye glaring o'er th' abode of ill;
Though guileless hearts, e'en in their vernal glow,
Hear now and then her thunders, and are still.

Might the calm smile, that on the infant's brow So brightly beams, all its deep meaning tell, Would it not say, "For Love's sweet sake allow Fear's chastening Angel here with me to dwell?

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Revelations vi. 10.

Was not the purchase of my quiet bliss (A. H. A. life-long anguish and a Cross of woe? O! much I fear the mountain-path to miss, o'll from my sight I lose the gulf below."

Such lesson learn we by the cradle's side,
Nor other teach dark hills and valleys deep:
Where rude, rocks, hercest frown, and waters

Tis but to guard the green mead's lowly sleep.—

There is a peak 12 the raven loves it well, of And all the inists of neighbouring nocean malove in sguints of any other of nin to

Proves as a wide sea-beach where commonants.

The serain Love taught her, she in love, sworats.

Call it not hered, if in each holiest hour,

Rocks shower'd at random, as by giant hands, Strew the rude terrace: heedful be his eye, And firm his step, who on the dark edge stands Beneath the cloud, and downward dares espywords and so all rad of deposit, must for i line "What seest thou there?" A thousand feet

more below, the first of the state of the long of the And farther on, far as the mists that sweep Around me suffer, dimly trac'd in snow, and Pale forms I see, reclining on the steep will

Each in his drear rayine, where never ray now in E'en from the cold north-east in June might fall,

They sleep in silence till th' appointed Day, of the Nor heed the eagle's scream, the whirlwind's call.

The wastes of vapour, veering round, now hide And now reveal the watchers dark and vast, Which by each awful resting-place abide,—
Grim towering crags: who there his eye shall cast

With aught of sin's sad burthen on his soul,
Feels he not like a powerless child forlorn,
Over a gulf where flaming billows roll
By a strong outstretch'd Arm as yet upborne?

O surely then to his heart's deep is brought
The prayer, the vow, there evermore to cling,
And sickening turn from the wild haunting
thought,

"What if at once o'er the dread verge I spring?"

Retiring, sure he to a warning Voice
Will time his footsteps, on a true Arm lean:
What happy vale soe'er may crown his choice,
That awful gulf, those rocks will be its
screen.

Lo, nestling at the mountain's farther base,
And guarded by its terrors, a soft glen:
Its waters run a golden gladsome race,
Its windings hide meet homes for pastoral
men.

#### 94 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

Lord, if in such calm bowers a rest Thou give, We pray Thee, crown thy gift with Fear, that we

May in the shadow of Thy judgments live,

The wrath o'ertake us on our bended knee.

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#### EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS

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TRUSTWORTHINESS. January 1843.

The Child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem. St Luke i. 43.

#### (FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

Though parents' love is deeper than all other love, and more anxious to keep their children under guard, yet each child has its own separate life; what comfort then to them to feel that they can trust each, when apart from themselves, to be, as Jesus was, about the Father's business.

THE cares, the loves of parents fond Go deep, all loves, all cares beyond. Fain would they read the good and ill That nestles in our silent will,

And night and day
They wish and pray
That only good may there find way.

But deeper lurk all breasts within
The secrets both of grace and sin.
Each has his world of thought alone,
To one dread Watcher only known.
And far and wide

On every side
Our dreams dart on—no earthly guide.

Glad may they be and calm of heart, Who, when their child so walks apart, Seek him and find where Angels come On Jesus' work, in Jesus' Home:—

EARLY ENCO, their si lie work TS

One law for darkness and for light.

If in pure aims and deeds and prayers and His path mount high, and far from theirs, it is seeking him 'mid friends below They find him not, what joy to know

He hath but turn'd Where Jesus yearn'd rel smared aguout!

To be; where heavenly Love is learn'd, but

Thou who didst teach Thy Mother dear, and mode In three dim days of doubt and fear, and mode By timely training to foreknow the lift of Thy Passion and its three days, wee, Prepare Thou still not work bloom us. It

Our heart and will, mo ni solten tan I Our friends' and ours, for good and ill.

1 heavenly love; but "heavenly love" MS., which is perhaps right.

<sup>2</sup> For a somewhat similar application of this "three days", absence of St Anhouse of the "three days", absence of the Anhouse of the three days he is found in the Temple, as a suggestion that after the three days of his triumphant passion, he who was thought to be dead would rise again and offer himself in the courts of heaven, and with Divine Honour, as the object of our faith."

On every side
Our dreams List on one out to mide.

## SAMUEL'S PRAYER. July 1843.

De or o 2. gens diw ero ved I

Out of the mouths of very babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength. Ps. viii. 2.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The simple prayers of children for their friends are expanded by the angels into a deeper meaning of prayer for all members of the Church: their repetition of the Ten Commandments into God's denunciation upon sin, even as Samuel's simple prayers and words saved the ark and passed judgment upon Eli and his sons.

his sons.

This poem should be compared with ix. 5, and that on the Catechism in "The Christian Year" (see

Thus in the Tabern less !!

note there).

WITH joy the guardian Angel sees 1A A duteous child upon his knees, 10 M And writes in his approving book 1d sielno'd Each upward, earnest, holy look.

Light from his pure acrial dream at the dear He springs to meet morn's orient beam, which And pours towards the kindling skies would His clear adoring melodies.

Some glorious Seraph, waiting by, AMI Receives the prayer to waft on high, And wonders, as he soars, to read More than we know, and all we need.

More than we know, and all we need, subtools in young children's prayer and creed. They, for their Home, before Him fall, He, for His Church, receives their call.

They cry with simple voice and clear, "Bless Father, Mother, Brethren dear," He for the Priests of His dread Son Accounts the blessing ask'd and won. a me)

For holy Priests and Matrons mild, IIHT For penitents and undefil'd, For dying Saints, for babes new-born, rocky 976 He takes their offering, eve and morn.

f the first County Ingests inco He gives the frail and feeble tongue . I magu A doom to speak on sin and wrong; and boyes Unconscious they stern lightnings aim, stook still When His ten Precepts they proclaim.

Thus in the Tabernacle shade At morn and eve young Samuel pray'd, / Nor knew his prayer God's ark would win, Forfeit by priest's and people's sin. 1 one

To Eli thus dread words he spake : Ye hearts profane, with penance ache: A wondrous peal o'er Israel rung, gaings o'H Heaven's thunder from a child's meek tongue. His drar alming melo

#### PRAYER AT HOME AND IN CHURCH. June 3, 1843.

These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the Mother of Jesus, and with His brethren. Acts i. 14.

#### (SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION) Gi al

As the Church met for praise and adoration after the Lord's Ascension in the upper room and in the

## . 3 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 099

Temple: so the home and the Church are the places where we may learn prayer and praise. Each is holy ground, for in each Christ and His Mother and His saints are present.

Is there a half-conscious thought here of Wordsworth's "Skylark"? Ray or hab has gaired

Type of the wise who soar but never roam, True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

THERE are the homes of Paschal Mirth.

And with His Mer'es and the Sounds

The bowers where heavenly Joy may rest her wings on earth,

And at her leisure gaze adoring Where out of sight the golden clouds soaring

Beneath the ascending Saviour's Feet? Where may rejoicing Love retreat To frame a melody for His returning meet?

SELFEREZ COLLECTE DV. Pollocales Two homes we know of Love's resort, One in the upper room, one in the Temple court; unto Him, . i and only

In glorious Sion both, possessing di Llas ad Alike her presence, whom the awful blessing Lifted above all Adam's race: - dant of the

The royal Twelve are there in place; strim Women and duteous friends, awaiting His high grace. der accombinite tem me

TAP Two homes for us His Love hath found, One by our quiet couch and one on holy ground.

There in due season meekly kneeling, Learn we our lesson ere His last revealing, The Mother of our Lord is there, And Baints are breathing hallow'd air, Living and dead, to waft on high our feeble prayer.

And with His Mother and His Saints He watches by, who loves the prayer that never faints.

Avaunt, ill thoughts and thoughts of folly! Where christen'd infants sport, that floor is holy:

Holier the station where they bow, Adoring Him with daily vow, Till He with ampler grace their youthful hearts endow.

#### SELF-EXAMINATION. Feb. 2, 1843.

And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto Him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. Acts ix. 6.

#### (THE CONVERSION OF ST PAUL)

The task of the Christian child is like that committed to St Paul on his conversion-to be baptized and true to his baptismal vows, to join the saints in prayer and praise, to fast and examine his conscience against selfishness, rebelliousness, and envy.

THAT wouldst Thou have O Lord?"

Darkling he spoke and lowly laid,

#### A EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 101

With all his heart he spake the word, The awful Voice mild answer made: in I "Go, seek one out who thee may bring out of Where healing, holy waters spring, which is the What burthen thou must bear for Me."

"What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?"
Each morn and eve we seem to say,
And He gives back no doubtful word;

"Remember, little child, all day, Thine early vows, the hallow'd wave Where Jesus first His blessing gave: There stoop, there cleanse thee every hour: Christ's Laver hath refreshing power."

"What would'st Thou have me do, O Lord?"
Rise, little child, and onward go,
Where Saints are met with one accord

The praises of high God to show. In meekness learn their prayer and song, Do as they do, and thou ere long Shalt see the wonders they behold In heavenly books and creeds of old.

"What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?"
So whispering, Saul with prostrate brow

The persecuted One ador'd,

So breath'd his earliest Christian vow. Stern the reply:—to fast alone, And in the darkness make his moan. Thrice set and rose the weary day, Ere with the Christians he might pray.

"What wouldst Thou have me do, O Lord?" Think, little child; thy conscience try, fil

Rebellious deed and idle word, we does not be

And selfish thought and envious eye: - and W Hast thou no mark of these ? and yet Ifin god'I' Full in thy sight His Law was set. And and 77 Oh! if He joy'd the Cross to bear, With patience take thy little share. how the W back morn a. eve we seem to an.

I now little of a land to the food by the Land

# CONFESSION. March 1843.

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. Genesis iii. 8.

(SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY)

If we were only true children, we should hear God's voice in the winds rustling through the branches. But we have sinned, and the thought of His Presence is frightening. Yet we cannot really hide from His eye: nay, more, He comes to heal, and the only way to regain our righteousness is confession and penance. Stall ree the wonders they la of

IDST thou not hear how soft the day-

wind sigh'd,

How from afar that sweeping breath it drew, Wav'd the light rustling branches far and wide, Then died away, then rose and moan'd anew ? ristin! I be effect ( hristin! wene

stern the reply: "to fair mone, Sure if aright our morning prayers were said, / We in those tones the Almighty's unseen walk their on a string to the

### 5 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 103

Shall hear, nor vainly shun the Presence dread; Which comes in mercy with our souls to talk.

"Where art thou, child of earth?" He seems is just sky lowel &

"Why hide so deep from Love's all-seeing eve?" and set set set set

"I heard and fear'd, for I have sinn'd to-

"What? know'st thou not the Almighty One was by? on be blished to the ettASENT.

"Think'st thou to lurk in yonder wavering boughs, of the fr f toq

Where e'en these earthly sunbeams glide and steal?

Nay, speed thee forth while yet high grace

allows,
Lay bare thy wounds to Him who waits to

"They only rankle in th' unwholesome shade; But sun and air have soothing power, and He Yearns to forgive, when hearts are lowly laid. E'en now behold His robe prepar'd for thee.

"These fluttering leaves the more unveil thy shame.

Fall humbly down, and hide thine eyes in dust :

He will upraise thee, for His own great Name; His penance garb will make and shew thee Seek my probabile bounts. ".t.ti

1 Cf. x. 9, st. 1-3. 211 01

#### TELL THY MOTHER. Oct. 11, 1842.

Ye are not straitened in us, but ye are straitened in your own bowels. 2 Cor. vi. 12.

#### (ASH WEDNESDAY) d 7 dW

The mother knows the child's faults before it confesses them, but longs that the child should win the relief which confession and absolution give.

In the MS, the poem is headed "The Church in

her Confessional."

TEARY soul and burthen'd sore, Labouring with thy secret load, Fear not all thy grief to pour In this heart, true Love's abode.

Think not all is hidden quite: Mothers' ears are keen to hear, Mothers' eyes are quick as light, Glancing wide and watching near.

I with boding anguish read Half your tale ere ve begin: Bitter drops in heart I bleed, Penance for your shame and sin.

Grudge not thou thine eyes to hide On this breast that aches for thee: Patient, kneeling, here abide Till th' absolving Voice is free.

I from thy baptismal hour Yearn for thee, hard heart and dry: Seek my penitential bower, In the dust beside me lie.

### . 7 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 105

7.

#### ABSOLUTION. December 13, 1842.

Whose sins ye forgive, they are forgiven. St John

XX. 23.

Confession has brought me the fresh gift of the Spirit—the blessing of forgiveness! and the hope that hereafter I may have the power to forget the memories of evil, and be pure in heart.

LIVE ever in my heart, sweet awful hour, When prostrate in my sin and shame I

And heard the absolving accents fall with power, As soft, as keen, as lambent lightnings play.

And sure with lightning glance they seem'd to thrill,

thrill, 16 (O may the dream prove true!) and search and burn

Each foul dark corner of my lawless will. What if the Spirit griev'd did then return?

O fear, O joy to think!—and what if yet,
In some far moment of eternity,
The lore of evil I may quite forget,
And with the pure in heart my portion be?

Live in my heart, dread blissful hope, to tame
The haughty brow, to curb the unchasten'd
eye,

And shape to deeds of good each wavering aim;
O teach me some true penance ere I die!

8.

HOURS OF PRAYER. June (?), 1843.

Evening and morning and at noon-day will I pray! Ps. lv. 17/ ins fall wright profit wood W

(WHITSUN MONDAY)

As earth is ever ready to receive the dews and sunlight of heaven, so may we not weary of prayer. but be ready morning, noon, and evening to receive the blessings which God is ever ready to give.

OWN, slothful heart! how dar'st thou de say, nie un ni etteren o del

"Call not so oft to pray?"

Behold, the Lord's own bounteous showers Yeld Keep their appointed hours. He af

The forenoon saw the Spirit first O'On orphan'd Saints in glory burst; out but

At noontide hour Saint Peter saw

The sheet let down, heavenward all earth to draw;

At eventide, when good Cornelius kneel'd Upon his fasting day, an angel shone reveal'd.1

Untir'd is He in mercy's task, the control of the c

Then tire not thou to ask: 357 9196 .. El

He says not, "Yesterday I gave, to mol ad"

Wilt thou for ever crave? I've but

He every moment waits to give,

Watch thou unwearied to receive.

Thine Hours of prayer, upon the Cross of I

To Him were hours of woe and shame and And she we to me i's of good cart. we sook aim:

#### 9 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 107

Scourging at morn; at noon, pierc'd hands and feet; gaines in add in bedilig

At eve, fierce pains of death for thee He counted sweet; and to a stot and I

The blue sky o'er the green earth bends, I All night the dew descends:

The green earth to the blue heaven's ray.

Earth answers Heaven: the holy race Should answer His unfailing grace. od an O

Then smile, low world, in spite or scorn,
We to our God will kneel ere prime of morn;
The third, the sixth, the ninth—each Passion
hour,—

We with high praise will keep, as He with gifts of power, a today of a man a in a contain a man o'l

Bre the dread tones in some stat spent.

# REPEATING THE CREED. of

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. I St John v. 4.

#### (FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

Poets and artists have used many noble images to represent the triumph of faith, but none so dear to me as a simple child rehearsing the Creed having already a vision of each fragment of the Truthusion which, unless marred by sin, will become more glorious still.

The poem was suggested to Mr Keble as he heard Dr Moberly's eldest son, George, recite the Creed MANY, the banners bright and fair, wood Uplifted in the gleaming sky, When faith would shew this lower, air, would

The token of her victory 5 50 touco

The heaven-enlighten'd eye and mind, od'l'

By meek confession purified, in Manager of T

Gazes on high, nor fails to find, near ad T

Which way the signs celestial guide.

One bodies forth a Virgin form, and Mundo Holding aloft a Cross of might, and T And watching, how through cloud and storm Its head is lost in deepening light. Indian of T

Another dreams, by night and day, this wow Of a calm Prophet's face, intent in To hear what God the Lord shall say, Ere the dread tones be gone and spent.

An Eagle from the deep of space (15)
Is hovering near, and hastes to bring
(Meetest the unearthly tale to trace,)
A plume of his mysterious wing.

A golden Chalice standing by,— What mantles there is life or death;

1 Miss Yonge supposes the allusion to be to the description of Fidelia in Spenser's "Faery Queen," I. x. 13, but the details scarcely seem to correspond sufficiently. The reference is more probably to some painting of Faith holding a cross on high, perhaps to that by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the window of New College Chapel, Oxford.

### . 9 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 109

A Dragon to the unpurged eye, A Serpent from the Cross, to Faith.

O visions dread and bright, I feel
You are too high for me, I seek
A lowlier impress for my seal,
More of this earth, though pure and meek.

Give me a tender spotless child,
Rehearsing or at eve or morn
His chant of glory undefil'd,
The Creed that with the Church was born.

Down be his earnest forehead cast,
His slender fingers join'd for prayer,
With half a frown his eye seal'd fast
Against the world's intruding glare.

Who, while his lips so gently move, And all his look is purpose strong, Can say what wonders wrought above Upon his unstain'd fancy throng?

The world new-fram'd, the Christ new-born, The Mother-Maid, the Cross and grave, The rising sun on Easter morn, The fiery tongues sent down to save,—

The gathering Church, the Fount of Life, The saints and mourners kneeling round, The day to end the body's strife, The Saviour in His people crown'd,—

<sup>1</sup> The allusion here is undoubtedly to Domenichino's painting of St John the Evangelist.

#### 110 LYRA INNOCENTIUM III. 10

All in majestic march and even To the veil'd eye by turns appear,

True to their time as stars in heaven,

No morning dream so still and clear.

And this is Paith, and thus she wins

Her victory, day by day rehears'd.

Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,

Love's glorious world will on thee burst.

His in it of plory undefilia

# MENTS. October 19, 1842.

II. Cred that wild the Charch was lorn.

There is nothing hid from the heat thereof. Ps. xix. 6.

(ST LUKE'S DAY)

A prayer to the Church, the true educator, that she will train her children in the spirit of St Luke, that in the study of art, of poetry, and of history, they may learn purity of imagination, a true hatred of evil, a true love of good.

The poems for the Third and Fifth Sundays in Lent and for Palm Sunday, in "The Christian Year,"

should be compared with this.

MOTHER of Christ's children dear,
Teacher true of loving Fear,
Kind Physician, wakeful Nurse,
Wont with many a potent verse
By our cradles watch to keep,
Singing new-born Saints to sleep;
Be thy tenderest breath to-day
Breath'd on all we sing or say.

#### . 10 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 111

For to-day that Saint we own, to do W. Who to Jesus' cradle-throne did beautiful Led us first, with shepherds mild, with that Mother undefil'd, the condition of the There to adore the wondrous Child.

อทรงเอาที ใบอาณีน์ (โอร์เ อง. ค.สมเขาไม่

Spouse of Christ, so pure and bright, Skill'd, by His unearthly light, In our coarse dim air to trace
Lines and hues from yon high place,
Gathering tones from earth and sky
For His perfect harmony:—
As to-day thou guid'st our thought
Where that holy Painter wrought, 1
Who with pen and pencil true
Christ's own awful Mother drew;
Be thy prayer untir'd and strong,
That, when eager fancies throng,
Pure may be our dream and song.

1 The legend which represents St Luke as a painter is first found in Theodorus Lector, of the sixth or eighth century after Christ, who says that Eudoxia found at Jerusalem a picture of the Virgin, painted by St Luke. "The legend has a strong element of truth. It points to the great influence which Luke has had upon Christian art, of which, in a real sense, he may be called the founder. The Shepherd with the lost sheep on his shoulders, one of the earliest representations of Christ, comes from Luke xv., and both mediaval and modern artists have been specially fond of representing those scenes which are described by St Luke alone." (Plummer, "International Critical Commentary on St Luke," p. xxii.)

Watcher of the eternal ways, Trusted with the Saints' high praise, Oft as o'er our childish trance History bids her visions glance,-Wonders wild in airy measures, Records grave from Memory's treasures, Guide thou well the heart-winning line, May our love and hate be thine. He whose tongue of Jesus told On His Cross and in His Fold. Third of the mysterious Four, Learn we all his sacred lore, Listening at the Kingdom's door.

#### UNWEARIED LOVE. Nov. 15,

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy; times seven. Matt. xviii. 22.

(TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

Listen at once to the biddings of Heaven, and tire not either in prayer or obedience or forgiveness, for the Church and the Lord never tire of giving thee their blessings. Cf. supra, iii. 8.

Y child, the counsels high attend Of thine Eternal Friend. When longings pure, when holy prayers, When self-denying thoughts and cares

Room in thine heart would win. Stay not too long to count them o'er; Rise in His Name; throw wide the door, Let the good Angels in:

1 i.e. as the sacrifice for sin, and the Good Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

### 11 EARLY ENCOURAGEMENTS 113

Nor listen, should the Tempter say,
"How wearying, day by day,
To say the prayer we said before,
The mountain path climb o'er and o'er,
No end to warfare find!"
Nor seek thou limit to discern

Nor seek thou limit to discern
In patient woe, in duty stern,
But learn thy Mother's mind.

She will not tire on thee to wa't
In early hour or late:
To-morrow e'en as yesterday,
Still onward, onward in Love's way
To speed, her only dream.
So many love-deeds done, to cease
Her kindly toil, and rest in peace,
Small joy to her would seem.

And He, the Fountain of her Love,—
His treasure-house above
Is open, day and night, with store
Of healing for our daily sore,
With grace to mourners given,
O'er-powering, by the tide of tears,
All that from old abhorred years
Remains of wasting leaven.

He pardoning wearies not. Ah, why
Behold with evil eye
Thy brother asking grace for sin?
He doth but aid thee, more to win
Of hope in thy last end.

In heart forgive—that pays Him all:
But grudging souls must die in thrall,
No Saviour and no Friend.

# Nor lister, should the Tempter say, "How wearvier, WI by 139,

HEARLY ENGOUR MEETINGS HE

No erd to warfare find!

# EARLY WARNINGS of

# August 1, 1843. Treel to d

For I have five brethren: that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. St Luke xvi. 28.

#### (FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The prayer of Dives, pleading in vain for the brethren whom he had misled by his example, teaches us that the true way of helping others is to set them a good example, whether in work or in play.

G. "Sermons Occasional and Parochial" (No. xxxvii., preached on May 7, 1843), p. 449. "Penitents should ever chasten themselves with the thought that, although their sin may be mortified in themselves, its deadly and evil fruits, for aught they know, may be still ripening in a miserable eternity in the person of some fellow-creature who has been the worse for their example."

For good or ill
Along thine awful line, and and of Eternity!

Who for such burthen may suffice?

Or word or glance too bold,
Or ill dream told,
May bar from Paradise
Our Master's own?

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last,
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

2.

#### PRESUMPTION.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing? 2 Kings viii. 13.

(FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

Mere childish indignation against injustice, such as that of David taking the poor man's lamb, is not

enough until tested in life. Therefore boast not

until the end.

This poem is probably one of the latest, as it did not appear in the first edition. It may well be compared with J. K.'s sermon, preached on Palm Sunday 1846, on the "Danger of Trusting to Religious Emotions" (Sermons for "The Christian Year." Holy Week, iv.).

DEAR Child, to thee the tale is told
Of him who robb'd the poor man's fold.
Thou listenest, and with scorn and ire
Thy quivering brow is all on fire.
Thou think'st, O never sure on me
So foul a blot shall Angels see.
For joy thou hold'st thine eager breath
To hear him doom'd;—he dies the death.

But mark, young David was as thou, A generous boy with open brow. With heart as pure as mountain air He caroll'd to his fleecy care: With motion free as mountain cloud He trode where mists the moorland shroud, From bear and lion tore the prey, Nor deem'd he e'er should rend as they.

Such was his dawn: but O! how grieve Good Angels o'er his noon and eve! He that with oil of joy began In sackcloth ends, a fallen man. Then wherefore trust youth's eager thought? Wait till thine arm all day hath wrought: Wait humbly till thy matin psalm Due cadence find in evening calm.

# DANGER OF PRAISE. Dec. 95 1842.

and and on him . Sou tenfold was

And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed, I am not the Christ. St John i. 20.

#### (SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The Baptist would not take false praise to himself; how much less should a Christian child who is within the Kingdom of Heaven? how much less still the grown-up Christian who is conscious of his sin? To him praise becomes a penance to be borne.

Compare "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,'" Lent to Passion Tide, iv., especially pp. 38, 39.

WHEN mortals praise thee, hide thine eyes, Nor in thy Master's wrong Take to thyself His crown and prize; Yet more in heart than tongue.

None holier than the Desert Priest
Beneath the Law's dim sky,
Yet in Heaven's kingdom with the least,
We read, he might not vie.

No member, yet, of Christ the Son, bnc amang No gospel Prophet he; Only a voice from out the Throne.

Of dread yet blest decree.

If he confess'd, nor dared deny, and midgill Woe to that Christian's heart, configuration with Who in man's praise would walk on high, and And steal his Saviour's part!

And ah! to him what tenfold woe,
Who hides so well his sin,
Through earth he seems a saint to go,
Yet dies impure within!

Pray we our Lord, one pang to send
Of deep remorseful fear
For every smile of partial friend.
Praise be our Penance here!

har a Tony rai hij.

#### ENVY. August 4, 1843.

If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him. Genesis iv. 7.

#### (SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

Cain was jealous of the acceptance of Abel's offering; his heart wanted love, and therefore his own offering was not accepted. So envy is a deadly sin that will forfeit God's blessing: it incurs His punishment, and the mark can only be outworn by penance and by deeds of love.

WHAT is this cloud upon thy brow?
"The Lord accepts my brother's yow.

But turns no ear to mine.

High in the liquid heaven behold

His altar-flames in many an airy fold,

But where I kneel, the Almighty makes no sign."

Yes: welcome to the pure bright air,
And dear to Angels, is his prayer,
For the sweet fragrance' sake
Of loving deeds: bring thou the same,
Thine altar too shall feel the gracious flame:
Haste, ere the monster at thy door awake.

Beside thine hearth, thine home within,
Lies couch'd and still a deadly sin,
Oh chain it while 'tis time.
Learn on thy brother's joy to gaze
With thankful eye; and Heaven's high counsel
praise,
That crown'd him with the forfeit of thy
crime.

Thy forehead yet awhile must bear
His wrathful mark; but alms and prayer,
And penance true and stern,
May wear it out: thine evil eye
May melt in dews of holy charity,
Thy sullen tones to meek confessions turn.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Dr Driver on Gen. iv. 7. "Let the envious, discontented temper be overcome and banished. It is like a beast of prey, couching at the door, whose deadly assault nothing but prompt and instant exertions can repel" ("Critical Notes on Lessons from the Pentateuch," p. 18).

# MISTRUST OF ELDERS.

omra December 30, 1842. 10011()

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. St John xx. 29.

niditive on (ST THOMAS) if within,

Children, like St Thomas, often will not trust the warnings of their elders, but wait till they see for themselves. How sadly they thereby delay the blessings that God would give them.

WHEN holy books, when loving friends,
When parents grave and kind
Tell of the peace the Almighty sends
On the pure heart and mind,—

When they, on whom our souls should lean, The wondrous joy declare, Th

Alas! too often, worldly wise,
We scorn what they reveal,
We will not see with others' eyes,
Ourselves would touch and feel.

Thus many a precious day, month, year,
The blessing we delay:
It comes at last with sadden'd cheer,
He justly dims His ray.

Seven days, we read, a Saint of old Dream'd on in doubt alone: Seven days of hope and joy untold cost as thousand for everyone were gone. The severyone were gone, and the severyone were gone.

E'en with that light of love there came
A soft yet warning cloud, ... \*(\*)
A shade of pity more than blame: \*(\*)
Behold thy prayer\_allowed: \*(\*)
\*\*LamontA

My glorious Wounds I shew to thee, Even here in earth's dull light; if woll But happier they who wait to see, in quo() Till Heaven has purged their sight."

Alas, that man his breath should lose non it.

In wayward, doubting race, Management of the Nor his still home in shelter choose where Thou hast set his place!

One fin, er - e ...

# FINE CLOTHES. May 14, 1844,

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. St Matt. xxi, 8.

#### (PALM SUNDAY)

Some small barrier may shut out from our eyes the beauties of sunrise or of sunset; so some small thing,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Compare the Prefatory Poem, "To all Friendly Readers," st. 6, and infra, v. 7.

such as too much thought of her Sunday clothes, may prevent a child from seeing Christ's presence in church. Lay them aside then now in Holy Week, as the multitude spread their garments before Christ on Palm Sunday, and as the church lays aside her ornaments; and even at Easter-tide be willing to sacrifice them; let bright hues be consecrated to the service of His sanctuary, enriching the pavement and the windows round the altar, where He is present as Guest and King, and we bend in adoration.

L OOK westward, pensive little one,
How the bright hues together run,
Around where late the waning sun
Sank in his evening cloud.
Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

Thou seest it not: an envious screen, A fluttering leaflet, hangs between Thee and that fair mysterious scene,

A veil too near thine eye.

One finger's breadth at hand will mar <sup>2</sup>

A world of light in heaven afar,

A mote eclipse a glorious star,

An eyelid hide the sky.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. ii. 6. <sup>2</sup> Cf. J. K., "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 271.

A leaf or spray at hand may hide A landscape fair and wide; Thy casement clear, and thou a reach shalt find Of earth, air, sea, quite to an eagle's mind. And while to clear the view we stay, Lo! the bright hour hath pass'd away; A twilight haze, all dim and grey,

Hath quench'd the living gleam.
Remember this, thou little child,
In hours of Prayer, when fancies wild
Betwixt thee and thy Saviour mild
Come floating on life's stream.

O shame, O grief, when earth's rude toys, An opening door, a breath, a noise, Drive from the heart th' eternal joys,

Displace the Lord of Love!
For half a prayer perchance on high
We soar, and heaven seems bright and nigh,
But ah! too soon frail heart and eye
Sink down and earthward rove.

The Sunday garment glittering gay
The Sunday heart will steal away.
Then haste thee, ere the fond glance stray,

Thy precious robes unfold

And cast before thy Saviour's feet:

Him spare not with thy best to greet,

Nor dread the dust of Sion's street,

'Tis jewels all and gold.'

His very shrines, this week of woe, Will doff their rich attire, and show

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Do not dread to cast aside your robes through fear of the dust; the dust here is glorious as jewels and gold: the lowest humiliation (cf. stanza 7) will bring glory.

As mourners; fear we then to go dw factor in glad and festal guise. The day of the day are o'er, when the funeral days are o'er, when And altars shine in gold once more, I bid thee lavish all thy store. Troducing a line fearless sacrifice.

The gorgeous hues by sinners worn,
Our pride and our good Angels' scorn,
His pavement let them now adorn,

Or with His daylight blend.

His palace court hath order blest;

When from His Throne of earthly rest
In glory beams th' immortal Guest,

We to the dust descend.

We some, and honyer ever left in ordering. We take the But the some for the control of the contr

# IRREVERENCE IN CHURCH. May 29, 1844.

The Lord is in His holy Temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him. Hab. ii. 20.

#### (MONDAY BEFORE EASTER)

In the last visit to Jerusalem, Christ came thrice to His Temple in His jealousy for its right use. At the first time (St Mark xi, 11) He looked round in silence on the worshippers; at the second time (ib. xi. 15) He drove out them that sold and bought; the third time (ib. xi. 27—xiii. 1), He pronounced the doom upon the Temple, reserving His blessing only for the poor widow's love. So, for children who are irreverent in church, there is, first, the warning implied in the silence of the worshippers before God's unseen eye, then the warning of punishment and removal, but lastly, if they are still rebellious, there waits the final judgment.

O GRIEF for Angels to behold
Within Christ's awful home!

A child regenerate here of old, And here for lowliest adoration come,

Forgetting love and fear,

And with bold eye and tone bringing the rude

Where is the Cross upon thy brow, Seal of His Love and Might,

Whose life-blood earn'd thee power, thy vow To keep, and serve Him in His courts aright? E'en in His week of grace,

Thou know'st, His ire brake out for His own holy place.

Thrice in those seven dread days, we read, He to His Temple came,

If haply from the wrath decreed

He might redeem th' abode of His great Name;
With silent warning Eye,

With scourge in Hand, with doom of thrilling Prophecy.

On Sunday eve with many a palm, With many a chant divine,

It came, that Eye so keen and calm, Like a still lamp, far searching aisle and shrine.

Happy the few, that hour, Who with adoring hearts kneel'd to that gaze of power.

> Nor they unblest, the morrow morn, Who low before Him lay

In penitential guise forlorn,
And for Hissounding scourge made duteous way:
Who at His word their store
Of earthly goods remov'd, nor ever brought
them more.

But ah! no blessing left He then,
When the third evening fell,
And o'er the olive-shaded glen
Came wafted to His Mount His stern farewell.
"We meet not, till ye own
The Crucified and scorn'd before the Judgment
Throne."

No blessing left the Lord of bliss,
Save on that widow poor,
Who only offer'd not amiss,
Whose praise for aye shall in His Book endure.
What if the place were doom'd?
Love will abide the fire: her gift is unconsum'd.

Thrice warn'd the dread departing Word
The city of His choice;
And threefold are Thy lessons, Lord,
Even now to reckless eye and heart and voice.
Why is there silence here?
Why hush the prattling babe? "An unseen Eye
we fear."

What are these frowns, and penal ways
With rebel hand and tongue?
True tokens of the heart's amaze,
Where waits beside the door the sacred throng,

By sentence heard in Heaven, Of sin-retaining power, out of the Presence driven:

Driven for a while: and O! if yet The scornful brow they bend, The saintly Thrones are duly set, The doom prepar'd, that without hope or end The Temple Roof will draw Down on the irreverent head, there lingering without awe.

### DISRESPECT TO ELDERS. April 23, 1845.

(TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

And he went up from thence unto Beth-el; and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald-head; go up thou bald-head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord: and there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them. And he went from

thence to Mount Carmel. 2 Kings ii. 23.

As the Church has its rites and mysteries and its true freedom, and Angels watch their observance, so Satan has his rites and his false freedom, and his evil spirits watching to entice children to them. We see their influence in sullenness, in want of courtesy, in disrespect, in irreverence, till they are destroyed, like the children of Bethel by Elisha. But as he passed from their doom to intercede for them on Carmel, so our Christ and His Saints are ever interceding for us. The dews fall from Heaven upon our children, and we see their effect in bright greetings and smiles and obeisance; the graver training the more light-hearted to do reverence, as the Angels train us.

THE Powers of Ill have mysteries of their own,1

Their sacramental signs and prayers,
Their choral chants in many a winning tone,
Their watchwords, seals, processions,
known

Far off to friend and foe, their lights and perfumed airs.

And e'en as men, where warring hosts abide,
By faint and silent tokens learn
At distance whom to trust, from whom to hide,
So round us set on every side
Th' aërial sentinels our good and ill discern.

The lawless wish, the unaverted eye,
Are as a taint upon the breeze,
To lure foul spirits: haughty brows and high
Are signals to invite him nigh,

PRENTY FOR SULLEY

Whose onset ever Saints await on bended knees.

1 There is an allusion to the view of several of the Fathers that the mysteries of Mithras were a deliberate attempt by the Devil to imitate the Christian Sacraments. Thus Tertullian ("De Praescriptione Haereticorum," c. 40) writes: "The devil ... to whom pertain those wiles which pervert the truth, and who, by the mystic rites of his idols, imitates the inward realities of the sacraments of God. He, too, baptizes some—that is, his own believers and followers; he promises the putting away of sins by a laver of his own: and, if my memory still serves me, Mithra there sets his mark on the foreheads of his soldiers, celebrates also the oblation of bread, and introduces an image of a resurrection."

Him in some thievish corner of the street Full often lurking low we trace, I

When sullen lips our kindly glances meet, And looks that pastoral eyes should greetjus saidto zao, nds ai ba/.

As flowers the morn, fall coldly, as on empty. alicine de la constante de la space.

His poisonous whisper hath been there, be

where childhood's simple courtesies Are scorn'd: so trains he up his school

So may his nursery tasks inure The hearts that by-and-by against the Church shall rise.

Open their eyes, good Lord, that they may know

Whose edicts they so dearly hold, Making thy rites a revel and a show,

Where the rude world may come and go, To sit at ease and judge the Saints and Seers of old. returned in Take

The stubborn knees with holy trembling smite, with an article and los were

Which bow not at Thine awful Name. Pour from Thine Altar Thine own glorious Light,

Winning the world-enamour'd sight To turn and see which way the healing radiance came.

O may our fallen land, though late, unlearn Her reckless unbelieving heart, And in the Gifts, sweet as from Aaron's urn, that the but

And in the pure white robe, discern Signs lingering, faint and few, ere the last Saint depart.

O grant us Thy good Angel, evermore To wait, with unseen scourge in hand, On the Church path, and by the low school door.

Write in young hearts Thy reverend

Nor be our christen'd babes as Bethel's lawless band.

Perhaps among the wailing matrons there Was one who to her child had taught The ways of scorn, breathing the poison'd

Into that bosom fresh and fair Which from her own drew life. Alas! too well it wrought.

tuoborn lace Now self-accusing by the drear wood-side She ranges where th' avengers came, In dreams of penance wandering wild and wide.

But he, the Healer and the Guide, To Carmel top is gone, far from our woe and shame. com;

Now from his lips the judgment word hath past,
The lightning from his awful brow:

Low on his knees in some bleak cavern cast, His prayers go up o'er ocean vast

For those whom he hath doomed: he is their Patron now.

And our Elisha—fails He on the Mount
To plead, His holy ones to pray
For rebels and profane?—O who may count
The drops from that eternal Fount
Of heavenly intercession, welling night and day?

Ye fragrant showers, O were it not for you,
How could we breathe the parchèd air
Of the world's freedom, feverish and untrue,
Withering each soft and kindly hue

Even in young hearts? but ye spring-weather cherish there.

Your influence from afar we own and bless, When, school-hours past, o'er village green,

Or homely garden, bright in its May dress, Come greetings from a throng and press Of little strangers, prompt as fairies round their queen.

Ever, as up and down our glances go,

In that fair round we may discern in

A beaming smile and an obeisance low;

So forest bluebells in a row in the

Stoop to the first May wind, sweeping o'er each in turn,

And here and there, perchance, one graver found

A comrade's roving eye may school
To courtesy forgot:—so in each round
Of duty, here on earth's dull ground,
Angels with us rehearse their own majestic
Rule.

9.

### HOME SICKNESS. May 5, 1843.

If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. St Luke xiv. 26.

#### (ST MARK)

Even home-life has its dangers. St Mark was trained by a Christian mother, the sister of St Barnabas, in a home which became the home of the Church, where all prayed for St Peter and welcomed his coming. Yet even he failed to respond to St Paul's stern call for a fellow-worker.

Compare the sermon for St Mark's Day, in J. K.'s "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,' Saints' Days, xxiii. 'The Pattern of a Holy Christian

Household."

A HOLY home, young Saint, was thine, Child of a Priestly line,<sup>1</sup>
Bred where the vernal midnight air,

Was vocal with the prayer
Of Christians fresh from Paschal meat,
With supplications strong and sweet,
With fast and vigil, in meek strife
Winning their Pastor's life.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Acts iv. 36 (Barnabas a Levite).
2 Cf. Acts xii. 5 and 12.

A holy home, a mother bold, Who to the scatter'd fold Threw wide her door at dead of night, Nor feared the tyrant's might;-The sister true of him who pour'd His treasure at Thy feet, O'Lord: The Son of Comfort named was he By those who hearts could see.1

A holy home, a refuge bower, For Saints in evil hour, Where child, and slave, and household maid, Of their own joy afraid, As parent's voice familiar own The pastoral Apostolic tone. 'Tis heard, and each the race would win To tell the news within.2

7 05 0

E'en here may lurk a snare. These home delights, so keen and pure, May not for aye endure. Ere long, perchance, a sterner sound Will summon: where wilt thou be found? E'en holy homes may hearts beguile, And mar God's work a while.3

A holy household! yet beware!

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cf. Col. iv. 10 (Mark, sister's son to Barnabas); Acts iv. 36, 37. <sup>2</sup> Cf. Acts xii. 13-16. <sup>3</sup> Cf. Acts xiii. 13; xv. 38.

IO.

# ILL-TEMPER. January 2, 1845.

Jesus was casting out a Devil, and it was dumb: and it came to pass when the Devil was cast out, the dumb spake. St Luke xi. 14.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT)

Two things spoil the brightness of earth—heavy dark clouds and a fierce gale: so sullenness and fierce passion at times mar the happiness of childhood. But the sun and the warm south wind have power to break up the clouds and lull the gale: so Christ's healing power can charm either the sullen or the passionate child. A pledge of this power was given at the child's Baptism, when the powers of evil were put to flight.

# NOT often bends the face of heaven and

A dull and joyless brow

On hearts that own meek love and quiet mirth:

But such their aspect now. Slowly and late through leaden skies 100 d

The scanty lights of morning rise, at a scanty

And hour by weary hour
The hard stern outlines loom around

Of hill by many a frost embrown'd, a line top, and leafless forest bower.

And days have been, wild days of stormy wing, O'er-powering breath and thought, When the dark clouds plied each its heavy sling,

FAIDJE NIL

And air and ocean wrought As erst o'er Noe, hiding all

The bright hues of this earthly ball.

The traveller on his way
Was like a pinnace on the deep,
Whirling around as rude waves sweep,
The sport of every gust and spray.

So, happy childhood, thine enchanted clime
Two evil spirits mar, the property of the unlovely prime.

This wild, that sullen; o'er the unlovely prime.

Looks out no lingering star, the unlovely prime.

No softly-brightening trail of morn:

Their day, in gloom or tempest born, the unlovely prime.

Lowers on till noon and night:

Because the new-born soul made haste Love's christening gift to scorn or waste,

Fretting or fierce, in Angels' sight.

Yet burns the sun on high beyond the cloud:

Each in his southern cave

The warm winds linger, but to be allowed

One breathing o'er the wave,

One flight across the unquiet sky;

Swift as a vane may turn on high

The smile of Heaven comes on.

So waits the Lord behind the veil, or add

His light on frenzied cheek or pale

To shed when the dark hour is gone.

O ye who feel the dumb deaf spirit's breath
About your heart and home,
As in foul cavern spreading damps of death,
Where only Love should come;
Who mark, how wane the lamps of prayer
Where sullen thoughts are in the air;

But if the frenzy fire blaze out, and cast The sparks of Stygian glow,
Wild evil words, such showers as rode the blast
In Sodom's overthrow;
If tossing limb and glaring eye
Declare the o'ermastering agony;
On Tabor's crown behold
The pure calm glory: Jesus there
Hath spent the summer night in prayer:

There be your tale of anguish told.1

Faint not, if prayer of man find tardy grace
Though saintly knees be bow'd,
But wait untir'd beneath the mountain's base;
Soon will the healing Cloud
Toward thee descend,—the voice of Love
Through the glad air will gently move:
"Believe and all may be":—
"Believe and all may be":—
The voice of Power command afar
The rushings of that ireful war,
And heart and tongue for prayer be free.

Nay, doubt it not: He gave His signs of yore, When Angels at the porch

1 There is probably a conscious reference to Raphael's picture, "The Transfiguration," of which an engraving hung in the Vicarage at Hursley. (Miss Yonge, "John Keble's Parishes," p. 110.)

11. 10

Met thee, and led along the sacred floor.

And from their unseen torch
Shrank muttering to his penal fire
The Demon Shade, companion dire
Of all in evil born.—
Within thee, if thou wilt, be sure
That happy hour's strong spells endure,
The seal of Heaven, not all outworn.

The part of the last of the la

# 'Met thet, and hed along the sourch hoor. And from their ulkern torch

137

EARLY WARNINGS

# CHILDREN'S TROUBLES

I mud li di lis 10

### THE CROSS LAID ON INFANTS.

September 22, 1844.

And as they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the Cross, that he might bear it after Jesus. St Luke xxiii. 26.

#### (GOOD FRIDAY)

Grieve not if suffering fall upon thy innocent child. The Lord Himself suffered though innocent; and His Cross was laid also on Simon of Cyrene, though innocent. To share Christ's Cross in this way must bring its blessing with it.

"WELL may I brook the lash of scorn or woe

On mine own head to fall: An evil mark is on me: well I know

I have deserv'd it all.

But these my tender sheep,

What have they sown, such ill to reap? 1
Why should a new-born babe the watch of
sorrow keep?"

Stay thee, sad heart, or e'er thou breathe thy plaint,

And still thee, murmuring tongue, And mark Who climbs the hill, so meek, so faint,

1 Cf. 2 Sam. xxiv. 17.

Whose brows with anguish wrung
On the rough way drop blood;
How rushing round Him like a flood,
They drag Him, fallen beneath the accurs'd
and galling wood:

Nor Him alone. They seize upon his way, Early that fearful morn,

One hastening Zion-ward, and on him lay
Part of the pain and scorn,
Part of the Cross: who knows
Which in his secret heart he chose,

The persecutors' peace, or the meek Saviour's woes?

Bow'd he with grudging mind the yoke to bear, Or was the bitter sweet

For Jesus' sake? Lo, in the silent air
On unseen pinions fleet

The hosts of scorn and love:

With the sad train they onward move:

Owns he the raven's wing, or the soft gliding

Dove?

1

O surely, when the healing Rood he felt,

The sacrificial fire

Of love redeeming did his crimit make

Of love redeeming did his spirit melt,

And with true heart's desire

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Gen. viii. 7-12, and J. K., "Village Sermons on the Baptismal Offices," p. 64. "The raven—i.e. the unclean and the heretic—will have been turned out of the ark for ever; the dove—i.e. the spirit of prayer—will have brought the olive-leaf, the token of peace."

He set where Jesus trode His steps along the mountain road, Still learning more and more of His sweet awful load.

Thou leanest o'er thine infant's couch of pain: It breaks thine heart, to see

The wan glaz'd eye, the wasted arm, that fain Would reach and cling to thee.

Yet is there quiet rest

Prepar'd upon the Saviour's breast For babes unconscious borne on Calvary to be blest.

Nor to the darlings of thine aching heart, Nor to thine own weak soul, Grudge thou the good Cyrenian's patient part, The Cross that maketh whole

Met unawares, and laid

Upon the unresisting head,

The tottering feet upon the way of sorrow led.

What if at times the playful hand, though weak,

From the safe bosom part The nursing Father's awful crown to seek,

And find it thorns, and start With griev'd and wondering call?

Who but would joy, one drop should fall Out of his own dull veins, for Him who spar'd us all?

# TEARS RESTRAINED.

Hant in heart that

Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. Ezekiel xxiv. 7.

### (EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY, AFTER TRINITY)

We often wonder whether it is good for a child to weep or to restrain his tears; but God only, who can control the waves of the sea, knows when it is right to control a child's tears. Sometimes the thought of Christ's Cross gives a child courage to bear pain; at others, the example of His tears over Lazarus or over Jerusalem inspires it with tears for the sorrow of others. God checks the mere grief that ends in self, but encourages the tears that strengthen prayer and good resolutions.

"TEARS are of Nature's best, they say;
An April dry makes cheerless May:
Eyes that with answering glow
Meet eager joy, I love not well

That they should gaze immoveable On sights of fear and woe."

"Nay, soft and wavering shews the heart
Whence the life-drops so lightly start,
And harsher by-and-by
Will prove, I ween, the withering hour
Of selfish care, for each brief shower
That hurries down our sky;" in the start

or I nient their I to

Such talk when Angels watching near From earthly guardians overhear,

Haply in heart they say,
"These are half-truths. Who deeply scan
The mystery of the tears of man,
To nurse them or allay,

"Demand, they know, a mightier skill: "He only may the task fulfil,

Who hath the springs in hand
Of Ocean, saying to this wave,
'Retire':—to that, 'unbridled rave
High on the thirsty sand,'1

"He in His wisdom hath decreed That shingle light, or frail sea-weed,
Should here the proud waves stay,
There, giant rocks aside be hurl'd.
So in the heart's lone awful world
His waters know their way.

"His Power the inward storm unchains (At will, His Power and Love refrains. Ask ye, by what high law?

Go not to sage or seer, but trace
His impress on some bright young face,
Half passion and half awe.

"Whom He hath blest and call'd His own, He tries them early, look and tone, word live

Bent brow and throbbing heart;
Tries them with pain, dread seal of Love.
Oft when their ready patience strove

With keen o'ermastering smart, allst down

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Job xxxviii. 11; Prov. viii. 29. 1910.

"And mortals deem'd it gentle blood,
Faith might discern the healing Rood
Invisibly applied:
And when her veil soft Pity drew
Over each glad and vernal hue,
And babes for others sigh'd,

"A tear, we knew, from Lazarus' grave,
Had lent high virtue to the wave
In their baptismal hour:
Or one of those He deign'd to weep
O'er Salem, in the oliv'd steep,
A world-embalming shower. 1

"Thou art stern courage, Heavenly Child,
Thou to Thy babes art mourning mild;
E'en as Thy Saints of old
From weeping now forbore, now pray'd
Their eyes might endless showers be made
Over Thy fallen fold. 2

inc. c. Propreside Millering

"One law is theirs, and Thine: to stay
Self-loving moans—allow no way
For grief that only grieves.
But drops that cherish prayer, or speed
The pure resolve, or duteous deed,—
He gave them, He receives."

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cf. St John xi. 35; St Luke xix. 41. <sup>2</sup> Cf. Ezekiel xxiv. 17; Jeremiah ix. 1.

lao'a la a b'as la alama i la

# LONELINESS. June 21, 1844.

And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have. St Luke xxiv. 38, 39.

#### (EASTER TUESDAY)

As Christ's words soothed the disciples when frightened by His sudden appearance after the Resurrection, so the reading of His Word soothes the child left alone in a strange house, and frightened

by the shadows of evening.

This poem also (cf. iii. 9) was suggested by an incident in the life of George, eldest boy of Dr Moberly. He was on a visit at Hursley Vicarage, his first absence from home, and felt lonely and frightened; so Mrs Keble offered to read to him, and he begged that it might be something true, (Miss Yonge, "Musings on 'The Christian Year,'" pp. lxxi, and 132.)

A LONE, apart from mother dear And father's gracious eye, From all the nursery's joyous cheer, Nor babe nor playmate by ! if well -0

on off the matter of the A place where others are at home, But all is strange to me! and and the strange to And now the twilight hour is come, or the And the clear shadows flee.

Scarce dare I lay me down and sleep, Lest in half-waking dream Dimly all ways to dance and creep The forms around me seem.

Help me with reading, help to pray,
That I with spirit free and and Mine evening hymn may sing or say
Upon my bended knee.

But look your lore be true and wise,
The lamp ye light burn clear,
No flash to pass o'er strained eyes,
Leaving all dark and drear.

O kindly and in happy hour
Ye bring the Volume blest:
There all is Truth, all Love, all Power.
Now sweet will be my rest.

Now at thy pleasure roam, wild heart, ...
In dreams o'er sea and land:
I bid thee at no shadows start:
The Upholder is at hand.

The lurid hues, the deep sea-gleams,
That blend in hour of storm,
Till every hurrying night-wind seems
To waft a phantom form,

Are but His signs, Who lonely paced
The midnight waters drear.
A spirit o'er the heaving waste
He seem'd—they cried for fear.

Hark! in the gale how softly thrills
The voice that wakes the dead!
Happy, whose ear such music fills
By night upon his bed.

"'Tis I," He saith: "be not afraid!" and Whether in ocean vast,
Or where across the moonlight glade
Strange woodland shapes are cast,

Or flickering shadows come and go
In weary hours of gloom,
While midnight lamps burn dim and low,
Round some mysterious room,

One only spell hath power to soothe
When thoughts and dreams appal.
Name thou His Name, Who is the Truth,
And He will hear thy call;

As when new-risen on Easter night Amid His own He stood, Fear with His sudden shade, calm might Came with His Flesh and Blood,

Him name in Faith, and softly make
The sign to Angels known.
So never need thy young heart ache
In silence and alone.

# SHYNESS. March 28, 1844.

Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. Exodus iii. 6.

#### (FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT)

The shyness of a child in the presence of the old is a witness to the true awe, such as Moses felt at the Burning Bush, such as man ought always to feel in the presence of God.

Compare J. K., "Sermons for 'The Christian Year," Lent to Passion-Tide, xxxiv.

TEAR not away the veil, dear friend, Nor from its shelter rudely rend The heaven-protected flower : drive It waits for sun and shower in 1910 To woo it kindly forth in its own time, And when they come, untaught will know its

hour of prime.1 ... mitsu un sun f Hot is his tiggett's deep in the Blame not the eye that from thee turns, The cheek that in a moment burns

With tingling fire so bright, Feeling thine eager sight, - I rad'I'

The lowly drooping brow, the stammering tongue, - ran ital but

The giddy wavering thought, scarce knowing right and wrong. it is ne sym fail

> What if herein weak Nature own Her trembling underneath His Throne,

# 148 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

Whose eye can ne'er depart
From our frail evil heart?
Who knows how near His look of awful love
The gaze of aged men may to the young heart
prove?

The springs of silent awe, that dwell of I is all Deepest in heart, will highest swell, in a least of sylventing and best of sylventing and best of sylventing and sylventi

He calls them out in power.

Hide thou thy face, and fear to look on God, Else never hope to grasp the wonder-working but the triod, but the triod of the worder working but yellow a shall be triod of the worder working but yellow a shall be triod of the worder working but yellow a shall be triod of the worder working but yellow a shall be triod of the worder working but yellow a shall be triod of the worder working the word of the worder working the word of the w

With quivering hands that closely fold Over his downcast eyes, behold The Shepherd on the Mount

ate won Adores the Living Fount

Of pure unwasting fire: no glance he steals, But in his heart's deep joy the Dread Eye gaz-

The cheek that in a moment but is

Feels it, and gladlier far would die Than let it go. There will he lie guirama Till the Dread Voice return, and and the

And he the lore may learn in Of his appointed task bold deeds to dare, High mysteries to impart, deep penances to bear.

Ere long to the same holy place to W. He will return, and face to face a roll Upon the glory gaze,

Then onward bear the rays

To Israel: priest and people from his glance Will shrink, as he from God's in that deep Horeb trance.

> Then tear we not the veil away 1.4234 Nor ruthless tell in open day 1024 10 The tender spirit's dream. 15 1100 10

O let the deepening stream

Might from the mountain-springs in silence draw. He of the draw and the springs in silence

O mar we not His work, who trains His saints in awe!

Lerbuga on migh the control

The your at wil. DNISAMMATS:

He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. St Mark vii. 37.

(TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The very strength and intensity of a young boy's thoughts oft make him stammer, and prevent their utterance; but God will in His own time give the

power of speech.

This poem exactly illustrates Mr Keble's whole theory of Poetry as "the indirect expression of overpowering but impeded feelings." Gf. "Praelectiones Academicae," i. ii.; also "Occasional Papers and Reviews," pp. 6-19. In the MS, the poem bears the title "Isaiah": no doubt with reference to Isaiah vi. 5-8.

WHEN heart and head are both o'erflowing,

When eager words within are glowing,
And all at once for utterance crowd and throng,
How hard to find no tongue!

# 150 LYRA INNOCENTIUM ( ) v.

The little babe upon the breast Wails out his wail and is at rest and Market These may but look and long.

Perhaps some deed of sacred story,
Or lesson deep of God's high glory,
For many a toilsome hour rehears'd or read,
In holy Church is said.
He knows it all—none half so well,
And longs in turn his tale to tell,
But all his words are fled.

Perhaps on high the chant is ringing, The youthful choir the free notes flinging, To soar at will the mazy roof around:

But his to earth are bound.

In every chord his heart beats high,
But vainly would his frail lips try
The tones his soul hath found.

O gaze not so in wistful sadness:
Ere long a morn of power and gladness
Shall break the heavy dream; the unchain'd

Shall in free air rejoice:

Thoughts with their words and tones shall meet,

The unfaltering tongue harmonious greet The heart's eternal choice.

E'en now the call that wakes the dying Steals on thine ear with gentle sighing:

The breath, the dew of heaven hath touch'd thy tongue:

Far to the winds are flung
The bonds unseen, ill spirits' work:
Satan no more may round thee lurk,
Thine Ephphatha is sung.

6. Trailing of Trail

### FEAR OF WILD BEASTS.

April 7, 1843.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravening beast go up thereon: it shall not be found there. Isaiah xxxv. 9.

(QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY) S did s

As God's rainbow is an assurance against a deluge, and His promise against harm from wild beasts, so in the invisible storms of passion, Faith can see its own rainbow, and His Cross is a protection against the evil spirits for those who remain within His Church, true to their baptismal seal.

OFT have I hid mine eyes,
When lightning thrilled across
the midnight skies:

When tempests howl'd o'er land or main, Oft have I thought upon the deluge rain. id ail

But now I read, that never more Will Heaven's dread windows so give out their awful store.

> The rainbow-sign is given,— His word endures in Heaven.<sup>2</sup>

> > I will and a

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St Mark vii. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of Isaiah xxxv. 9, the MS. has as the

#### LYRA INNOCENTIUM 152

Oft have I shrank for fear, When forms that seem'd of giant mould drew

And deeply in my childish heart I thrill'd at every rush, and bound, and start: But now I hear th' Eternal Law That binds them in His chain of deep mysterious awe:

> I fear no monster birth,— His word endures on earth.

Even as the bright calm bow Is safety's pledge when waters wild o'erflow, As horned herds will turn and fly If but a child survey them with bold eye, . So in the storms we may not see . ) Thy Saviour's rainbow crown, O Faith, thine mic so noits, own may be:

Hell powers at distance gaze.

month bid . W

There may we calmly dwell, Nor sounding tempest dread nor lion fell. But, little children, muse and mark: His blessing waits on inmates of His ark, On such as in his awful shade Abide, and keep the seal His Holy Spirit made. Else will the flood awake, His chain the Lion break.

text for the poem, Genesis ix. 2-11, and these verses explain the allusions here, and in stanzas 2 and 4.

I could but nearer draft, and hore

SEPARATION. November 11, 1842.

For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, I shall be made whole. St Mark v. 28.

(TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER

At the time of loneliness and separation the child feels sure of a place in his mother's heart-sure that, though the mother is away, she has only left him

that he may learn his own strength.

Though the application is scarcely hinted at, there is no doubt that the poet's main thought is of his own relation to the Church of England. There was suspicion on every side; vistas of far-reaching problems troubled him; he seemed to see little of God's blessing on his town work, though it was clearly seen on that of others, such as Dr Pusey; but he felt confidence in clinging to his Mother Church, and hearing her message of healing.

SHE did but touch with finger weak
The border of his sacred vest,
Nor did He turn, nor glance, nor speak, self and Yet found she health and rest.

Well may the word sink deep in me on but.

For I, full many a fearful hour,

Fast clinging, Mother dear, to thee,

Have felt Love's guardian power.

When looks were strange on every side, diff When gazing round I only saw [] Far-reaching ways, unknown and wide, I could but nearer draw: I could but nearer draw, and hold
Thy garment's border as I might.
This while I felt, my heart was bold,
My step was free and light.

Thou haply on thy path the while
Didst seem unheeding me to fare,
Scarce now and then, by bend or smile,
Owning a playmate there.

in whomas sign or a collection of

What matter? well I knew my place,
Deep in my mother's inmost heart:
I fear'd but, in my childish race,
I from her robe might part.

O Lord, the Fount of mother's Love
And infant's Faith, I hear Thee mourn:
"Thee tender as a callow dove,
Long have I nurs'd and borne:

"Have nurs'd and borne thee up on high,
Ere mother's love to thee was known:
And now I set thee down, to try
If thou canst walk alone.

"Nay, not alone—but I would prove
Thy duteous heart. O grudge no more
Thy Lord His joy, when healing Love
His very robe flows o'er."

# BEREAVEMENT. October 13, 1843.

The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Job xlii. 10.

### (SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This poem needs no analysis. It was suggested to the poet by the sight of two children of one of his Hursley parishioners, named Maria and Charlotte Elsey. The poem in its turn suggested two pictures painted by E. N. Eddis, and engraved in 1851 by F. Joubert from the original, then in the possession of Lord Overstone.

I MARK'D when vernal meads were bright,
And many a primrose smil'd,
I mark'd her, blithe as morning light, and I

A dimpled three-years child. jqr bad od'l'

A basket on one tender arm

Contain'd her precious store

Of spring-flowers in their freshest charm,

Told proudly o'er and o'er.

The other wound with earnest hold

About her blooming guide,
A maid who scarce twelve years had told in the scarce twelve years had told y

One a bright bud, and one might seem of it to A.//
A sister flower half-blown, and an add.

The sky of April shone.

### 156 LYRA INNOCENTIUM (1) v. 8

The summer months swept by: again That loving pair I met.

On russet heath, and bowery lane, WANTED Th' autumnal sun had set:

And chill and damp that Sunday eve Breath'd on the mourners' road

That bright-eyed little one to leave moon sidd Safe in the Saints' abode.

Behind, the guardian sister came,

Her bright brow dim and pale—
O cheer thee, maiden! in His Name,

Who still'd Jairus' wail!

That held by thine so fast, days the fingers soft

The fond appealing eye, full oft Tow'rd thee for refuge cast.

Sweet toils, sweet cares, for ever gone!

No more from stranger's face,

Or startling sound, the timid one Shall hide in thine embrace.

Thy first glad earthly task is o'er, 2000 5 mills of T And dreary seems thy way. I middle her first what if nearer than before the ode him for

But what if nearer than before She watch thee e'en to-day?

What if henceforth by Heaven's decree is a subsection. She leave thee not alone, which is A. But in her turn prove guide to thee state of the state

In ways to Angels known?

O yield thee to her whisperings sweet: Away with thoughts of gloom! In love the loving spirits greet, Who wait to bless her tomb.

In loving hope with her unseen Walk as in hallow'd air. When foes are strong and trials keen, Think, "What if she be there?"

Liv hearti 9.

### ORPHANHOOD. July 27, 1845.

Behold thy mother. St John xix. 27. (THE ANNUNCIATION)

To a child who has lost her mother. Often have I wished to share thy peaceful slumbers; but now would I fain share and help thy restless wakefulness, longing for thy mother: yet thy in-stincts tell thee that she is still praying for thee, and that the Virgin Mother is joining in her intercessions. The thought of the home at Nazareth with Christ and His Mother there is still dear to thee, as it was when thou didst ask that thy sister might be named Mary. Cf. supra, pp. 20-22.

FT have I watch'd thy trances light, And long'd for once to be A partner in thy dream's delight, And smile in sleep with thee; To sport again, one little hour, With the pure gales, that fan thy nursery bower, And as of old undoubting upward spring, Feeling the breath of heaven beneath my joyous wing.

But rather now with thee, dear child,
Fain would I lie awake,
For with no feverish care and wild
May thy clear bosom ache;
Thy woes go deep, but deeper far
The soothing power of yonder kindly star:
Thy first soft slumber on thy mother's breast
Was never half so sweet as now thy calm
unrest.

Thy heart is sad to think upon
Thy mother far away,
Wondering perchance, now she is gone,
Who best for thee may pray.
In many a waking dream of love
Thou seest her yet upon her knees above:
The vows she breath'd beside thee yesternight,
She breathes above thee now, wing'd with

Both vespers soft and matins clear
For thee she duly pays,
Now as of old, and there as here;
Nor yet alone she prays.

Thy vision—(whoso chides, may blame The instinctive reachings of the Altar flame) Shews thee above in you ethereal air. A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.

'Tis she to whom thy heart took flight
Of old in joyous hour,
When first a precious sister spright
Came to thy nursery bower,

# v. 10 CHILDREN'S TROUBLES 159

And thou with earnest tone didst say, //
"Mother, let Mary be her name, I pray, A
For dearly do I love to think upon any and //
That gracious Mother-Maid, nursing her Holy
One."

Then in delight, as now in woe,

Thou to that home didst turn,

Where God, an Infant, dwelt below:

The thoughts that ache and burn

Nightly within thy bosom, find

A home in Nazareth to their own sweet mind.

More than all music are the soothings dear

Which meet thee at that door, and whisper,

Christ is here.

FIRE. 1842.

In silence seeks the yet.
Where in its own the office tool

The Angel of the Lord made the midst of the furnace as it had been a moist whistling wind. "Song of the Three Children," v. 26.

### (NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This poem, too, needs no analysis. It was written on the death of a little girl, Mary Atkins, a parishioner at Ampfield, who was left to take care of the baby at home, but her clothes caught fire, and she was burnt to death.

SWEET maiden, for so calm a life of Too bitter seem'd thine end; If I But thou hadst won thee ere that strife of II A more than earthly friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school, and And on thine homeward way, and residence where violets by the reedy pool classic so if Peep out so shyly gay:

Where thou, a true and gentle guide, Wouldst lead thy little band, an mad'! With all an elder sister's pride, and I'! And rule with eye and hand.

And if we miss, O who may speak
What thoughts are hovering round
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek
Its evening slumber found?

How many a tearful longing look In silence seeks thee yet, Where in its own familiar nook Thy fireside chair is set?

And oft when little voices dim

Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wavering wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought
But ne'er shall bring again.

O say not so! the spring-tide air AVI Is fraught with whisperings sweet?
Who knows but heavenly carols there.
With ours may duly meet?

#### v. 11 CHILDREN'S TROUBLES 161

Who knows how near, each holy hour, not not The pure and childlike dead May linger, where in shrine or bower The mourner's prayer is said?

And He who will'd thy tender frame of the control o

A garland in that region bright

Where infant spirits reign, we have

Ting'd faintly with such golden light

As crowns His Martyr train.

Nay doubt it not: His tokens sure
Were round her death-bed shewn:
The wasting pain might not endure,
"Twas calm ere life had flown."

E'en as we read of Saints of yore:
Her heart and voice were free
To crave one quiet slumber more
Upon her Mother's knee.

II.

di min l

## PUNISHMENT. September 1, 1845.

They shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity. Levit, xxvi. 43.

The true penitent welcomes her punishment, and grieves to have offended an earthly parent or God; it is only the impenitent who wishes to be saved from the true punishment of his sins.

The poem was written on seeing a girl punished for some fault. Some seeing a girl punished

THE scourge in hand of God or Man Full deeply tries the secret soul. You dark-eyed maid, her bearing scan; The tear that from beneath her quivering eyelids stole.

The shade, that hangs e'en now do
Upon her wistful brow,— I I
It comes not all of shame or pain,
But she with pitying heart full fain
Would twice the penance burthen bear,
Might she the chastening arm, so lov'd and
loving, spare. If any or a face

So have I mark'd some faithful hound,
Recall'd by look and voice severe,
Come conscious of his broken bound,
And lowly cast him down as in remorseless fear,
One of the teachers true
Commission'd to imbue
Our dull hard hearts with heavenly skill,
With heavenly love our proud cold will.
How seems he penance to implore,
Patient in woe decreed, and humbly seeking

He who of old at Caiaphas' door
Denied th' eternal Holy one,—
In words denied, but own'd in store
Of penitential tears—why made he restless moan,
When the forgiving Eye
Had beam'd on him so nigh,

And thrice, for his denials three, The Lord had said, My Shepherd be? Yet were his waking thoughts self-blame, And ever with cock-crowing tearful memory " saviour, if su 'Thou

For should the soul that loves indeed Stoop o'er the edge of deadly sin, And e'er so lightly taste its meed,

Though wonder-working grace might heal the wound within, and a boot O

Yet may the scar and stain a bloom

To the last fire remain, And Love will mourn them: loyal Love

Will for the Holy Friend above Lament in reverent sympathy, his Ald

Feeling upon her heart the griev'd and gracious Eye. or in a ri no skan!

Alas for sullen souls, that turn Keen wholesome airs to poison blight! Touch'd with Heaven's rod, in ire they burn, Or in dim anguish writhe: beside them in its might Jobs

1 Cf. the Poem for St Peter's Day, in ha The Christian Year."

He loves and weeps-but more than tears .... Have sealed thy welcome and His love. One look lives in him and endears Crosses and wrongs, where'er he rove.

That gracious, chiding look, Thy call still and To win him to himself and Thee, Sweetening the sorrow of his fall, Which else were rued too bitterly,

The saving Cross we rear,
They neither love nor fear;
Each from his own unblessed tree
The five dread Wounds unmov'd they see—
O hard of heart!—and scornful say,
"Saviour, if such Thou be, come chase our

The impenitent would still abate

O Lord, I know my sin is great,

I would not hide away from Thee in heartless
trance:

When penal lightnings glare,
O give me grace, to bare
My sinful bosom to the blast;
Nor, when the judgment hour is past,
Bask on in warmth of worldly ease,
But hold to the wrong'd Cross on worn and
aching knees.

12.

. rod, in ire they burn,

#### PENANCE. October 26, 1844.

If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. I Cor. xi. 31.

#### (SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT)

As all the sounds and fragrance of nature bring soothing to the sad penitent, so the saints in Heaven stoop to bring their soothing to each contrite sinner, and welcome all, whether young or old, who confess their sins, and bear their punishment, and wait for God's absolving voice.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St Luke xxiii. 39.

## v. 12 CHILDREN'S TROUBLES 16

This poem is perhaps more in the spirit of "The Christian Year," than any other in this volume. It should be compared with the poem there for the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THOU, who with eye too sad and wan Dost on the memory gaze
Of evil days,

Open thy casement, moody man,
Look out into the midnight air,
And taste the gushing fragrance there;
Drink of the balm the soft winds bear

From dewy nook and flowery maze:

They rise and fall, they come and go, With touch ethereal whispering low Of grace to penitential woe,

And of the soothing hand that Love on Conscience lays.

> How welcome, in the sweet still hour, Falls on the weary heart, Listening apart,

Each rustling note from breeze and bower;
The mimic rain 'mid poplar-leaves
The mist-drops from th' o'erloaded
eaves,

Sighs that the herd half-dreaming heaves.

Or owlet chanting his dim part;
Or trickling of imprison'd rill
Heard faintly down some pastoral hill,
His pledge, Who rules the froward will

With more than kingly power, with more than wizard art.

But never mourner's ear so keen Watch'd for the soothing sounds That walk their rounds

Upon the moonlight air serene,

As the bright sentinels on high Stoop to receive each contrite sigh, When the hot world hath hurried by,

And souls have time to feel their wounds.

Nor ever tenderest bosom beat So truly to the noiseless feet

Of shadows that from light clouds fleet, Where ocean gently rocks within his summer the dat ones ! bounds, a sin vicini equidate on the

As Saints around the Glory-Throne To each faint sigh respond, And yearning fond.

Of Penitents that inly moan.

O surely Love adoring there Is quicken'd to intenser prayer, When youthful hearts are fain to wear-

Unbidden wear—their penance bond :

When stripling grave and maiden meek

Forego the bright hours of the week, Nor at the board their place will seek :-

"Have we not sinn'd? and sin must be by pain aton'd."

Thrice happy, in Repentance' school So early taught and tried! At Jesus' side.

## v. 12 CHILDREN'S TROUBLES 167

And by His dread Fore-runner's rule, Train'd from the womb! nor they unblest,

Who underneath the world's bright vest

With sackcloth tame their aching

The sharp-edg'd cross in jewels hide:

Who day by day and year by year

Survey the Past with deepening fear,

Yet hourly with more hopeful ear

To the dim Future turn, th' absolving Voice

Not as lost Esau mourn'd, they mourn; 1
No loud and bitter cry
They cast on high;

But on through silent air is borne

The fragrance of their tearful love

To the Redeemer's feast above.

Fresher than steam of dewy grove,
When April showers are twinkling nigh.

To aged husbandman at eve,

Is the sweet breath the Heavens

When bosoms with confession heave, When lowly Magdalen hath won her Saviour's eye.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Gf. Genesis xxvii. 34, which is the text prefixed to the poem in the MS.

#### LANGUOR.1 1846.

There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance. St Luke xv. 7.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The tenderness and care of the whole family for the one sick child recovering from a serious illness, is a type of the joy in Heaven over one sinner that

repenteth. 10 "

On December 19, 1845, Mr Justice Coleridge wrote to John Keble: "There is a passage in the 8th book (I think) of 'The Confessions'" [the reference is to St Aug. "Confessions," viii. 3] "in which an analogy is drawn between the lost sheep, the piece of silver, and one recovered from sickness. It struck me that a child after sickness, in the garden, haggard and pale and feeble, yet the object of peculiar joy and attentions from brothers, sisters, mother, etc., though less beautiful and bright than any of the circle, might, with the same application, make a pretty poem." The suggestion fell on soil prepared for it, for in September 1845, while staying at Bude, Mr Keble had seen exactly such a scene in the family of Mr Arthur Acland-three of the daughters (Frances, Harriet, and Angelina), strong, bright, and healthy, caring tenderly for a fourth (Mary), who was just recovering from illness. The poem is quite one of the latest in date, having been added, out of its proper place, at the end of the first edition.

<sup>1</sup> For the leading idea in these lines the author is indebted to a friend, the writer of the stanzas on p. 47, entitled "The First Smile." J. K.

COME, and with us by summer seas
The revel hold of Mirth and Ease.
Together now, and now apart,
Three happy sprites, we glide and dart
O'er rock and sand, as free and bright
As waves that leap in morning light;
Or mark in playful pensiveness
How fast the evening clouds undress
O'er gleaming waters far away,
And by the tir'd Sun gently lay
Their robes of glory, to be worn
More gorgeous with returning morn.
There, and where'er our fancies roam,
Our trusting hearts are still at home,

For at our side we feel
Our father's smile, our mother's glance.
Say, can this earth a loving trance

Of deeper bliss reveal?

Yes: from the shore with us return,
And thou a deeper bliss shalt learn.
Just as the mounting sun hath drawn
Warm fragrance from the thymy lawn,
Come to our cottage home, and see
If aught of sprightly, fresh, and free,
With the calm sweetness may compare
Of the pale form half slumbering there,
Our little sister, late as gay
As sea-lark drench'd in ocean spray,
Now from her couch of languor freed
One hour upon soft air to feed.
O gently tread, and mildly gaze,
Ill may she brook our bolder ways;

The babe who cannot speak ' ' ' O' Tempers, to her, his strong caress; Lightly the small soft fingers press 13000'1" The wan and wearied cheek.

And if in festive hour, beside The laughing waves and tuneful tide, Parental eyes for joy grow dim, 1 34 Wol What notes may trace the heart's deep hymn, In silence mingling with the breath Of child by prayer recall'd from death, Or with the pulse's healthier chime In praise melodious keeping time? O, when its flower seems fain to die, The full heart grudges smile or sigh To aught beside, though fair and dear. Like a bruis'd leaf, at touch of Fear Its hidden fragrance Love gives out. Therefore, this one dear couch about

O'er rock at the as free and bright

We linger hour by hour : world hards The love that each to each we bear, All treasures of endearing care, Into her lap we pour.

ार तथा है। है है कि प्रतिप्रकार के से कि है कि कि Type of that holiest Family, When smitten souls, at point to die, Come darkling home, prepar'd to wait In doubt and dimness by the gate. Then far along the mournful way Paternal Love speeds out, to say The words of welcome; Angels bear The robe, sweet pledge of pardoning care;

And as he daily seeks aright
His lowly station in their sight,
They watch th' all-ruling Eye, for leave
Some flower of Paradise to give,
Bid amaranth odours round him float,
Or breathe into his ear one note

Of that high loving strain, Which rings from all the harps of Heaven, When from the Shrine the word is given, "The dead soul lives again."

O, if the Powers and Thrones above
Hover with crowns of joy and love,
Ungrudg'd, unsparing, over brows
That mourn in dust their broken vows,
Rather than where the saints are seen,
Each reigning in his place serene:
If in Love's earthly home and bower
The mournful or the dangerous hour
Unblam'd each prayer and longing guides
To the one couch where Pain abides:
He who is Love, and owns Love's Name,
Is in His ocean springs the same
As in each little murmuring brook
That cheers soft mead or wayside nook:

Brighter the joy, be sure, Before Him, where one sinner weeps, Than where, in Heaven's unchanging deeps,

6.5 mil (n

A thousand orbs endure.

#### VI

ALL DETT 3 IN DICTIFE

# CHILDREN'S SPORTS

### GARDENING. August 15, 1843.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. St Luke xvi. 10.

#### (NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The child tending a part of his father's garden, till the father gives it him for his own, is a type of earth lent to us by our Father that we may win Heaven.

SEEST thou you woodland child,
How amid flowerets wild,
Wilder himself, he plies his pleasure task?
That ring of fragrant ground,
With its low woodbine bound,
He claims; no more, as yet, his little heart
need ask.

There learns he flower and weed,
To sort with careful heed:
He waits not for the weary noontide hour.
There with the soft night air
Comes his refreshing care:
Each tiny leaf looks up, and thanks him for the shower.

Thus faithful found awhile, He wins the joyous smile Of friend or parent; glad and bright is he, When for his garland gay He hears the kind voice say,

"Well hast thou wrought, dear boy: the garden thine shall be."

And when long years are flown, And the proud word, Mine Own, Familiar sounds, what joy in field or bower To view by Memory's aid Again that garden glade,

And muse on all the lore there learn'd in each bright hour!

Is not a life well-spent
A child's play-garden, lent
For Heaven's high trust to train young heart
and limb?
When in you field on high

Our hard-won powers we try,
Will no mild tones of earth blend with th'
adoring hymn?

O fragrant, sure, will prove
The breath of patient Love,
E'en from these fading sweets by Memory cast,
As deepening evermore

As deepening evermore
To Him our song we pour,
Who lent us Earth, that He might give us
Heaven at last.

# MAY GARLANDS. May 16, 1843.

The sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. St James i. 11.

# (ST PHILIP AND ST JAMES)

Keen March winds and April showers are needed to give May flowers their beauty; so stern selfmastery and prayer must prepare us if we hope to bloom in Heaven.

The first lines contain a reference to the May Song of the Hampshire children,

April's gone; is 300 all the following May's come, 'Ulido / Come and see our garland; 60 [4] 100

which is expanded into a whole poem in J. K.'s "Mayday Song for Hursley Children." (Miscellaneous Poems, p. 253.)

COME, ye little revellers gay,
Learners in the school of May,
Bring me here the richest crown
Wreath'd this morn on breezy down,
Or in nook of copsewood green,
Or by river's rushy screen,
Or in sunny meadow wide,
Gemm'd with cowslips in their pride;
Or perchance, high priz'd o'er all
From beneath the southern wall,
From the choicest garden bed,
'Mid bright smiles of infants bred,

VI. 2

Each a lily of his own Offering, or a rose half-blown. Bring me now a crown as gay, Wreath'd and woven yesterday. Where are now those forms so fair? ---Wither'd, drooping, wan, and bare, wan, Feeling nought of earth or sky, Shower or dew, behold they lie, Vernal airs no more to know: They are gone-and ye must go, Go where all that ever bloom'd, In its hour must lie entomb'd. They are gone; their light is o'er: Ye must go; but ye once more of Hope in joy to be new-born, Y' Lovelier than May's gleaming morn.

Hearken, children of the May,
Now in your glad hour and gay,
Ye whom all good Angels greet
With their treasures blithe and sweet:
None of all the wreaths ye prize
But was nurs'd by weeping skies.
Keen March winds, soft April showers,
Brac'd the roots, embalm'd the flowers.
So, if e'er that second spring
Her green robe o'er you shall fling,
Stern self-mastery, tearful prayer,
Must the way of bliss prepare.
How should else Earth's flowerets prove
Meet for those pure crowns above?

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3

### SUNDAY NOSEGAYS. Oct. 12, 1843.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. St Luke xviii. 14.

#### (SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

As the shy violet is the flower which children most love to present to their parents, so lowliness is the quality which our Lord most loves to place near Himself.

Y E children that on Jesus wait,
Gathering round His temple gate
To learn His word and will,
For glory hunger'd and athirst,—
Which of you all would fain be first?
Come here and take your fill.

Come, still and pure as drops of dew,
Come to the feast prepared for you,
Your prayer in silence breathe;
Seek the last room, the scorn'd of all:
If that be filled, adoring fall
The Holy Board beneath.

Not to the quick untrembling gaze,
The heart that bounds at human praise,
Loves He to say, Go higher.
But most He turns His face away,
When envy's sidelong eyes betray
The foul unhallow'd fire.

Say, little maids that love the spring, Of all the fragrant gems ye bring For bower or bridal wreath,
Is aught so fair as violets shy,
Betraying where they lowly lie
By the soft airs they breathe?

Oft as with mild caressing hand
Ye cull and bind in tender band
Those bashful flowers so sweet,
With many a Sunday smile,—to rest
Upon some lov'd and honour'd breast,
A welcome gift and meet,—1

Ye to the Heaven-taught soul present
A token and a sacrament,
How to the highest room
Earth's lowliest flowers our Lord receives;
Close to His heart a place He gives,
Where they shall ever bloom.

-

#### DRESSING UP.

Put on the whole armour of God. Ephesians vi. 13.

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The poem is too clear to need analysis.

GREAT is the joy when leave is won, On sun-bright holiday,

1 Cf. "The Christian Year," Third Sunday after Easter, stanza 6.

So have I seen, in spring's bewitching hour, When the glad earth is offering all her best, Some gentle maid bend o'er a cherished flower And wish it worthier on a parent's heart to rest. To deck some passive little one In fancy-garments gay:

Whether it be a bright hair'd boy
With brow so bold and high,
Or maiden elf with aspect coy,
Grave lip and laughing eye.

What flashes of quick thought are there, What deep delight and pride! Till the whole house the wonder share, From room to room they glide.

You smile, their eager ways to see:
But mark their choice, when they
To choose their sportive garb are free,
The moral of their play.

In semblance proud of warrior's mail The stripling shall appear, The maiden meek in robe and veil Shall mimic bridal gear.

All thoughtless they, to thoughtful eyes
Love-tokens high present:—
The Bride descending from the skies,
The mail in Baptism lent.

Yes: fearless may he lift the brow,
Who bears, unstain'd and bright,
By touch of Angels seal'd e'en now,
His Saviour's Cross of might.

Radiant may be her glance of mirth, Who wears her chrisom-vest 1 de and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. p. 253, note.

Pure as when first at her new birth It wrapt her tender breast.

O, if so fair the first dim ray
In Jesus' morn of grace,
How will it glow, His perfect Day,
On our triumphant race!

If but His banner's hovering shade May scare the infernal band, How strong, who to the end array'd In His full armour stand!

Then haste, young warrior, year by year, And day by day, and hour By hour, His armoury to draw near, And don His robes of Power.

Thy girdle, Truth—to hate a lie:—
Then, purpose high of soul
In Righteousness to live and die,
Thy breastplate, firm and whole.

Then, heavenly Calmness, lest thou fall Where scandals line the way; Faith in the Unseen, thy shield o'er all, Each fiery dart to stay.

Hope in His gift, thine helmet sure;
Trust in His living Word
Thy weapon keen, to chase the impure,
His Spirit's awful sword.

This is thine armour, bath'd in heaven:
Keep thou by prayer and fast
Thy Saviour's seal, so early given:
All shall be thine at last.

5.

#### PEBBLES ON THE SHORE.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Isaiah lv. 1.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY)

Love delights to seek for the best offering it can find to make to its object; yet a child's loving gift of a pebble, unpurchased, and picked up on the seashore, is, whether given to a friend or sent to some distant playmate, perhaps as true a type of the gifts which we can give to God. For our best gifts can never be rich enough to purchase the smile He gives in return. He, too, offers His gifts without money and without price; and the very cries of the sellers in the streets, or the inscription on some fountain offering water to everyone who is thirsty, remind us of His love.

The poem is an expansion of G. Herbert's line, which was Mr Keble's favourite motto, "Love is a present for a mighty king." It was suggested by the gift of a shell made by a child (Lord R. Kerr) to Mr Keble. He is supposed to be walking on the shore, while the children are picking up weeds and shells; he is offered one, but he comes and helps to arrange their treasures, and suggests that they should send them to some absent child, and they rejoice to think how he will unpack and delight in them.

NOT undelightful prove
The rounds of restless love,
When high and low she searches, mine and mart,

And turns and tosses o'er ... Some crowned merchant's store,1 And scarce fit token finds of the full yearning heart. On war and one of //

The r month of need of Yet in Heaven's searching beam Joing As bright may haply seem [ har!

A child's unpurchas'd offering, stone or shell, Found by some joyous crew sal Glittering with ocean dew.

Where feathery lines of spray the wave's last boundary tell. Sign dre tele to will be made

Behold them, how they dance Beneath the breezy glance month

Of April morn, or fresh October noon;— How on the twinkling sand,

In many a fairy band,
They leave their footprints light, to turn and count them soon.

> What if some nursing friend miss and it His sportive counsel lend

To sort the treasure, wreathe the chaplet gay, Coral or crimson weed ?--- g :o:/

Then is it, joy indeed; its and no all

When he to mind recalls some comrade far away. V There I Guintern v.

We list on men it will all

1 crowned merchant; perhaps a reminiscence of the merchant princes of Venice and the East; perhaps of the Magi seeking their present for the infant Christ, f. st. 7, "a royal crown"; perhaps of Araunah, cf. 2 Sam. xxiv. 23, 24, and infra ix. 6.

Oh then how bright arise and the To fancy's quick young eyes are.

The smiles that o'er the kindling brow will spread, When on the nursery floor

They range their bounteous store,

Precious to them as pearls from India's oceanbed? mee liquid may hap to bed? the come of the come of

What though unseen, unbought
By money, toil, or thought,

Those simple offerings—come they not of Love?/
Love gives, and Love will take.
Such are the yows we make

To the dread Bethlehem Babe, nor He will them reprove your dark the M

What is a royal crown,
Or first-born babe, cast down
Before His Cradle, to one heavenly smile?

Before His Cradle, to one heavenly smile?

We may not buy nor earn,

But He toward us will turn

Of His own Love: but we must kneel in Love the while.

Along the unbounded shore:

And e'en beneath the mists which man hath

and e'en beneath the mists which man hath

Where Mammon walks the street, We light on memories sweet ead Bargain seal'd, a countless Ranse

Of a dread Bargain seal'd, a countless Ransom

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "The Christian Year," St Matthew's Day, st. 2 and st. 8.

We hear the frequent cry, "Approach, ye poor, and buy, Buy of the best for nought":—and dreams arise

Of yon supernal Home, And Angel voices—"Come,

Come to the Living Wells, buy without gold or The explication are sented that the

"Come to the true Vine's shade, There in contrition laid

Drink of the drops He in your cup shall press. Come to the quiet fold,

And while the lambs are told.

Taste the pure treasure of the pastoral wilderness."

y, -- 11 314 1. (1 11-17111117. The homeless and forlorn In cities,—think they scorn Freely to quaff the fountain's unbought store? Freely to learn the song if It warbles all night long and an all and

In murmurings such as sooth'd their cradle dreams of yore? 1, 11 to 15 50 50 33 Y

's begin the bodies of it, a but to be aleramonth of by the print of the

Darker and de votos me court On apt on ut was law r . . . The secretary is a second of the

min row as and it is the 1 Perhaps a reminiscence of Wordsworth's "Reverie of Poor Susan."

# BATHING. July 13, 1844.

Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water. St Matt. xiv. 28.

#### to folia to . 'i (ST. PETER) and side of me.')

The boy, shrinking to dive, yet at last committing himself to the venture, is a symbol of the true ventures of faith, and is like St Peter trusting himself to the water. Elercin are in hid

THE May winds gently lift the willow leaves: Around the rushy point comes weltering slow are many wols

The brimming stream; alternate sinks and heaves The lily-bud, where small waves ebb and flow.

Willow-herb and meadow-sweet! Ye the soft gales, that visit there, From your waving censers greet With store of freshest balmiest air.

Come bathe-the steaming noontide hour invites; E'en in your face the sparkling waters smile. Yet on the brink they linger, timid wights,

Pondering and measuring; on their gaze the while v

Eddying pool and shady creek Darker and deeper seem to grow: On and onward still, they seek Where sport may less adventurous show.

At length the boldest springs: but ere he cleave The flashing waters, eye and thought grow dim;

Too rash it seems, the firm green earth to leave: Heaven is beneath him: shall he sink or swim? Far in boundless depth he sees The rushing clouds obey the gale, Trembling hands and tottering knees, All in that dizzy moment fail.

Oh mark him well, ye candidates of Heaven, Call'd long ago to float in Jesus' ark Ye know not where: - His signal now is given, The Lord draws near upon the waters dark: To your eager prayer the Voice Makes awful answer: "Come to Me: Once for all now seal your choice, With Christ to tread the boisterous sea."

And dare we come? since he, the trusted Saint, Who with one only shar'd the Lord's high love.

Shrank from the tossing gale, and scarce with faint

And feeble cry toward the Saviour strove. Yes: we answer the dread call, Not fearless, but in duteous awe: He will stay the frail heart's fall, His arm will onward, upward draw.

O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt? Spare not for Him to walk the midnight wave, On the dim shore at morn to seek Him out,1 Work 'neath His Eye, and near Him make thy grave.2

Cf. St John xxi. 7.
 Cf. St John xxi. 18, and infra viii. 11.

So backslidings past no more
Shall in the Heavens remember'd be,
Faith the Three Denials sore
O'erpaying with Confessions Three.

Strange power of mighty Love! if Heaven allow Choice, on the restless waters rather found, Meeting her Lord, with cross and bleeding brow, Than calmly waiting on the guarded ground!

Yearning ever to spring forth
And feel the cold waves for His sake;

All her giving of no worth,
Yet till she give, her heart will ache.

7.

# ENACTING HOLY RITES. February 1, 1845.

Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. St Matt, xi, 25.

#### (ST MATTHIAS)

The child at play is a prophecy of what the man will be; hence the parent watches it anxiously, especially if it should play at holy things, for there both the hope and the peril are greater than elsewhere.

THEY talk of wells in caverns deep,
Whose waters run a wondrous race
Far underground, and issuing keep
Our floating tokens, bright or base.
So in the child's light play we read
The portion to the man decreed;

His future self he hastes to prove In art, in toil, in warfare, or in love.<sup>1</sup>

Those waves emerging far away,

True to their fount, the likeness bear

Of fancies nurtur'd many a day,

How in the end their course they wear Into the light of Manhood free:
The hidden soul breaks out, and we In careless mien, in careworn face,
The long-forgotten Infant wondering trace.

Oh, many a joyous mother's brow Is sadden'd o'er when sports are rife, And watching by, she seems e'en now

The tale to read of coming strife. Through lawless camp, o'er ocean wild, Her prophet eye pursues her child, Scans mournfully her Poet's strain, Fears, for her Merchant, loss alike and gain.

But if a holier task engage

His busy dream,—if clad in white She see him turn some hallow'd page,

Dimly enact some awful rite,—
Then high beyond the loftiest Heaven
The flight that to her hopes is given,
And darker than the gloomiest deep
The fears that in her boding bosom creep.

Perhaps an allusion to Wordsworth's lines: The child is father to the man: And I would wish my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety.

## 188 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

She sees in heart an empty Throne,
And falling, falling far away,
Him whom the Lord had plac'd thereon:
She hears the dread Proclaimer say,
"Cast ye the lot, in trembling cast;
The Traitor to his place hath past."
Strive ye with Prayer and Fast to guide
The dangerous Glory where it shall abide:

Guide it towards some serious brow, In love and patience lowly bent, Some youthful Athanase,<sup>2</sup> e'en now Upon his future task intent;

1 Acts i. 16-26.

2 " Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, on a certain day being in his own house, cast his eyes towards the sea, and seeing afar off boys playing on the shore, and enacting a Bishop and the customs of the Church, as long as he saw nothing too adventurous in their play, was pleased with what he saw, and amused himself with their doings. But when they touched even upon the Mysteries, he was troubled, and summoning the Clergy, made them observe the boys: whom having caused to be brought before him, he interrogated about their play, and the kind of things said and done therein; . . . and they informed him that Athanasius was their Bishop and director, and that he had baptized some of the lads who were unchristened. Of these Alexander made careful inquiry, what had been asked of them, or done to them, by him who was Priest in their game, and what they answered, and were taught to say. And finding that all the order of the Church had been accurately observed in their case, he deemed, on consulting with the Priests about him, that there was no need to re-baptize such as had once for all received the grace of God in simplicity. Only he performed

His Creed rehearsing to the roar
Of billows on the lonely shore,
Or with a child's deep earnestness
Shewing his mates how Saints baptize and bless.

She hears: one glance,—how brief and keen!— As with a lightning touch reveals

Her Saint upon his path serene;

With all her heart his vow she seals, With all her heart the prayer prolongs, That round him still the Watchers' songs Echoing may purge the hallow'd air, And from his soul the dreams of Judas scare.

Ever in hope and agony

She prays:—in hope when most he fears, In trembling when his hopes mount high.

Far, far away she feels, not hears A deep chord thrill, an answering note Go forth in Heaven, and earthward float. Her Guardian Angel wafts it nigh, But more it breathes than Angel sympathy.

Yea, gloom was on the Source of Light, 1 A trouble at Joy's very heart,

for them the other ceremonies, which the Priests alone may lawfully minister in the Sacraments. Moreover, Athanasius and the other boys, who in their sport were Priests and Deacons, he commended to their respective kinsmen, calling God to witness; to be nurtured for the Church, and trained to that which they had enacted..."—Sozomen, "Eccl. Hist." i. 17.—J. K.

1 St John xiii. 21.

When with the Traitor in His sight
His secret sad He told apart.
And when He spake of treasures seal'd
To proud wise men, to babes reveal'd,
From his celestial aspect fell
A lightning as in Heaven, a bliss ineffable.

These are Thy signs, Thou Shepherd good,
To Daring and to Meekness given;
To babes of mild, self-chastening mood,
Whispering their part in chants of Heaven.
"Else," warning Love cries out, "beware

Of Chancel screen and Altar stair."

Love interceding kneels in fear,

Lest to the Pure th' unholy draw too near.

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1 St Matt. xi. 25. 21.6

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# LESSONS OF NATURE

A. Chamber 1. Starter

# VERNAL MIRTH. June 19, 1843.

Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves, that summer is now nigh at hand. St Luke xxi. 29.

#### (SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

The child's instinctive delight in spring-time is a promise of the ever-deepening joy which awaits those who remain childlike in heart.

With stanzas 1-3, of. Wordworth's "Ode on Inti-

mations of Immortality," st. 3.

WHAT is the joy the young lambs know,
When vernal breezes blow?
Why carol out so blithe and free
The little birds from every leafless tree?

Why bound so high the boys at play
On grass so green and gay?
From nursing arms, his proper throne,
Why rings so clear yon infant's joyous tone?

The life that in them deeply dwells
Of genial spring-tide tells:
Of their own selves they see and know
To what glad tune the summer brooks shall

Be thou through life a little child. By manhood undefil'd: So shall no Angel grudge thy dreams Of fragrance pure and ever-brightening beams.

THE BIRD'S NEST. January 1846. As an eagle stirreth up her nest . . . so the Lord alone did lead him. Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12,

#### (WHITSUN TUESDAY)

The callow fledgling, over which the parents brood, and which they feed until it can fly, is a type of the baptized child over whom the Spirit has brooded, and who ever remains dependent on his Father and his Father's food.

Apparently the first four stanzas were written earlier (probably in 1843), as they alone are found in the MS., the poem being there concluded with a stanza which was never published. The last stanza must have been struck out, and the rest of the poem written in 1846.

DEHOLD the treasure of the nest. The winged mother's hope and pride: See how they court her downy breast, How soft they slumber, side by side.

Strong is the life that nestles there. TO But into motion and delight It may not burst, till soft as air It feel Love's brooding, timely might.

E'en such a blissful nest I deem The cradle of the Lord's new-born, Where deeply lurks the living beam Lit in the glad baptismal morn.

But into keen enduring flame

It may not burst, till heavenly Love

Have o'er it spread, in Christ's dear Name,

The pinions of His brooding Dove.—

Now steal once more across the lawn,
Stoop gently through the cypress bough,
And mark which way life's feeble dawn
Works in their little hearts, and how.

Still close and closer, as you pry,
They nestle 'neath their mother's plume,
Or with a faint forlorn half-cry,
Shivering bewail her empty room.

Or haply, as the branches wave, The little round of tender bills Is rais'd, the due repast to crave Of her who all their memory fills.

Hast thou no wisdom here to learn,
Thou nestling of the Holy Dove,
How hearts that with the true life burn
Live by the pulse of filial love?

When sorrow comes to thy calm nest,
Early or late, as come it will,
Think of yon brood, yon downy breast,
And hide thee deep in Jesus' will.

By morning and by evening moan,
As doves beneath the cedar spray,
Make thou thy fearful longing known
To Him who is not far away.

Him Cherub-borne in royal state,
The food of His Elect to be,
With eager lip do thou await,
And veiled brow, and trembling knee.

So underneath the warm bright wing,
The hidden grace of thy new birth on the Shall gather might to soar and sing,
Where'er He bids, in heaven or earth.

3.

# THE MOTHER BIRD WITH HER YOUNG. August 18, 1843.

How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! St Matt. xxiii. 37.

#### (TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The poem is too simple for analysis. It should be compared with J. K.'s. "Sermons for 'The Christian Year,' Sundays after Trinity i.-xii., No. xxxi., "Jerusalem refusing to be gathered."

THE Lord who lends His creatures all
A tongue to preach His will—
To Salem came His mournful call,
His last sad word to Sion's wall,
From the green Eastern hill

The little children waiting by
Wonder'd to see Him weep.
The louder swell'd their duteous cry
As He in lowliest majesty
Rode down the shady steep.

Thy little heart, so wild and weak,
Perhaps is musing now,
"Had I the joy to hear Him speak,
To see that Eye, so heavenly meek,
Sure I should keep my vow."

Nay, in that hour He thought on thee,
And left a token sure,
Ever in times of vernal glee
Around thee in thy walks to be,
And keep thee kind and pure.

Look how the Hen invites her brood
Beneath her wing to lie,
Look how she calls them to their food,
How eyes, in eager, dauntless mood,
The wheeling hawk on high.

So would thy Lord His pinions spread Around thee, night and day, So lead thee, where is heavenly Bread, So, by the Cross whereon He bled, The spoiler scare away.

But be thou gather'd:—one and all
Those simple nestlings see,
How hurrying at their mother's call,
To their one home, whate'er befall,
In faith entire they flee.

in the second se

### NOONTIDE. May 21, 1843.

They looked steadfastly toward Heaven, as He went up. Acts i. 10.

#### (ASCENSION DAY)

The shepherd boy watching a cloud disappear in the sky recalls the memory of Christ's shepherds watching the Ascension. Happy those who shall see Him reappear, with eyes neither turned towards the world nor closed in inward pride.

> THE shepherd-boy lies on the hill At noon with upward eye; Deep on his gaze and deeper still Ascends the clear blue sky.

> You pass him by, and deem perchance He lies but half awake, And picture in what airy trance His soul may sport or ache.

Full wakeful he, both eye and heart, For he a cloud hath seen Into that waste of air depart, As bark in ocean green.

'Tis gone, and he is musing left;-What if in such array Our Saviour through the aerial cleft Rose on Ascension Day?

That hour, a glorious cloud, we know, Hid Him from human sight, While pastoral eyes were strain'd below To trace Him through the light.

Oh if but once such awful thought, 2011 In sleep or waking dream, At night or noontide, came unsought, Like haunting sound of stream,

Surely thou durst not let it go; Oft as thine eye shall turn Where overhead the clear deeps glow, Thine heart must inly burn,

Wondering what mortal first shall view The dread returning sign, When the strong portals, rais'd anew, Disclose the march divine.

Blest shall he be, that sinner's child, If upward in that tide His eye be turn'd, nor wandering wild, Nor closed in inward pride:

Blest, if the glory o'er him break Through chancel-roof, or where Some mourner's bed good Angels make, And Pain is sooth'd by Prayer.

Loin. olu tal and and and intimit: see of the continue

## That hour, a carried as cloud, we know. THE GLEANERS. August 29, 1843.

They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest. Is. ix. 3.

#### (THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

We are like children gleaning a few sheaves that we may long for God's perfect store. Hence, like children, we should rejoice with pure happiness, yet never forget to help those in need, and to praise God,

THE Church is one wide Harvest-field, Where Time and Death are gathering in Rich blessings by the Almighty Owner seal'd For spirits meet His pardoning word to win.

We are as children: here and there A few fall'n ears, the sheaves among, We glean, where best the bounteous Hand may So learning for His perfect store to long.

Come, little ones, come early out, Come joyous, come with steady heart, Roam not to seek wild-flowers the field about, Nor yet at dreams of fancied vipers start.

The sun of Autumn climbs full fast; He will have quaff'd each drop of dew, Ere half the fragrant, heathy lane be pass'd; The lingerers, they will find scant ears and few.

Come, quit your toys, and haste away. But mark: ye may not leave behind Your store of smiles, your gladsome talk and gay, Your pure thoughts, fashion'd to your Master's mind.

Blithe be your course, yet bear in heart
The lame and old, and help them on;
Full handfuls drop, where they may take a part;
As high will swell your heap when day is
done.1

You slumbering infant in the shade,—

Grudge not one hour on him to wait

While others glean. The work with singing aid,

With ready mirth all sharper tones abate.

Sing softly in your heart all day abud abus.

Sweet carols to the Harvest's Lord, and So shall ye chase those evil powers away: 200 H. That walk at noon, and eagle and wanton word,

But see, the tall elm-shadows reach
Athwart the field, the rooks fly home,
The light streams gorgeous up the o'er-arching
beech,
With the calm hour soft weary fancies come.

In heaven the low red harvest-moon,

The glow-worm on the dewy ground,
Will light us home with our glad burdens soon;
Grave be our evening prayers, our slumbers

drik little ones came chapting round,

1 Cf. Lev. xix, 9 1 Det. yixx .tuel

a white he must say 6.

## AUTUMN BUDS.

The children crying in the Temple, Hosanna to the Son of David. St Matt. xxi. 15.

#### (ADVENT SUNDAY)

This poem needs no analysis. w haw dain a

HOW fast these autumn-leaves decay!

But nearer view the naked spray,

And many a bud thine eye will meet

Prepar'd with ready smile to greet

The showers and gleams of spring.

Such buds of hope are Advent hours:

Ere the Old Year its leaves and flowers

Have shed, the New in promise lives;

Christmas afar glad token gives,

Soft carols faintly ring.

So when our Lord in meekness rode
Where few save wintry hearts abode,
Each leaf on Judah's sacred tree
Was wither'd, wan, and foul to see,
Touch'd by the frost-wind's wing.

Yet lurk'd there tender gems beneath, ideil E. W. Ere long to bloom in glorious wreath. While Priest and Scribe look'd on and frown'd, His little ones came chanting round, Hosanna to their King.

# THE OAK.

VII. 7

What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? St Luke vii. 24.

#### (THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT)

The rugged oak protecting the fresh rill is a type of the Pastor's stern love protecting the fresh love of penitents or of children.

COME, take a woodland walk with me,
And mark the rugged old Oak Tree,
How steadily his arm he flings
Where from the bank the fresh rill springs,
And points the waters' silent way
Down the wild maze of reed and spray,
Two furlongs on they glide unseen,
Known only by the livelier green.

There stands he, in each time and tide,
The new-born streamlet's guard and guide.
To him spring shower and summer sun,
Brown autumn, winter's sleet, are one.
But firmest in the bleakest hour
He holds his root in faith and power,
The splinter'd bark, his girdle stern,
His robe, grey moss and mountain fern.

Mark'st thou in him no token true
Of Heaven's own Priests, both old and new,
In penitential garb austere
Fix'd in the wild, from year to year

The lessons of stern love to teach, To penitents and children preach, Bold words and eager glances stay, And gently level Jesus' way?

The thirts I make some by match

# THE PALM. April 18, 1843.

Palma virens semper manet conservatione et diuturnitate, non immutatione foliorum. St. Ambrose, Hexaemeron, iii. 71. (The palm remains ever green, not by changing its leaves, but by preserving them the same through all its length of years.)

The evergreen palm is a type of the pure soul with its freshness never sullied by sin.

WHY of all the woodland treasure,
Holy Palm, art thou preferr'd,
When the voice of praise is heard,
When we tread our thankful measure?
Why before our Saviour borne?
Why by glorious Spirits worn?

Is it for thy verdure, brightest in a mind I find the zone of colours bright? and I for that with aerial height the standard I have the genial clime requitest, which all Like courageous mountain-maid, I have of sun nor air afraid?

Is it that in antique story in and it is M. M. Conquerors own'd thee for their meed?

Nay, thine honours are decreed out if it is a story of the sto

VII. 9

For thy green unchanging glory, Wearing thy first leafy crown, Till thy vigorous life die down.

Pines may tower, and laurels flourish-Deathless green is only thine; Type of hearts which airs divine Cheer, and high communions nourish, Hearts on whose pure virgin wreath Sin indulg'd might never breathe. for by the uniter in a little in t

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### THE WATERFALL: Nov. 12, 1844.

Ye also as lively stones, are built up, a spiritual House. 1 St Peter ii. 5. 1 8 1 1 an od I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth. Genesis xiii. 16.

(ST SIMON AND ST JUDE)

In the waterfall each drop is needed to give the effect of the whole, so each soul is needed to complete the whole Church, which is to be the Queen of all. What though the Church be divided, and we are perplexed as to its course? So is the waterfall; it comes from every side, and goes we know not whither, yet it is under law, and will in time find its way to its true home; and meanwhile the simple flower can grow by its side unfrightened by the rushing roar. So simple souls in the Church live and pray and hope, and will in the end find their way to their true home. ' Cf. Introduction, p. 7.

"I / HAT is the Church, and what am I? A world, to one poor sandy grain, A waste of sea and sky To one frail drop of rain. allesses "What boots one feeble infant tone
To the full choir denied or given,
Where millions round the Throne
Are chanting, morn and even?"

Nay, the kind Watchers hearkening there
Distinguish in the deep of song
Each little wave, each air
Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half note in the great Amen,
E'en by the utterer's self unheard,
They store: O fail not then
To bring thy lowly word:

Spare not to swell the bold acclaim:
So in the future battle-shout,
When at the Saviour's Name
The Church shall call thee out,

No doubtful sound thy trump shall pour.
Remember, when in earlier days
Thou toil'dst upon the floor
Palace or tower to raise,

No mimic stone but found a place,
And glorious to the builder shone
The pile: then how should Grace
One living gem disown,

One pearly mote, one diamond small,
One sparkle of th' unearthly light?—
Go where the waters fall
Sheer from the mountain's height; 1

1 Lodore—which Mr Keble had visited in the preceding summer.

Mark how, a thousand streams in one, One in a thousand, on they fare, Now flashing to the sun, Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er, In lawless dance they win their way, Still seeming more and more To swell as we survey.

They win their way, and find their rest Together in their ocean home. From East and weary West, From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap, Not wilder drives the wintry storm: Yet a strong law they keep, Strange powers their course inform.

E'en so the mighty sky-born Stream :--Its living waters from above All marr'd and broken seem, No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend, In dreams of mortals unespied: One is their awful End, One their unfailing Guide.

We that with eye too daring seek To scan their course, all giddy turn:-Not so the floweret meek, Harebell or nodding fern:

They from the rocky wall's steep side will.

Lean without fear, and drink the spray;

The torrent's foaming pride word.

But keeps them green and gay.

And Christ hath lowly hearts, that rest Amid fall'n Salem's rush and strife: The pure, peace-loving breast E'en here can find her life.

What though in harsh and angry note
The broken flood chafe high? they muse
On mists that lightly float,
On heaven-descending dews,

On virgin snows, the feeders pure.

Of the bright river's mountain springs:

And still their prayers endure,

And Hope sweet answer brings.

If of the Living Cloud they be the Baptismal drops, and onward press
Toward the Living Sea By deeds of holiness, and on the By deeds of holiness, and of the By deeds of holiness.

Then to the Living Waters still mib of 1947 (O joy with trembling!) they pertain, Join'd by some hidden rill, 1940 Low in Earth's darkest vein.

Scorn not one drop: of drops the shower
Is made, of showers the waterfall:
Of children's souls the Power
Doomed to be Queen o'er all.

### THE STARRY HEAVENS.

So shall thy seed be. Genesis xv. 5.

Children ask to know all about the stars; but we can tell them but little, as little as of what is going on behind the lights of some distant town. They are countless, they are different, many are unseen: yet all are dependent on a central law and harmony; so they are the type of the Saints-manifold, various, often unknown, yet all dependent on one centre. But the child who would be one of them must turn away from human praise and care only for God's law.

This poem was suggested by a boy at Hursley-the son of Mr Keble's curate, the Rev. P. Young-who. the first time he was out on a fine night, kept clapping his hands and crying "More stars" (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 338.)

" NORE and more Stars! and ever as I gaze Brighter and brighter seen!

Whence come they, Father? trace me out their TELE W TO ener, set in 1) Xi ways'

. ros in Far in the deep serene." Its o id out al My child, these eyes of mine but faintly show One step on earth below:

And e'en our wisest may but dream, they say, Of what is done on high, by you empyreal ray.

Leve tree it or o. - in the end on leng on Thou know'st at deepening twilight, how afar On heath or mountain down minus () The shepherds kindle many an earthly star, ad'

How from the low damp town

#### 208 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

We through the mist the lines of torchlight trace In dwellings proud or base:

But whom they light, what deeds and words are there,

We know but this alone—'tis well if all be prayer.

Whether on lonely shades the pale sad ray
From a sick chamber fall,

Or amid thousands more beam glad and gay

From mirthful bower or hall, If pure the joy, and patient be the woe,

Heaven's breath is there, we know:

And surely of you lamps on high we deem As of pure worlds, whereon the floods of mercy stream.

Yea, in each keen heart-thrilling glance of theirs Of other stars we read,

Stars out of sight, souls for whom Love prepares
A portion and a meed

In the supernal Heavens for evermore,

When sun and moon are o'er;
Fix'd in the deep of grace and song, as these
In the blue skies and o'er the far-resounding seas,

More and more stars, here in our outward Heaven, More and more Saints above!

But to the wistful gaze the sight is given,

The vision to meek love,—

Love taught of old to treasure and embalm

Whate'er in morning calm
Or evening soft steals from the gracious skies,
The dry ground freshening with the dews of
Paradise.

## vII. 10 LESSONS OF NATURE 209

All humble holy gleams I bid thee seek,
Dim lingering here below;
So shall the Almighty give a tongue to speak,
A heart to read and know

Of Saints at Home, rob'd and in glory crown'd.

Dews on the lowly ground

May as we downward gaze true token yield, Yea e'en in glaring morn, of midnight Heaven's pure field.

Stars to the childish eye may gather'd seem Into strange shapes and wild, Lion or Eagle, Bear or Harp—such dream As heathen hearts beguil'd:—

Or as a flock untended, roaming wide Heaven's waste from side to side:

But of a central glory sages sing,

Whence all may be discern'd in clear harmonious ring.

Such are Saints' ways—the forms so manifold
Our mystic mother wears,
O far unlike our dreamings, young and old!—

But Faith still onward fares, Love-guided, Heaven-attracted, till she reach

The orb whence all and each
By golden threads of order and high grace
Are pendent evermore, all beauteous, all in place.

More and more Stars! behold yon hazy arch,
Spanning the vault on high,
By planets travers'd in majestic march,
Seeming to earth's dull eye

#### 210 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

A breath of gleaming air: but take thou wing
Of Faith, and upward spring:

Into a thousand stars the misty light
Will part; each star a world with its own day
and night.

VII. IC

Not otherwise of yonder Saintly host
Upon the glorious shore
Deem thou. He marks them all; not one is

Full many a soul, to man's dim praise unknown,
May on its glory-throne

As brightly shine, and prove as strong in prayer, As theirs, whose separate beams shoot keenest through this air.

which we send them who - I

My child, even now I see thy tender breath and Full quickly come and go

At sound of praise. O may the touch of Faith

Those chords so fine and low.

Farly control, and type thy heart too high.

Early control, and tune thy heart too high
For aught beneath the sky.
So may that little spark of glory swell
To a full orb, and soar with loftiest Saints to

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# Unknown to us IIIV

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### LESSONS OF GRACE

### ISAAC ON MORIAH. March 20, 1844.

Abide you here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship. Genesis xxii. 3.

#### (FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT)

Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac on Mount Moriah is a great mystery, but it led to deeper trust in God's power to provide. So is it with all sacrifices in our home life, where we have to surrender those dear to us. Yet all such sacrifices are as nothing to Christ's sacrifice of Himself, and He from His Cross stoops to hear our prayer.

DREAD was the mystery on Moriah's hill:
Low on the ridge the cloud of morning lay:
From each dark fold, along each gliding rill,
Strange whispers from the mountain met our
way.

But we must wait below, and upward gaze, While toward the mount the father and the son

Pursue their course, soon in that awful haze
To vanish, till the appointed deed be done.

So when the Lord for some parental heart
Prepares a martyr's crown, He calls on high
Father and child, in His still shrine apart
To learn His lore of healing agony.

211

O

We may but stay without, and wondering pray; Unknown to us that deep of love and woe, The knife in Abraham's hand uprais'd to slay, Meek Isaac bound and waiting for the blow.

Weak as the echo of some distant knell,
Borne now and then on breathing winds of

Comes to our ear the sound:—"I see full well The fire and wood; but who the Lamb will give?"

Fitful and faint, should Angel bless our dream,
The memory now would fleet and now abide,
Such to our hearts the stern sweet form may
seem

Of him who said, "The Almighty will provide."

Not e'en to dwellers on the mystic height, Not to the Saints, is full enlightening given: The Cross, they hold by, towers beyond their sight,

On the hill-peak opens a deeper heaven.

Yea, though in one were gathered all the woes That mourners e'er on household altars laid, Widows' and orphans' tears, untimely throes, Fears, that the memory of lov'd souls o'ershade.

What were it all, to match one drop of Thine, One bitter drop, pour'd on Thy mountain here 7111. 2

In Thine own hour? O joy! that Blood is mine:—

For us it flow'd, e'en as for Saint and seer.

Well may we mourn our dull cold heart, and eye
That up the mount of glorious sacrifice
Sees such a little way: yet kneel we nigh:
Turn not away: let prayer in gloom arise.

He who beside his own the Cross allows
Of penitential grief;—who to each Saint
Calls from His height of woe;—His bleeding
brows

Will meekly droop to hear our breathing faint.

2. 9

# SONG OF THE MANNA-GATHERERS. April 12, 1845.

This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat. Exodus xvi. 15.

#### (FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER)

This poem, in some ways the most perfect in the book, has, however, no special reference to children; nor does it directly suggest any spiritual application. It is dramatic. Israelite is heard calling to Israelite in the wilderness, bidding each other gather the new gift of manna, before it disappear, and reminding each other that in Canaan God will give yet better food, and that even beyond Canaan, there lies a happier land; but as Moses may not see Canaan, so they cannot see that land; they can only obey God, and sing the song which Moses has taught them.

The account of the manna in Exodus xvi. 15-36, and St Paul's application of the manna in 2 Cor. viii. 15, should be read to explain the allusions. Trust, obedience, generosity, are the lessons taught. Cf. infra, ix. 15, st. 2.

COMRADES, haste! the tent's tall shading
Lies along the level sand
Far and faint: the stars are fading
O'er the gleaming western strand.
Airs of morning
Freshen the bleak burning land.

Haste, or e'er the third hour glowing
With its eager thirst prevail
O'er the moist pearls, now bestrowing
Thymy slope and rushy vale,
Dews celestial,
Left when earthly dews exhale.

(1 \ T T F F F F F F S 1 11) 12. 184 (

from the some the bloom

Ere the bright good hour be wasted,
Glean, not ravening, nor in sloth:
To your tent bring all untasted;
To thy Father, nothing loth,
Bring thy treasure:
Trust thy God, and keep thy troth.

Trust Him: care not for the morrow:
Should thine omer overflow,
And some poorer seek to borrow,
Be thy gift nor scant nor slow.
Wouldst thou store it?
Ope thine hand and let it go.

Trust His daily work of wonder,
Wrought in all His people's sight:
Think on you high place of thunder,
Think upon the unearthly light
Brought from Sinai,
When the prophet's face grew bright.

Think, the Glory yet is nigh thee,
Power unfelt arrests thine arm,
Love aye watching, to deny thee
Stores abounding to thy harm.
Rich and needy
Are all levelled by Love's charm.

Sing we thus our songs of labour
At our harvest in the wild,
For our God and for our neighbour,
Till six times the morn have smil'd,
And our vessels
Are with twofold treasure pil'd.

For that one, that heavenly morrow, We may care and toil to-day:

Other thrift is loss and sorrow,

Savings are but thrown away.

Hoarded manna!

Moths and worms shall on it prey.

While the faithless and unstable Mars with work the season blest,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Exodus xxxiv. 29.

#### 216 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

We around Thy heaven-sent table.

Praise Thee, Lord, with all our best.

Signs prophetic

Fill our week, both toil and rest.

1

VIII.

Comrades, what our sires have told us—Watch and wait, for it will come:
Smiling vales shall soon enfold us
In a new and vernal Home:
Earth will feed us
From her own benignant womb.

We beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright Cloud and outstretch'd
Hand:
In Thy shadow
We shall rest, on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold, adorning
Many a tufted mountain's side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the manna is a sign prophetic of the food God will give in Canaan; the cessation of the manna on the Sabbath a sign prophetic of the rest in Canaan and beyond Canaan. (G. Hebrews iv. 8, 9.)

2 a strange pale gold: Is this corn? or the honey of the land flowing with milk and honey? (G. Deut. xi. 9-12.)

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,¹
From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to sing their part.
Oft we hear them
In our dreams, with thirsty heart.

Oh, when travel-toils are over,
When above our tranquil nest
All our guardian Angels hover,
Will our hearts be quite at rest?
Nay, fair Canaan
Is not heavenly Mercy's best.

Know ye not, our glorious Leader
Salem may but see, and die?
Israel's guide and nurse and feeder
Israel's hope from far must eye,
Then departing
Find a worthier throne on high.

Dimly shall fond Fancy trace him,
Dim though sweet her dreams shall prove,
Wondering what high Powers embrace him,
Where in light he walks above,
Where in silence
Sleeping, hallows heath or grove.

Deeps of blessing are before us:
Only, while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us,
Morn by morn, obediently,
Glean we Manna,
And the song of Moses try.

1 Cf. Exodus xvii. 5-7.

## raidam crast in our contraction of the THE GIBEONITES.

I will follow upon mine enemies, and overtake them, neither will I turn again till I have destroyed them. Ps. xviii. 37 (Prayer-book version).

#### (FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

As the Gibeonites, after they had been spared and made hewers of wood and drawers of water, were attacked by the five kings and obliged to flee for help to Joshua; so the penitent, forgiven and entrusted with God's work, is still exposed to temptation, still obliged to flee to Jesus, until his foes are wholly conquered.

This poem again is not concerned with children; it probably expresses the poet's sense of his own unworthiness and struggles. The whole section, Joshua ix. 3—x. 27, and also St Matt. xii. 43-45, should be read in order to understand the allusions,

" DEHOLD me, Lord, a worthless Gibeonite, Unmeet to bear one burthen in Thy

To hew Thy servant's wood, or water draw, Yet trusted with Thine own eternal Law. The deadlier sure the guilt, the doom more

drear

Should Canaan powers prevail-and they are near.

The world of Sense, five mighty Monarchs,

Upon me lies, and I Thy robe have marr'd. Chariot and horse they come, a fearful fray:-I cannot stand alone this evil day."-

"Go, shamed and scared, seek Joshua in thy need,

Him and all Israel: they for thee shall plead.

Their voice hath power to stay the sun, and

The frail fall'n mourner time to hate his sin.
But when their prayer hath laid the Tempter low.

Be sure thou crush him: deal out blow on blow:

Set thy stern foot upon his neck, and hide
His corse, unpitying, in the dark cave's side;
Nor venture but in thought to move the stones
That guard his place, lest e'en in those dry bones
Some quickening fiend the bold bad life renew,
And thou in sevenfold guilt thy heart's backsliding rue,"

## DAVID'S CHILDHOOD.

I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the Wicked One. 1 St John ii. 15.

(FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

David's fight with Goliath, a type of the young Christian's struggle with sin. Cf. 1 Sam. xvii.

CHRISTIAN child, whoe'er thou be, Purer oil than David knew, Mingling with baptismal dew, Heaven hath dropp'd on thee.

Strength is given thee, watch to keep O'er the lamb He bought so dear, Thine own soul to watch in fear:—
Sleep no faithless sleep.

When the Lion and the Bear,
Childish Pride and childish Wrath,
Lay athwart thy morning path,
Thou didst win by prayer.

Now a mightier foe is nigh;
Holy hands for a new strife
Thee have stor'd with ampler life:
Set thine heart on high.

Not with sword and shield and lance,
But with charm-words from our Book,
Gems from our baptismal Brook,
Meet his stern advance.

He through every gate of sense,
Eye and ear, taste, touch, and smell,
Fain would hurl the shafts of hell:
Seek thou strong defence.

Guard in time those portals five
With the smooth stones from the Fount,
With the Law from God's own Mount:
So thy war shall thrive.

Keep thy staff, the Cross, in hand: Thou shalt see the giant foe By the word of Faith laid low, O'er him conquering stand. Mark and use the trial-hour: When his whispers nearest sound, Be thou then most faithful found, Then tread down his power.

Stripling though thou be, and frail, Thy right arm shall wield his sword, Wield, and take his head abhorr'd,-Christ in thee prevail.

### ELIJAH AT SAREPTA. Aug. 11, 1843.

Make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son, 1 Kings xvii, 13.

#### (EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The faith that gives to Christ in His poor, even if we ourselves are in need, meets with a rich blessing from Him. Cf. I Kings xvii.

O, cast at random on the wild sea sand
A child low wailing lies: Around, with eye forlorn and feeble hand, Scarce heeding its faint cries, The widow'd mother in the wilderness Gathers dry boughs, their last sad meal to dress.

But who is this that comes with mantle rude And vigil-wasted air, Who to the famish'd cries, "Come, give me food.

I with thy child would share?" She bounteous gives: but hard he seems of heart Who of such scanty store would crave a part.

Haply the child his little hand holds forth, That all his own may be.

Nay, simple one, thy mother's faith is worth

Healing and life to thee.

That handful given, for years ensures thee bread:
That drop of oil shall raise thee from the dead.

For in you naggard form He begs unseen,
To Whom for life we kneel:

One little cake He asks with lowly mien, Who blesses every meal.

Lavish for Him, ye poor, your children's store, So shall your cruse for many a day run o'er.

And thou, dear child, though hungering, give

To Jesus in His need:

So thy blest mother at the awful day
Thy name in Heaven may read;
So by His touch for ever may'st thou live,
Who asks our alms, and lends a heart to give.

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NAAMAN'S SERVANT. Aug. 19, 1843.

Who hath despised the day of small things? Zechariah iv. 10.

(ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The least can do some work for Christ. This is shown by the story of Naaman's servant. Cf. 2 Kings v.

"WHO for the like of me will care?"
So whispers many a mournful heart

When in the weary languid air
For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused you little maid
From Israel's breezy mountains borne,
No more to rest in Sabbath shade
Watching the free and wavy corn.

A captive now, and sold and bought,
In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,
Forgotten—such her moody thought,
E'en as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here:

He hath a word for thee to speak:

Oh serve Him yet in duteons fear, it said that
And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known best in By thee on many a heathen shore, and I And Naaman on his chariot throne.

Wait humbly by Elisha's door;

By thee desponding lepers know
The sacred waters' sevenfold might work III
Then wherefore sink in listless woe? TO Christ's poor and needy, claim your right!

Your heavenly right, to do and bear apple V
All for His sake; nor yield one sigh
To pining Doubt; nor ask, "What care
In the wide world for such as I!?" do said

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7

#### HEZEKIAH'S DISPLAY.

There is nothing among my treasures that I have not shewed them. Isaiah xxxix. 4.

As Hezekiah's display of his treasures to the King of Babylon brought ruin upon Judah, so display and love of praise and admiration may ruin a child's character.

Compare the poem entitled "Nurse, let me draw the baby's veil aside," in J. K.'s "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 285.

WHEN Heaven in mercy gives thy prayers

And Angels bring thee treasures from on high, Shut fast the door, nor let the world discern, And offer thee fond praise when God is nigh.

In friendly guise, perchance with friendly heart, From Babel, see, they haste with words of love:

But if thou lightly all thy wealth impart, H. Their race will come again, and all remove.

Ill thoughts, the children of that King of Pride, O'er richest halls will swarm, and holiest bowers,

Profaning first, then spoiling far and wide:—
Voluptuous Sloth make free with Sharon's
flowers.

Close thou the garden-gate, and keep the key, There chiefly, where the tender seedlings fold

- THE STOWARD OFFICE OF

Their dainty leaves—a treasure e'en to thee Unknown, till airs celestial make them bold.

When sun and shower give token, freely then
The fragrance will steal out, the flower
unclose:

But busy hands, and an admiring ken, Have blighted ere its hour full many a rose.

Then rest thee, bright one, in thy tranquil nook, Fond eyes to cherish thee, true arms to keep, Nor wistful for the world's gay sunshine look;— In its own time the light will o'er thee sweep.

Think of the babes of Judah's royal line:—
Display but touch'd them with her parching
glare

Once, and for ages four they bear the sign. The fifth beheld them chain'd in Babel's lair.

# st joseph.

He called His name Jesus. St Matt. i. 25. (FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS)

Among the human forms which surround the Lord's cradle, one of the dearest is St Joseph, who guarded the Mother and the Child—having learnt, it may be, true parental sympathy, though childless himself—and gave the Child His name. In the same way do thou think kindly of him who gave thee thy name at thy Baptism; and think reverently of St Joseph and our Lord when you see a poor parent bringing his child to Baptism.

With this poem compare J. K.'s "Sermons for The Christian Year,'" Christmas and Epiphany, No. xv.: "Our Lord's Nursing Father."

THE glorious Sun at morn
Draws round him a soft screen,
Clear haze, of light and moisture born;
So are the bright forms seen,

Standing in meet array, and Inda Clouds of all hues, not wholly drown'd of In dazzling floods of day.

Thou temperest, Lord, the rays And I Which in Thy manger burn, I Till Faith in that deep glory-blaze

Dim shapes of earth discern:

The spotless Mother, first
Of creatures: His mild eye,—
O favour'd!—who her travail nurs'd,
And Thy dread infancy.

Him o'er Thee lowly bent,
Or meekly waiting nigh,
Or on some homely task intent,
Yet conscious who is by,

Or on the journey wild,
With duteous staff in hand,
Guiding the Mother and the Child
Across the sea of sand,

Thy Church in memory views;
Nor can her babes aright
On Bethlehem or on Nazareth muse,
But he is still in sight.

O balm to lonely hearts,
Who childless or bereft,
Yet round the cradle find their parts,
Their place and portion left

In bowers of home delight:— ()
Yet may they draw full near,
And in the treasure claim their right,
Their share of smile and tear,

Of thrilling joys and cares,—"Father in God":—who knows
How near it brings us, unawares,
To true parental throes?

Mightier perchance may prove
The lore the Font imparts
To strangers, than all yearning love
In heathen mothers' hearts.

Whom Jesus father own'd,¹
Though childless to our eyes,
Doubt not, his soul was higher toned
To parents' sympathies

Than sires on earth may know:

And when His Octave came,
He o'er the Lord did first below
Speak the Most Holy Name.

1 St Luke ii. 48, 49.

And when at holy tide,
Along the Church-way borne
Thou seest how babes in triumph ride
On arms by rude toil worn;—

Or mark'st, how well agree, Both leading and both led, Grey Poverty and Childish Glee;— Leave not His lore unread:

Then of Saint Joseph think, And of his dread Nurse-Child. Let eyes, that day, from evil shrink, And hearts be undefil'd.

9.

# THE BOY WITH THE FIVE LOAVES. November 19, 1842.

If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little. Tobit iv. 8.

#### (FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT)

The poem needs no analysis. For the thought, ef. supra, viii. 6.

WHAT time the Saviour spread His feast
For thousands on the mountain's side,
One of the last and least
The abundant store supplied.

Haply, the wonders to behold,

A boy 'mid other boys he came,

A lamb of Jesus' fold,

Though now unknown by name.

Or for his sweet obedient ways
The Apostles brought him near, to share
Their Lord's laborious days,
His frugal basket bear.

Or might it be his duteous heart,
That led him sacrifice to bring
For his own simple part,
To the world's hidden King?

Well may I guess how glow'd his cheek,
How he look'd down, half pride, half fear:
Far off he saw one speak
Of him in Jesus' ear.

"There is a lad—five loaves hath he,
And fishes twain:—but what are they,
Where hungry thousands be?"—
Nay, Christ will find a way.

In order, on the fresh green hill,
The mighty Shepherd ranks His Sheep
By tens and fifties, still
As clouds when breezes sleep.

Oh who can tell the trembling joy,
Who paint the grave endearing look,
When from that favour'd boy
The wondrous pledge He took?

### 230 LYRA INNOCENTIUM VIII. 10

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word;
Bring Him thy best; who knows but He
For His eternal board
May take some gift of thee?

Thou prayest without the veil as yet;
But kneel in faith: an arm benign
Such prayer will duly set
Within the holiest shrine.

And Prayer has might to spread and grow.
Thy childish darts, right-aim'd on high,
May catch Heaven's fire, and glow
Far in the eternal sky: 1

E'en as He made that stripling's store
Type of the Feast by Him decreed,
Where Angels might adore,
And souls for ever feed.

#### 2 : I I IO. : 1 3 . 21 . 1 . 1 . 1

# THE MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE CROSS. September 1, 1844.

Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and for your children. St Luke xxiii. 28.

#### (TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER)

This poem is a meditation, partly on St Luke xxiii. 28, and more fully on St Matthew xxiv. 19, 20. Christ in His week of agony took thought for sorrow of all kind, and tried to spare the mother who should have to fly with her child at her breast,

bidding her pray and hasten in flight. So mothers, ever must pray and hasten to save themselves and their children, lest they should hear the sad word, "Too late."

THERE is no grief that ever wasted man, But finds its hour here in Thine awful week:

And since all Mother's love from Thee began, Sure none, like Thee, of Mother's woe can

speak.
Thine ear prophetic, Lord, while angels wreak
The vengeance on Thine heritage defil'd,

While temples crash, and towers in ashes reek, And with each gust some kingdom strews the wild.

Loses no lonely 1 moan, no sigh of sobbing child.

E'en so might seamen's wives at midnight drear Lie listening to the blast, and tell aright The tale of all the waves, that far and near Break on the reef, yet miss no wailing slight Of nestling babe, for wonder or delight Uttering faint cries in sleep.—O restless care! O all foreseeing pity!—be our flight In winter, soothing spells will He prepare,

And for His lambs allay the bleak heart-killing

Or if the holy Day the few brief hours Of flight abridge, for nursing-mother frail, For tender babe, Thou send'st Thine unseen powers

To help or hide:—hide in the lowly vale,

<sup>1</sup> lonely, but "lowly" MS, and ed. 1.

### 232 LYRA INNOCENTIUM VIII. 10

Help o'er the weary mountain. Ne'er may fail
The prayer of helpless Faith;—but she must
pray.

Her forceful knocking must Heaven's door assail:

For so of old He taught: "Pray that your way Be not in winter wild, nor on the Sabbath Day."

The season He bids choose, who in strong hand

Winter and summer holds, and day and night, Binding His sovereign will in Love's soft band;—

As parents teach their little ones to write
With gentle-guiding finger, and delight
The wish and prayer to mould, then grant the
boon:

Such is Thy silent grace, framing aright | Our lowly orisons in time and tune | To Litanies on high, controlling sun and moon.

And as the heart maternal evermore
Must rise in prayer, so the maternal feet
Must feel their dim way on the lonely shore,
Ere o'er the path the unpitying surges beat.
At early dawn, the fresh spring dews to greet,
I bid thee haste, else vainly wilt thou crave
An hour in winter. Fast the week-days fleet,
Slow speeds the work: the lingerers who
shall save?

Thy task ere Sunday end, thy life before the grave.

Who may the horror but in dream abide,
Breathless to knock, and by the portal wait
Where Saints have past behind their glorious
Guide,

Then feel, not hear, the sad drear word, "Too late?"

Woe, in that hour, to souls that seek the gate Alone! but deeper anguish, direr gloom, If to thy bosom clinging, child or mate, Pupil or friend, the heaven-prepared room, Tardy through thee, should miss, and share the hopeless doom.

II.

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#### ST ANDREW AND HIS CROSS.

November 25, 1842.

Where I am, there shall also My servant be. St John xii. 26

#### (ST ANDREW)

To share Christ's Cross is too great a privilege; hence even St Peter and St Andrew, who alone of the Apostles shared His death by crucifixion, each shrank from exactly imitating his Lord: St Peter was crucified on an inverted cross; St Andrew on one of different shape. May we then bear what He sends us, yet if we have to suffer justly, let us shrink from calling it His Cross.

The poem has no reference to children.

O HOLY Cross, on thee to hang
At Jesus' side, and feel thee sweet,
And taste aright each healing pang,
What Saint, what Virgin Martyr e'er was meet!

# 234 LYRA INNOCENTIUM VIII. 11

Two only of His own found grace
The very death He died to die.

Joyful they rush'd to thine embrace,
While Angel choirs, half-envying, waited by.

Joyful they speed:—but how is this?

Why doubt they yet in Jesus' power
To grasp their crown of hard-won bliss?

Well have ye fought; why faint in Victory's hour?

Two brothers' hearts were they, the first
Who shone as stars in Jesus' Hand,<sup>1</sup>
For thee in Prayer and Fasting nurs'd,
And bearing thee, dread Cross! from land to
land.

And now in wondrous sympathy,
When thou art nearer fain to draw,
These who had yearn'd so long for thee
Shrink from thy touch, and hide their eyes for
awe.

He who denied—he dares not scale
With forward step thy holy stair.
Best for his giddy heart and frail
In humblest penance to hang downward there.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> G. St John i. 40, 41.
 <sup>2</sup> This tradition is as early as the third century.
 G. Origen ap. Eus. iii. 1: ἀνεσκολοπίσθη κατά κεφαλής. (he was crucified head downwards), and Prudentius, Peristephanon, xii. 11.

And he, that saintly Elder meek,
Wont of old time to find and bring
Brother or friend with Christ to speak,
As worthier to behold the heart-searching
King:—1

Ah! little brook'd his lowly heart,
Such glorious crown should him reward.
He sought the way with duteous art
To change his Cross, yet suffer with his Lord.

He sought and found: and now where'er Saint Andrew's holy Cross we see, In royal banner blazon'd fair,
Or in dread Cipher, Holiest Name, of thee,2

A martyr'd form we may discern,
There bound, there preaching: Image meet
Of one uplifted high, to turn
And draw to Him all hearts in bondage sweet.

And as we gaze may He impart

The grace to bear what He shall send,

Yet stay the rash self-pleasing heart,

Too forward with His Cross our penal woe to

blend.

Ille tamen veritus celsae decus aemulando mortis ambire tanti gloriam magistri, Exigit ut pedibus mersum caput imprimant supinis, quo spectet imum stipitem cerebro.

1 Cf. St John i. 40; xii. 22. Της 263. 1.
2 i.e. χ(=χριστός), which appeared to Constantine in a vision, and was taken by him as his sign.

195 (1) 10 (NO) (1)

#### HOLY PLACES AND THINGS

I.

# PREPARING FOR SUNDAY SERVICES. 1841.

As they went to tell His Disciples, Jesus met them, saying, "All hail." St Matt. xxviii. 9.

Jesus will greet all who come with fear and love to His worship, as He greeted the women who sought His Sepulchre on Easter Day.

BEHOLD, athwart our woodland nest,
And down our misty vale,
From his own bright and quiet rest
The Sunday sun looks out, and seems to say,
"All hail!"

The love of the man state of the land

True token of that brighter Day, 10 1 1 Which hail'd, this matin hour,
The holy women on their way.
They sought His Church in love, He met them
in His power.

And dare we the transporting word
To our own hearts apply?
Trembling we dare; for He had heard
Our lowly - breathed vows, ere flam'd you
morning sky.

We have been by His Cross and grave; His Angel bade us speed

Where they resort whom He will save, And hear and say as one, 1 "The Lord is risen indeed!" and a say as source.

Then speed we on our willing way,
And He our way will bless.
In fear and love thy heart array;
Straight be thy churchway path, unsoil'd thy
Sabbath dress.

#### WALK TO CHURCH. 1841.

The path of the Just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Proverbs iv. 18.

This poem needs no analysis.

Now the holy hour is nigh,
Seek we out the holy ground;
Overhead the breezy sky,
Rustling woodland all around:
Fragrant steams from oak-leaves sere,
Peat and moss and whortles green,
Dews that yet are glistening clear
Through their brown or briary screen.

Hie we through the autumnal wood, Pausing where the echoes dwell, Boys, or men of boyish mood, Trying how afar they swell.

<sup>1</sup> as one-i,e, as with one voice.

Haply down some opening glade Now the old grey tower we see, Underneath whose solemn shade Jesus risen hath sworn to be.

He hath sworn, for there will meet Two or three in His great Name, Waiting till their incense sweet Feel His heaven-descended flame. Day by day that old grey tower Tells its tale, and week by week In their tranquil hoary bower To the unlearn'd its shadows speak.

# THE LICH-GATE

Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God. Ecclesiastes v. 1.

The churchyard should tame the boy's high spirits, for it is full of holy thoughts; so in old age the memory of the past visits here will prove dear, and the Angel who guarded him at Baptism shall guard him also in death. Africa - Light - 2011 (80)

HIS is the portal of the dead .--Nay, shrink not so, my fair-eyed boy, But on the threshold grating tread With wary softness: tame the joy. The wildfire keen, that all the way E'en from our porch at home hath danc'd with thee so gay.

This is the holy resting-place, Where coffins and where mourners wait.

Till the stol'd priest hath time to pace./
His path toward this eastern gate,
Like one who bears a hidden seal
Of pardon from a king, where rebels trembling
kneel.

Brief is the pause, but thoughts and dreams
By thousands on that moment crowd,
Of clouds departing, opening gleams,
A waning lamp, a brightening shroud:
Such visions fill the longing eyes
As haply haunt the space 'twixt earth and
Paradise.

Such visions in the churchyard air
Are gleaming, fluttering all around.
O scare them not away: beware
Of bolder cry and ruder bound.
Thick as the bees that love to play
Under the lime-tree leaves the livelong summer
day.

And tuneable as their soft song,
And fragrant as the honey'd flowers
They haunt and cherish, is the throng
Of thoughts in these our hallow'd bowers.
On every gale that stirs the yew
They float, and twinkle in each drop of morning
dew.

Oh then revere each old grey stone,
And gently tread the mounds between.
So when thy blithesome days are done,

#### 240 LYRA INNOCENTIUM OIX.

And thou, as I, shalt wearied lean Upon the wicket low, and tell

Thy tale of playmates call'd before thee here to dwell:—

When thou shalt mark, how swarms the street
With boys at play, the turf with graves,
All in one little hour to meet
And hear the doom that slays or saves;
Fresh may the memory prove and dear,
How thou hast come and gone, since first we
brought thee here.

Then shall the wings, so strong in need,
Which met thee at the Font that hour,
And homeward joy'd with thee to speed,
O'ershade thee still in love and power,
And with the churchyard shadows blend,
Which thy last entering here shall in sweet peace

4

# OBEISANCE AT ENTERING CHURCH.

They shall see His Face, and His Name shall be in their foreheads. Rev. xxii. 4.

This needs no analysis.

COME, hear with duteous mind
Thy Mother's whisper'd word.
"Wouldst thou upon His threshold find
Thy dread and loving Lord?

Renew in silence on thy brow
The pledge of thy first saving vow."

Safe in thy forehead keep
The mark by Jesus set,
Before thee is a mighty deep,
A baptism waits thee yet:
As Lazarus rising, such thou art,
Thy soul and flesh again to part.

But when thy Lord and thou,

Thou from the grave, and He
From Heaven,—shall meet, upon thy brow
A glorious Cross shall be,
A Light that needs no watching o'er,
E'en as He rose, and died no more.

THE EMPTY CHURCH. 1841.

The blind and the lame came to Him in the temple. St Matt, xxi. 14.

This also needs no analysis.

WHY should we grudge the hour and house of prayer
To Christ's own blind and lame,
Who come to meet Him there?
Better, be sure, His altar-flame
Should glow in one dim wavering spark,
Than quite die down, and leave His temple drear and dark.

#### 242 LYRA INNOCENTIUM () ix.

"But in our Psalm their choral answers fail."

Nay, but the heart may speak,
And to the holy tale
Respond aright in silence meek.
And well we know, bright angel throngs
Are by, to swell those whisperings into warbled songs.

What if the world our two or three despise?

They in His name are here,

To Whom in suppliant guise

Of old the blind and lame drew near.

Beside His royal courts they wait?

And ask His healing Hand; we dare not close

the gate.

6.

To but by we d'enget.

#### CHURCH DECORATIONS.

August 8, 1843.

I will, not offer, burnt-offerings without cost. 2 Samuel xxiv. 24.

#### (SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

This needs no analysis, but it should be compared with vi. 5.

WHY deck the high cathedral roof
With foliage rich and rare,
With crowns and flowerets far aloof,
To none but Angels fair?

<sup>1</sup> Cf. supra, iii, 2, Introduction.

Why for the lofty Altar hide of the north of the odd of

Nay, rather ask, why duteous boy
And mother-loving maid
Scarce in their filial gifts find joy, or
If nought of theirs be paid:

Why hearts, that true love-tokens need For brother or for friend, he do not the cost with careful heed, But haste their all to spend and o'l

Ask why of old the favour'd king
Enquir'd the Temple's price,
Not bearing to his Lord to bring
An unbought sacrifice.

Yea, lowly fall, and of thy Lord In silence ask and dread, Why prais'd He Mary's ointment, pour'd Upon His Sacred Head.

# CHURCH WINDOWS. Nov. 8, 1842.

The Lord my God shall come, and all the Saints with Thee: and it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark. Zechariah xiv. 5, 6.

### (ALL SAINTS)

As there is a fragrance in the autumn leaves, and the sunset sheds a lustre upon them, so with the

# 2443 LYRA INNOCENTIUM OHIX. 7

few poor and old worshippers in Church, a lustre falls on them from the presence of the Saints who lie beneath the floor, and who are imaged in the windows. It is not the control of the saint of the windows.

OFT have I heard our elders say,
How sad the autumnal hour,
How rude the touch of stern decay,
How fast the bright hues melt away
In mountain, sky, and bower!

Yet is it dear delight to mend not.

The rustling leaves to tread; truo

To heap and toss them wild and free,
Their fragrance breathe, and o'er them see

Soft evening lustre shed, your asset

And some will say, 'tis drear and cold
In holy Church to kneel
With one or two, Christ's little fold,'
With blind and lame, with poor and old,
There met for Him to heal: yd'W

Nay, look again: the Saints are there:
Christ's ever-glowing Light
Through heavenly features grave and fair
Is gleaming; all the lonely air
Is throng'd with shadows bright.

The Saints are there:—the Living Dead, 1
The Mourners glad and strong;

The sacred floor their quiet bed, and roll's Their beams from every window shed, of Their voice in every song baild ad'l

And haply where I kneel, some day, and From yonder gorgeous pane The glory of some Saint will play: Not lightly may it pass away, 1 3 1 1 10 10 The mighty lot !- niame treat in my heart remain ! . ol grade in my heart remain ! . ol grade in my heart remain ! A vale breat e from bace, ass come di needs.

#### RELICS AND MEMORIALS.

As the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land. Isaiah xxxii, 2.

(ST BARTHOLOMEW)

The poem is full of the bright hopefulness of the Acts of the Apostles (of. especially Acts ii. iii. 1-11) v. 15, 16; xix. 11, 12). It forms a good comment on the poem for King Charles the Martyr in "The Christian Year," st. 4.

Yea; wheresoe'er one trace of thee is found, As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall; With beating hearts we roam the haunted ground, Lone battle-field or crumbling prison-hall.

THE twelve holy men are gather'd in prayer, The Psalm mounts on high, the Spirit descends:

A keen silent thrilling is round them in air, A Power from the Highest with thought, and word blends. dilida India and

# 246 ELYRA INNOCENTIUM 10 H. 9

They pass by the way, to sight poor and mean. How glorious the train that streams to and fro! The blind, dumb, halt, wither'd, by hundreds are seen.

The prisoners of Satan lie chain'd where they go.

O lay them but where the shadow may fall Of Christ's awful Saint, to prayer as he speeds: The mighty love-token all fiends shall appal, A gale breathe from Eden, assuaging all needs.

Or bring where they lie Paul's girdle or vest: One touch and one word:—the pain fleets away, The dark hour of frenzy is charm'd into rest:— The hem of Christ's garment all creatures obey.

Christ is in His Saints: from Godhead made Man

The virtue goes out, the whole world to bless.
O'er lands parch'd and weary that shadow began
To spread from Saint Peter, and ne'er shall
grow less.

# As in the Saland Lace the shadow, fall, With beath a hearth a man are to the shadow.

#### CARVED ANGELS. March 12, 1845.

The relations of the plant is sent in

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for in Heaven their angels do always behold the Face of My Father. St Matt. xviii, 10.

#### A keen silent th (JEAHOIM TE) with the silent

God's indwelling Presence gives a dread power even to little children, which causes them to shame

# x. o HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 247

sinners from their sin; for their Angels protect them, and they are like the Angels in their purity. Like the Angels in Heaven, they on earth serve others and worship God, as the Angels do, and the Church has rightly placed cherubs, carved like infants, to hold up the Cross before our eyes, and make us ashamed of irreverent thoughts or of inward impurity. And to this whole talker werld of a

REATEST art Thou in least, O Lord, And e'en Thy least are great in Thee: A mote in air, a random word.

Shall save a soul if Thou decree :-

uitanis Much more their presence sweet, a tall

Whom with an oath Thou didst into Thy Kingdom greet. nr iei in is - .t.n

A little child's soft sleeping face inid a O The murderer's knife ere now hath staid :

The adulterous eye, so foul and base, Is of a little child afraid.

They cannot choose but fear, another of Since in that sign they feel God and good Angels near. Author identifications.

For by the Truth's sure oath we know, There is no christen'd babe but owns

A Watcher mightier than his foe. One of the everlasting Thrones,

Who in high Heaven His face tink ()

Beholding ever, best His likeness here may trace.

God's in the look best took As in each tiny drop of dew, sein or 11.) Glistening at prime of morn, they mark

#### 248 LYRA INNOCENTIUM Oix. o

Of Heaven's great Sun an image true, Hear their own chantings in the Lark, So, sleeping or awake,
They love to tend their babes for holy Beth-

They love to tend their babes for holy Bethbase enter unlehem's sake! It is been a small brown! I would be said an end in

And so this whole fallen world of ours, the To us all care, and sin, and spite, stands as Eden's stainless bowers.

To the pure spirits out of sight, the To Angels from above, the standard of the Angels from above.

And souls not infants, seal'd by new-creating Whom with an oath 'Love. soul 'Love. and Windows Windows Windows Windows Windows week.

Heaven in the depth and height is seen;
On high among the stars, and low and I in deep clear waters: all between and I is earth, and tastes of earth: e'en soud!
The Almighty One draws near
To strongest scraphs there, to weakest infants

And both are rob'd in white, and both
On evil look unharm'd, and wear and all
A ray so pure, ill Powers are lothorof'T
To linger in the keen bright air. and As Angels wait in joyals to ano
On Saints, so on the old the duteous-hearted

God's Angels keep the eternal round Of praise on high, and never tire.

### 1x. 9 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 249

His Lambs are in His Temple found by U. Early with all their heart's desire by M. They boast not to be free, or Deal's They grudge not to their Lord meek ear and

O well and wisely wrought of old,
Nor without guide, be sure, who first
Did cherub forms as infants mould, to that
Do And lift, them where the full deep burst
Of awful harmony polads, guirota' is

Might need them most, to wast bit it in ward to the sky: 4-dil teed by the least by

Where best they may in watch and ward
Around the enthroned Saviour stand,
May quell, with sad and stern regard,
Unruly eye and wayward hand,
May deal the blessed dole:
Of saving knowledge round from many a holy

what if in other lines than ours
They write, in other accents speak?
There are whom watchful Love empowers
To read such riddles;—duteous seek,
And thou shalt quickly find.

The Mother best may tell the eager babe's deep

1 The allusion seems to be to Latin or Greek inscriptions on the scrolls (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 339), or perhaps only to the ecclesiastical symbolism, the interpretation of which has to belearnt from the Church of the control o

# 250 CLYRATINNOCENTIUM GX. 10

Haply some shield their arms embrace, in Rich with the Lord's own blazonry. The Cross of His redeeming grace. Or His dread Wounds we there descry. Ti His standard-bearers they: Learn we to face them on the dread Procession Day. 1 Bour word on the O

Nor vallout guide, be sure, at other

And oh! if aught of pride or lust in Sici Have soil'd thee in the world, take heed: Entering, shake off the mire and dust. of Angelic eyes are keen to read, on will By the least lightest sign. When we foul idle thoughts breathe in the air

A round the area for

And how, but by their whisperings soft, Feel virgin hearts when sin is near, Sin e'en in dreams unknown? Full oft Such instinct we may mark in fear, Nor our own ill endure In presence of Christ's babes, and of their Guardians pure.

There are there was difful Lort care we Coread such rid .OI. Juteous se'.

CHURCH RITES, January 26, 1843.

Christ is all, and in all. Col. iii. 11. (SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY) The change of water into wine at the Marriage

# x. 10 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 251

Feast of Cana is a symbol of the way in which, at Marriage, at Baptism, at Ordination, at the Eucharist, at the Burial of the Dead, the Church gives a gift more rich, more spiritual, more divine, than sight can see, a sw tan akada dan i

Jerns are duly set,

E'en as the Lord had taught His own of old.

Fill'd are they to the height and

With water pure and bright : Mow pour them out tis done, and purest wine The mortal afe, wholed

The bridegroom kneels beside, vlidging His bashful loving bride;

Earth on that hour seems showering all her best.

But more than Earth e'er knew He wins, if hearts be true:

An Angel friend, to share his everlasting rest.

A babe in deep repose

Where holy water flows Is bathed, while o'er him holiest words are said.

A child of wrath he came-

Now hath he Jesus' Name : man ad'i

A glory like a Saint's surrounds his favour'd head. We will so united the head most want ! It's it is all it is

A mortal youth I saw Nigh to God's Altar draw of electronic

And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands Were spread with many a prayer,

And when he rose up there

He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.

### 252 SAYRA INNOCENTIUM OIL 10

Memorial high before the Mercy Throne, Faith speaks, and we are sure Joseph That offering good and pure

Is more than Angels' bread to all whom Christ

E'en as the Lord had taught I his own of old.
Fill, boots even Presidential M'
With bourney eye bles did what And

The coffin sinking in the grave's dark shade

The immortal life, we know,

Dwells there with hidden glow,
Brightly to burn one day when sun and stars
that have burn and fade, and the best.
Earth on that hour seems showering all her best.

What is this silent might of the Making our darkness light, will New wine our waters, heavenly Blood our wine?

Christ, with His Mother dear, And all His Saints, is here, where they dwell is Heaven, and what they

And where they dwell is Heaven, and what they touch, divine 1 m to blid. A

1 The change of water into wine was believed by the ancients to typify that change which St Paul in particular so earnestly dwells on: "Old things are passed away: behold, all things are become new": and St John, "He that sitteth on the Throne saith, Behold, I make all things new." Accordingly St Cyprian applies this first miracle to the admission of the Gentiles into the Church (Ep. 63,16d, Fell.); and St Augustine, to the evangelical interpretation of the Old Testament (in Joan. Fract. 8); and St Cyril of Alexandria (in loc.) to the Spirit superseding the letter. This then being the "beginning of miracles." a kind of

#### AMELIAN WITH STREET

# 770,1 to TWHITE APPAREL. And SHOTT

# Over therein vo.morinn and T. 20 dy more of the veil of

These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white, in the Blood of the Lamb, Rev. vii. 14.

As one white ray of light can be broken up by the prism into many colours, so the Baptismal light is rich with manifold Christian graces, but it must be kept clean and refreshed with constant light from Heaven.

The Chrisom—i.e. the christening robe. Strictly speaking the Chrisom or Chrismal was a white cloth laid upon the head of the baptized after it had been anointed with the sacred oil.

pattern of the rest, shewed how Christ's glory was to be revealed in the effects of His Sacramental Touch; whether immediately, as when He touched the leper and healed him: or through the hem of His garment: or by Saints, His living members, according to His Promise, "The works that I do shall ye do also : and greater works than these shall ue do, because I go unto My Father." Thus, according to the Scriptures, the Sacramental Touch of the Church is the Touch of Christ: and her system is "deifica disciplina," a rule which, in some sense, makes men gods, and the human divine; and all this depends on the verity of the Incarnation, therefore His Mother is especially instrumental in it; besides being; as nearest to Him, the most glorious instance of it. "The Mother of Jesus is there, and both Jesus and His Disciples are called," (He as the Bridegroom and Author of the whole mystery, they as ministers, servants, and instruments,) — to this mysterious "marriage," or Communion of Saints .- J. K.

ALL gorgeous hues are in the pure white beam, All Christian graces in one drop of Love That sparkles from the bright baptismal stream Over the fair young brow, where gently move Christ's dawning rays. Therefore the veil ye

Good Angels, under Bethlehem's healing star, Whose virtue this our new-born joy shall prove, Is spotless white: and from its folds afar, E'en as from banner wav'd in Angels' war The dark Powers flee. But thou, heavenhonour'd child,

Let no earth-stain thy robe of glory mar: Wrap it around thy bosom undefil'd; Yet spread it daily in the clear Heaven's sight, To be new-bath'd in its own native Light.

# White and the last of the strike of the stri

my rate a self more lower to a star out to account

II. THE SUNDAY DRESS.

Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his gar-

No analysis seems needed for this and the following sonnets.

Mother's superial! in trace. I CO keep thou, by calm prayer and searching 11. 1. 77 . 1. 12 . J. - J. I thought, Thy Chrisom pure, that still as weeks roll by, And Heaven rekindles, gladdening earth and sky;

The glow that from the grave our Champion brought, the grave of high victory by His dread Wounds wrought, the last standard of the grave of the grav

# WHITE APPAREL.

which they shall wortemarker the line garages a

Ye shall be as the wings of a Dove, that is covered with silver wings. Ps. lxviii. 13.

SPEED on, we happy Sunday hours, O

The moment when a richer gift shall crown A riper faith:—when Childhood, casting down Her innocent vesture, the pure Chrisom weed,

1 Cf. "The Christian Year," for Easter Day, especially st. 19 m In the children in bloods

Yet e'en the lifeless stone is dear to and smooth for thoughts of Him who late lay here, and the base world, now Christ hath died, Ennobled is and glorified.

### 256 LYRA INNOCENTIUM Cix. II

Shall claim the sevenfold radiance, erst decreed Where true hearts kneel 'neath Apostolic hands. White are his mantle folds, who ready stands 'Before the shrine, to bless and intercede: And duteous maidens, skilful in Love's law, d'I Unbidden use in stainless white to come and As doves, that to the bright clouds upward draw, and 'norm on the bright clouds upward draw, and 'norm of the bright clouds upward draw, and

Plume the soft lily breast, the more to win (d').

Of splendour from the Light's fair cloudless
home distriction of the more than the light's fair cloudless

O deep, that hour, the bliss or curse within tall revolutions and arithmetal book single luo's

и.

#### WHITE APPAREL.

IV. PRIESTS IN WHITE.

When they enter in at the gates of the inner court, they shall be clothed with linen garments. Ezekiel kliv. 17. 1911

A ND e'en the very walls of the dread place, And the tall windows with their breathing lights,

Speak to the adoring heart, and say, No base ()
Or week-day garb may him beseem, who writes
God's message here in hearts of men, invites ()
To the bright nuptial feast of joy and grace.
But Angels waiting on our awful rites
Should in our frail and mortal Angel trace 1
Some hue of their own robes, what time they
raise

<sup>1</sup> Our frail and mortal Angel, of. Rev. i. 20.

# . 11 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 257

The censer, heap'd with prayer, before the throne:

And Innocents, in wonder mov'd to gaze
On the new glory, mantling forms well known,
Should ask and learn the clue to Angels'

"The vision is for the pure heart alone?" This source the the compared with the poem on the chartment in "I be compared with the poem on the chartment in "I be compared with the poem of the chartment in "I be chartment in "I be chartment."

# NCT .LASAGRA APPAREL. Dord, once

their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen. 2 Chron. v. 12.

WITHIN a reverend Minster I have stood,
As one to whom, for many a godless

The Choir was closd in the penance and due

Sad conscience own'd it:—one by one I view'd With wistful eye the entering multitude. At last with joyous step, but sober heed

Of holy things, like fawns in forest mead, and all Timid yet happy, the white-rob'd brood Of Choristers swept by then musings came,

"What happier dawn of being than to meet Matins and vespers here with punctual feet?

What happier close, than here in peace to lay, Wearing the white robe still, th' exhausted frame,

And so, through life, Heaven's garb and speech assay?"

# 258 LYRA INNOCENTIUM IN THE

WHITE APPAREL onni boA

On the new clory, manthin forms well known, Should ask at learn the the to langels'

The censer, heap'd goth prayer, before the

And unto her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white; Rev. xix. 8.

This sonnet should be compared with the poem on Matrimony in "The Christian Year."

NCE more unto Thine Altar, Lord, once moretring at 223 TRIBORIS at

In vesture of Thy Saints: for Joy and Love Have vow'd, to-day, their best on earth to prove.

And Pureness, guardian sole of their rich store Of blessing and delight. Arm we the more Both heart and limb with brightness from above: So may we scare the noisome beasts that rove it There busiest, where Earth's rapture most runs o'er.

Well are they warn'd, who in that dangerous

bliss and red dot down array'd () In bridal white, flower of the nuptial band, Unconscious, yet o'er joyed: not far amiss Deem they perchance, who in that smiling

maid Heaven's youngest Angel see, with wreath in hand. Wearing time what robe still the

And so, throng it ife, Lauren's grib out speech

LI.

#### WHITE APPAREL.

VIL PENITENTS IN WHITE.

Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him. St Luke xv. 22. x 2 M 3 . . . . . in it become

DUTowhat if Chrisom robes be sin-defil'd, If nuptial white of broken vows bear trace, If he who daily in the holy Place warrand by lin ? Wears the bright albe, in heart be gross and wild, and the last of the world wild of the

So that the stones, whereon the shrine is pil'd,+() Seem to cry out, "Who hath requir'd this grace Of thee, the consecrated floor to pace, and the

Thrice pledg'd and thrice forsworn?" O Saviour mild,

Hast Thou, for these, a white robe yet in 

Yea: the Church path is by the fount of tears, And a grave Angel stands beside the door. Laden with vests for contrite pilgrims meet. Him trust with all; sad memories and dim

Then kneel in white before the Mercy-seat, 1 min

1 The white apparel of the penitent may refer only to the language of Isaiah i. 18; Rev. vii. 14; perhaps also to the old English custom, by which notorious sinners had to appear in the church or the market-place, bareheaded, and in a white sheet, and make open confession of their sins.

II.

#### WHITE APPAREL.

VIII. WHITE UPON THE ALTAR.

He bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped Him in the linen. St Mark xv. 46.74 280.1

O LORD, give gracious humbleness of heart, And chaste and grave imaginings, in awe Veil'd evermore, that as we nearer draw and To Thy tremendous Altar, or impart Unto Thy little ones the skill and art Of holy things, and the mysterious law and the Mereby Faith sees whate'er Apostles saw, No ill may glance or eye or mind athwart. Of the secret of the Altar's snow-white pall, And of the linen garment, bright and fair, I say Spread o'er the glorious Sacrifice when all Have tasted. This as Jesus' winding-sheet, And theirs, who die clasping His sacred Feet.

accordings singers at described to the mark st-place, borner by the last and the la

ite mie in mert.

A. G. Scudamore, "Notitia Eucharistica," p. 102 (ed. 1872), who quotes from Lyndwood's "Provinciale," iii. 23: "The Corporal shall be of pure flax, without the admixture of any other thing, whether costlier or cheaper; and it shall be white and clean, because it signifies the fine linen in which the Body of Christ was wrapt."

13 -1 0, 0 410 11.

# WHITE APPAREL.

IX. THE WINDING SHEET.

Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon. 2 Cor. v. 4.

DURE is the glory of the Chrisom vest;
Joyous the Sunday-robe: all hope and

The heavenly gleam, when dovelike wings alight On the twice-sealed brow; benignly rest The smiles of Angels on the mitred crest And flowing skirt of Priests, whose stainless

and flowing skirt of Priests, whose stainless

The heart belies not; or on striplings bright, Glancing like spirits through the region blest; Or on glad bridal train, around the shrine Gather'd with starlike and unchanging gleam; But most where dimly robes of penance shine. Yet all is vain, if the last glory fail,

If with the cold pale shroud the Font's pure

Blend not, and o'er all hues of death prevail.

. Tal2.

#### REDBREAST IN CHURCH.

October 20, 1843.

The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Romans viii. 21.

(FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

A redbreast singing in the cathedral is a type of

the way in which the animal world is freed by the Incarnation to join men and the angels in the praise of God. God forbid that they should ever again be

cruelly treated.

The poem is said to have been suggested by a redbreast "which spent its winter in Winchester Cathedral, and was often heard singing throughout the anthem, and continuing through the ensuing prayers and thanksgiving." (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 189.) The poem should be compared with that for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity in "The Christian Year."

WHAT is this sudden thrill words and of notes so sweet and keen? The organ's waves of sound are still Within the awful screen. In prayer are bow'd both head and knee, And yet unbidden rings and free A chant from one unseen. d' 10 go 30

make limb which aware. A winged chorister From his arch'd nook on high it is o'x Makes in the calm a gladsome stir, His proper melody; A Redbreast blithe, his evening hymn bank Trying amid the shadows dim, Attracts both ear and eye.

Nor time nor tune are there, Yet sounds the unruly joy Meet for the hour, nor spoils the prayer are E'en of the gazing boy. " o o and It seems to say, Not man alone Lives in the shade of Jesus' Throne And shares the Saints' employ.

The Angels out of sight
Worship with us, we know;
And who can say what pure warm light
The unreasoning tribes below
May by their kindly wafting feel?
What gleams to guide, what balms to heal
From Christ on earth may flow?

Bird, beast, and insect hail

Warm sun and fragrant shower.

The sheep in Bethlehem's thymy dale,

In Blessed Mary's bower

The ox and ass—to them was given

To see our Lord: the Light of Heaven

Fell on them in that hour.

And since our Lord she bare In triumph to His place,
One patient beast hath seem'd to wear
The mark of His high grace,
His token to dumb creatures, freed
From slavery and unholy deed,
From cruel tasks and base:

Freed by the mighty Cross,
And pure.—O mark it, all
Who bear that sign! O fear and loss,
Should ye again enthrall
To woe and wrong His creatures, seal'd
For blessing, aid to earn and yield,
As ere our father's fall!

of I Lin xvii 1. Exeduct" - zil.

Ine Any on I and

## DISUSE OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

October 15, 1842.

Having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled. 2 Cor. x. 6.

The Church's spiritual weapons are terrible, too terrible for the present time with its low desires; yet they are real, and a true Church could still wield them rightly. The thought of them is a protection to those tempted to sin, though to the innocent they have no terror.

# WONDROUS warfare of the Spouse of

Trampled to earth, yet wielding bolts so keen,

She dares not hurl them in her wrath abroad, Only their ireful lustre glares half-seen.

For if she once unlock her quiver'd store,
Once speak the words that in her bosom
dwell,

Earth could not bear the sound; the anguish

Might drive her haughtiest to the scourge and cell.

For she hath power to shut the Heaven on high, Oft as in hallow'd air her dread notes thrill, That no shower fall: and she may smite and

Earth with all plagues, as often as she will.1

1 Cf. 1 Kings xvii, 1; Exodus vii.-xii.

Only her potent arm now for a spaced non wood Lies wither'd: quench'd and dull her arrowy Lo every air a to d more fires.

Like smouldering brands in daylight, till her

Wake, as of old, to heaven-born high desires.

But would one Church Christ's awful lore obey.

Like Saints of old, one household, one true heart,

Such sacrifice might open the dread way For the old signs, for Paul's or Moses' art.

Darkness and mist, at one stern word of thine, Might e'en on scorners' outward eyes descend;

Fire might break out of each insulted shrine, and Thy locusts spoil them, and thy lions rend.1

Haunt us, dire thought! where er we walk in

That mighty secret Power is all our foe: But they who bear unharm'd Heaven's seal within

May through the penal fires rejoicing go.2

1 Cf. Acts xiii. 11; Numbers xvi. 35; Deut.

xxviii. 38, 42; 2 Kings xiii. 24; xvii. 25.

In the MS, the poem ends here with the lines, But they who bear unharmed Heaven's seal within Rejoice, as babes at lightning laugh and crow. The last line was afterwards expanded into the

following stanza.

### 266 LYRATINNOCENTIUM LOIN 14

So when the storm is rife among the hills, vinO

WRous'd on his heathery bed the mountain boy

To every flash that through the dim air thrills

Keeps time with eager hands, and screams for
joy. 1

Wale, as of old, to beaven-born bi , i. ... ires.

r would one that Christ's awful to e

# DISUSE OF INFANT COMMUNION.

April 23, 1844. sed eart

There shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water: follow him. St Mark xiv, 13.

#### Darkn (THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER) the :,

The Church following Christ's commands brings her children to the font (—symbolized by the water-bearer, in whose house Christ ate His Passover with His disciples—) and in old days at once confirmed them, and allowed them to partake of the Communion. But now it bids them wait; it reminds them often of their baptismal vows; it trains them by Confirmation and by penance to be worthy to be true communicants. Penitents, such as I, must learn the patience of infants waiting to be admitted to the feast.

<sup>1</sup> Note from the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," i. 83, "There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, Bonny, bonny, at every flash."—J. K.

LORD, behold these babes are Thine, IT Thy treasur'd nursings pure and sweet:
We have sought counsel at Thy shrine: and the IT "Where may they sit with Thee, and eat?"
Thou saidst, "The Water-Bearer meet IT Within the chosen City's round, do by any burn Trace him along the hallow'd street, awall And where he guides, be duteous found."

"Where glorious Sion rests on high
Amid the hills that on her wait,2 more of J
Him faithful following, ye shall spy
A wicket in a lowly gate:
There early knock, there linger late,
There in Christ's Name the room require,
Where the Great Lord in royal state
Shall eat the Bread of His desire.

"Then to the spacious upper room
The Host will bid you onward fare,
Round many a nook of deepest gloom,
Up many a broken wearying stair.
The handmaid Penance hath been there,
And swept and garnish'd all the place.
Haste, and with loyal hands prepare
For Me and Mine the Feast of Grace."

<sup>1</sup> The Water-bearer: The pitcher of water which the man carried who had prepared the upper room for the Lord's Last Supper is treated as symbolical of Baptism by Theophylact and Euthymius in their comments on St Mark xiv. 13.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cf. Ps. cxxv. 2. <sup>3</sup> Cf. St Luke xxii. 15.

### 268 LYRA INNOCENTIUM (1x. 14

Thou spak'st, and we Thine infants bore,
And bath'd them in the Living Well
That gushes out beside the door,
Where Thou, O Lord, delight'st to dwell:
Then lowly on our knees we fell, her nod'!
And pray'd, that through the world's hot day
Dews from that hour, a balmy spell,

Dews from that hour, a balmy spell, out I

Now, trembling still as they advance
Up the far-shadowing awful nave,
Full oft we bid them backward glance
Where gleaming from its heavenly cave,
The Saviour's side,—the healing wave
Falls in the fount of their new birth.

The ears that hear its murmuring crave No tinsel melodies of earth.

When to the Chancel-arch they come,
"Pause here," we say, "and search with fear
If yet the pledge of your high doom
Upon the sealed brow appear.
If worn and faint, by many a tear
Renew the lines, then humbly kneel
Till He invite—till sure and near

"Then to the inner shrine make haste, Fall prostrate with anointed brows,

The gliding of soft wings ve feel.

Adore, and of the Adored taste.

Such bliss the Love untold allows."

# IX. 14 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 269

Of old, we read, the intrusted Spouse 1 Her infants to the Anointing led (1) 1111 Straight from the Laver and the vows ;-Yea, Christ was then the children's bread.2

10 1 2 2 2 8

But now some mournful instinct chills Our Mother's joy, and mars our spring: She, as of old, to the bright hills Her eaglets' speed at once would wing: Now far and wide earth's vapours fling Their tainting dews; and she perchance Shrinks from the fall such flight may bring, Fears the debasing, downward glance.

Then in low place with lowly heart Wait we, dear babe, both thou and I, Bide we our time, and take such part In the Bride's awful minstrelsy, As she whose laws are seal'd on high Ordains: and if long lingering tire, Yet may we hope, Faith's virgin sigh The purer mounts, to meet Heaven's fire.

1 the intrusted Spouse-i.e. the Church intrusted with the care of the children, to whom it has been said, "Take these children and nurse them for me."

8 mars our spring: Cf. ii. 2, st. 5, note.

<sup>2</sup> Infant Communion. This practice is referred to as an old custom as early as the third century (St. Cyprian, "De Lapsis," c. 25; "Apostolical Constitutions," viii. 13; St Augustine, "Sermons," 174, sec. 7). It still continues in the Eastern Church, but it was formally prohibited in the Western Church in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

way It not uis. is the res block) THE OFFERTORY. December 20, 1844. God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. ix. 7. (ST BARNABAS)

Christ in His poor is ever calling us to give freely to their needs. The child's generosity in giving is a type to us, and like the lute or harp combining with the winds, or some one cloud or flower giving its completeness to a landscape, so it recalls and combines with the generosity of the early Church, and with the lavish munificence of St Barnabas, who sold all for Christ.

CHRIST before thy door is waiting: Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold. Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating, Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold: - und I Hungry, by Whom Saints are fed W With the Eternal Living Bread; a shift Thirsty, from Whose pierced side Healing waters spring and glide; A Cold and bare He comes. Who never so May put off His robe of light; In to? Homeless, Who must dwell for ever a salf In the Father's Bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying on soit day He besets thy bed and path, to file bins Fain would see thee hourly buying blo Prayers against the time of wrath, Prayers of thankful mourners here, Prayers that in Love's might appear With the offerings of the Blest, I delicate At the shrine of perfect rest. 12 10 2 the shrine

1 Cf. St Luke xvi. 9.

# 1X. 15 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 271

See, His undecaying treasure

Lies like dew upon the grass,

To be won and stor'd at pleasure:

But its hour will quickly pass.

Christ before His Altar standing,
Priest of Priests, in His own Day,
Calls on thee, some fruit demanding
Of the week's heaven-guarded way.<sup>2</sup>
See His Arm stretched out to bless:
Whoso nearest to Him press,
Open-handed, eagle-eyed,
They may best that Arm abide,
When, the last dread lightnings wielding,
He shall lift it, and decree,
"Go, ye churls of soul unyielding,
Where nor gift nor prayer shall be."

Jesus in His babes abiding
Shames our cold ungentle ways,
Silently the young heart guiding
To unconscious love and praise.
See out-reach'd the fingers small,
Ever, at each playful call,
Ready to dispense around
Joys and treasures newly found.
Fearless they of waste or spoiling,
Nought enjoy but what they share;
Grudging thought and care and moiling
Live not in their pure glad air.8

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the manna, of. viii. 2, st. 1-3.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cf. 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. supra, vi. 5, "Pebbles on the Shore."

Strange the law of Love's combining!--As with wild winds moaning round Tones from lute or harp entwining o'l Make one thread of solemn sound:-As calm eve's autumnal glow Answers to the woods below: As in landscape, leaf or stone, Cloud or flower, at random thrown, Helps the sadness or the glory; So the gift of playful child May recall thy natal story, a sell & Church of Salem undefil'd! They mur be streat "rm of

How the new-born Saints, assembling Daily 'neath the shower of fire, To their Lord in hope and trembling Brought the choice of earth's desire. Never incense-cloud so sweet As before the Apostles' feet Rose, majestic Seer, from thee, Type of royal hearts and free, Son of holiest consolation. When thou turn'dst thy land to gold, And thy gold to strong salvation, Leaving all, by Christ to hold :-

Type of Priest and Monarch, casting All their crowns before the Throne, And the treasure everlasting Heaping in the world unknown.2

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cf. Acts ii. 44, 45; iv. 35-37. <sup>2</sup> Cf. Revelations iv. 10; 1 Tim. vi. 19.

# 16 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 273

Now in gems their relics lie,
And their names in blazonry,
And their form from storied panes
Gleam athwart their own lov'd fanes,
Each his several radiance flinging
On the sacred Altar floor,
Whether great ones much are bringing,
Or their mite the mean and poor.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep:
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So where Bounty never faints,
There the Lord is with His Saints,
Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
Far and wide from heart to heart,
From His Wounds atonement shedding
On the blessèd widow's part.<sup>2</sup>

the distribution of the tract.

CHURCH BELLS. March 4, 1845.

Let the hills hear thy voice. Micah vi. 1.

(TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY)

The church bells, that greet Christmas and the New Year with their messages of memory and of hope, shed a blessing on the sorrows and the joys of the whole twelvemonth. We hear their message of hope in the summer breeze, in the swell of ocean, in

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St Luke vi. 38.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cf. St Luke xxi. 1-4, and supra, iv. 7, st. 7.

the winds that wail round the house at night, or sough in the woods in June, in the sounds of the pinelogs on the hearth, in the echoes of distant peals. Hence we fear no perils: we envy not those who can hear Nature's wildest cataracts; the church bells that first welcomed us as infants to church tell always the same message of Love and Power.

In the opening of the poem there may be a reminiscence of Tennyson's "May Queen," published in 1842.

"TXTAKE me to-night, my mother dear, That I may hear in st co The Christmas bells, so soft and clear, To high and low glad tidings tell. How God the Father lov'd us well. How God the Eternal Son, Came to undo what we had done,

. How God the Paraclete, send Who in the chaste womb fram'd the Babe so sweet. In power and glory came, the birth to aid and ligreet. and a same of a corri

"Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long May bear the song About with me in the world's throng; That treasur'd joys of Christmastide May with mine hour of gloom abide;

The Christmas carol ring TENTIVAWI Deep in my heart, when I would sing; Each of the twelve good days 1 1834 Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise, Ensuring happy months, and hallowing common

1 the twelve good days - i.e. from Christmas till Twelfth Night.

# 16 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 275

"Wake me again, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime:
Fair fall the tones that steep

The Old Year in the dews of sleep,

The New guide softly in

With hopes to sweet sad memories akin!

Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart,

conscience win."

In the dark winter, ere the snow
Had lost its glow,
This melody we learn'd; and lo!
We hear it now in every breeze
That stirs on high the summer trees.
We pause and look around—
Where may the lone church-tower be found,

That speaks our tongue so well?
The dim peal in the torrent seems to dwell,
It greets us from afar in Ocean's measur'd
swell.

Perhaps we sit at home, and dream
On some high theme,
And forms that in low embers gleam,
Come to our twilight Fancy's aid:
Then, wavering as that light and shade,
The breeze will sigh and wail,
And up and down its plaintive scale

# 276 LYRA INNOCENTIUM 1x. 16

Range fitfully, and bear
Meet burden to the lowly whisper'd air,
And ever the sweet bells, that charm'd Life's
morn, are there. 1

The pine-logs on the hearth sometimes
Mimic the chimes,
The while on high the white wreath climbs,
Which seething waters upward fling,
In prison wont to dance and sing,
All to the same low tune,
But most it loves in bowers of June
At will to come and go,
Where like a minster roof the arch'd boughs

show, And court the pensive ear of loiterer far below.

Be mine at Vesper hour to stray

Full oft that way,

And when the dreamy sounds decay,
As with the sun the gale dies down,
Then far away from tower or town,
A true peal let me hear,
In manifold melodious cheer,
Through all the lonely grove

Through all the lonely grove
Wafting a fair good-night from His high love,
Who strews our world with signs from His own
world above.

So never with regretful eye.

Need we descry

Dark mountains in the evening sky,

<sup>1</sup> charmed, but MS. soothed. Cf. Introduction, p. 14.

# 1. 17 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 277

Nor on those ears with envy think,
Which nightly from the cataract shrink
In heart-ennobling fear,
And in the rushing whirlwind hear
(When from his Highland cave
He sweeps unchain'd over the wintry wave)
Ever the same deep chords, such as home fancies
crave.

to the transfer months

Ever the same, yet ever new,
Changed and yet true,
Like the pure heaven's unfailing blue,
Which varies on from hour to hour,
Yet of the same high Love and Power
Tells alway:—such may seem
Through life, or waking or in dream,
The echoing Bells that gave
Our childhood welcome to the healing wave:
Such the remember'd Word, so mighty then to
save.

I'm

# CONTINUAL SERVICES.

February 27, 1845.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. St John vi. 12.

#### (THE SUNDAY BEFORE ADVENT)

The sight of a child turning round the globe suggests (a) the ceaseless round of the universe moving smoothly in obedience to its Creator's law; (b) the ceaseless answer of the earth in flower and breeze; (c) the ceaseless answer of the Catholic

Church-in this so different from the local worship of the Jewish Church-always at some point of the globe offering the Eucharist to God. This bond unites us with our friends throughout the world: and all fragments of our worship are gathered into one whole

Compare with this the poem headed "Jeremiah xxiii. 23," in J. K.'s "Miscellaneous Poems," p. 270. This poem seems to have suggested the hymn, "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is over," by the Rev. J. Ellerton (" Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 477).

ENDLESS round of Nature's wheel, How doth thine untir'd course reveal The universal spring Of Power and Motion! Not in keen And sudden startings, far between,1 But smooth as sea-bird's wing. Gliding unwearied now in Air And now in Ocean, As though Life's only call and care Were graceful motion.

Such are your changes, Space and Time, Dying away in softest chime, With gentlest intervals Ave lessening on the ear, and felt As when into each other melt The hues where evening falls. Thus moon to moon gives silent place, And bright stars waning Gradual retire, while morn's still pace On night is gaining.

<sup>1</sup> Continuo, non vero per saltum. - Newron.

# x. 17 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 279

Thus or for increase or decay
The seasons wind their viewless way,
Nor but by word of man
Or measure rude by man impos'd,
Is known when day or year hath clos'd,
Summer or Winter's span.
And ever onward as we go,

The wide earth rounding,
The horizon moves in gentle flow,

The horizon moves in gentle flow. Not in harsh bounding.

For why? the unseen Preserver's law
Is nigh, to master and o'erawe
The creatures in their roce

The creatures in their race, Else starting each its own wild way. So Nature sav'd from disarray,

Is free to wait on Grace:

And still, as Earth and Time steal on To their dread ending,

New fragments may of both be won For holy spending.

Thus high may soar the instructed soul, Watching young fingers idly roll

The mimic earth, or trace
In picture bright of blue and gold
The orbs that round the sky's deep fold
Each other circling chase.

When plainest strikes the inward ear What Heaven hath spoken,

Then most for our own chant we fear So harsh and broken.

<sup>1</sup> viewless, but voiceless, MS. Cf. Ps. xix. 3.

# 280 LYRA INNOCENTIUM 1x. 17

His spheres, recede they or advance,
Before Him in mysterious dance
Keep tune and time; nor e'er
Fails from this lower world a wreath
Of incense, such as sweet flowers breathe,
And vernal breezes bear.
Only man's frail sin-wearied heart
Bears, half in sadness,
A wavering, intermitted part
In that high gladness.

Yes: so it was ere Jesus came,
Alternate then his altar-flame
Blaz'd up and died away;
And Silence took her turn with Song,
And Solitude with the fair throng
That own'd the festal day.
For in earth's daily circuit then
One only border
Reflected to the Seraph's ken
Heaven's light and order.

But now to the revolving sphere
We point, and say, No desert here,
No waste so dark and lone,
But to the hour of sacrifice
Comes daily in its turn, and lies
In light beneath the Throne.
Each point of time, from morn to eve,
From eve to morning,
The shrine doth from the Spouse receive
Praise and adorning.

1 Cf. "The Christian Year," Morning, st. 1-4; and the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, st. 1-7.

# x. 17 HOLY PLACES AND THINGS 281

While on our couch we listless dream,
Or drink perforce of care's dull stream,
Yet somewhere in that hour.
The holy words are utter'd, Earth
Is partner made in Angels' mirth,
The unspeakable, pure shower
Of blessings to the unbloody rite
E'en now is winging
Its awful way, The Infinite
To meek hearts bringing.

'Tis said, of yore some child of pride
Would vaunt him how his empire wide
The bright sun never left.¹
So in the Name of our dread King
Of incense and pure offering
We never are bereft.
'Tis morning here, 'tis evening there,
And prayer must vary;
But evermore through silent air,
Nor dull nor weary,

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is probably to Philip II. of Spain. Gf. Camden, Annales Rerum Anglicarum: iv., of the death of Philip II. (Princeps cujus imperium tam longe lateque supra omnes retro imperatores diffusum ut vere dicere posset, sol mihi semper lucet), and Schiller ("Don Carlos," Act i. sc. 6) puts into Philip's mouth the words:

Ich heisse

Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt, Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter. For other references to the saying, cf. "Notes and Queries," for Oct. 15, 1808.

## 282 LYRA INNOCENTIUM IX. 17

From earth, the footstool of His feet,
Mounts to the Lord the savour sweet
Of that which once for all
He gave upon the Cross, and we
Give daily, earth's release to be
From daily woe and thrall.
Thus to Heaven's Bride, so chaste and sweet,
A voice is granted,
The notes untiring to repeat

Then mourn we not with drooping heart,
Though half the globe may seem to part
Our prayers from home and friends.
Our matins meet their evensong,
And the dread Offering, all day long,
All prayer, all duty blends.
The Eucharist of God's dear Son,
Like Him undying,
Is mighty, worlds and hearts in one
For ever tying.

In high Heaven chanted.

Wherefore in solemn cheer we pass
(Now that the Church hath turn'd her glass)
From year to dawning year.
All years to Him are one: and thou,
In virtue of thy first dread vow
Signing thyself in fear,
Make haste, dear child, and onward press
To high Communion:—
Thy fragments He will glean and bless
With perfect union.

## HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS

Ι.

# CHRISTMAS EVE: VESPERS January 26, 1844.

If it bear fruit, well: if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. St Luke xiii. q.

The daughter of the schoolmaster at Hursley, a child about three years old, came into church one Christmas Eve, expecting to see the decorations, but they were not yet put up, and she complained, "There's no Christmas here." (Miss Yonge, "Musings," p. 19.) This suggests the thought that if our Lord were to come, He might be equally disappointed, failing to find in our lives the true Christmas decoration of the Christian character, and to a prayer that He will help even the old and withered boughs to bear fruit still.

THE duteous sun hath ceas'd to keep.
The vigil of His wondrous birth,
Who in few hours, while sinners sleep,
Shall dawn on thankless earth.

The sun is set, the stars begin
Their stations in His watch on high,
As once around that Bethlehem inn;
The vesper hour is nigh.

A little maid with eager gaze
Comes hurrying to the House of Prayer,
283

Shaping in heart a wild green maze Of woodland branches there.

One look,—a cloud comes o'er her dream:
No burnish'd leaves, so fresh and clear,
No berries with their ripe red gleam:—
"There is no Christmas here."

What if that little maiden's Lord,
The awful Child on Mary's knee,
E'en now take up the accusing word:
"No Christmas here I see.

"Where are the fruits I yearly seek,
As holy seasons pass away,
Eyes turn'd from ill, lips pure and meek,
A heart that strives to pray?

"Where are the glad and artless smiles,
Like clustering hollies, seen afar
At eve along the o'ershaded aisles,
With the first twilight star?"

Spare, gracious Saviour, me and mine:
Our tardy vows in mercy hear,
While on our watch the cold skies shine
Of the departing year.

Ere we again that glimmering view, Cleans'd be our hearts and lowly laid; The unfruitful plant do Thou renew, And all beneath its shade.

# 2 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 285

By winter frosts and summer heats,
By prunings sharp and waterings mild,
Keen airs of Lent, and Easter sweets,
Tame Thou the sour and wild.

And dare we ask for one year more?
Yea, there is hope: One waits on high
To tell our contrite yearnings o'er,
And each adoring sigh.

If He in Heaven repeat our vow,
We copying here His pure dread Will,—
O dream of joy!—the wither'd bough
May blush with fruitage still.

2.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE: COMPLINE

December 3, 1842.

Rejoice in the Lord alway. Philippians iv. 4.

A Christmas Benedicite. A call to children to join in the chorus of praise which goes up to God from the stars, the flowers of earth, the angels, the animals, and the Saints in Paradise, in thanksgiving for the Incarnation.

REJOICE in God alway,
With stars in Heaven rejoice,
Ere dawn of Christ's own day
Lift up each little voice.

<sup>1</sup> Easter sweets. Cf. "Thy dying sweets." "The Christian Year": Holy Baptism, st. 12, and the note there. With the whole stanza cf. supra, vi. 2.

Look up with pure glad eye, And count those lamps on high. Nay, who may count them? on our gaze They from their deeps come out in everwidening maze.

Each in his stand aloof Prepares his keenest beam, Upon that hovel roof, In at that door, to stream, Where meekly waits her time The whole earth's Flower and Prime :-Where in few hours the Eternal One Will make a clear new day, rising before the sun.

Rejoice in God alway, With each green leaf rejoice, Of berries on each spray The brightest be your choice. From bower and mountain lone The autumnal hues are gone, Yet gay shall be our Christmas wreath, The glistening beads above, the burnish'd leaves beneath.

Such garland grave and fair His Church to-day adorns. And-mark it well-e'en there He wears His crown of thorns. Should aught profane draw near, a Full many a guardian spear Is set around, of power to go Deep in the reckless hand and stay the grasping Foe.

# . 2 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 287

Rejoice in God alway.

With powers rejoice on high,
Who now with glad array
Are gathering in the sky,
His cradle to attend,
And there all lowly bend.
But half so low as He hath bow'd
Did never highest Angel stoop from brightest
cloud.

Rejoice in God alway,
All creatures, bird and beast,
Rejoice, again I say,
His mightiest and His least;
From ox and ass that wait
Here on his poor estate,
To the four living Powers, decreed

A thousand ways at once His awful car to speed.

With Saints in Paradise
Your midnight service say,
For vigil glad arise.
E'en they in their calm bowers
Too tardy find the hours
Till he reveal the wondrous Birth:
How must we look and long, chain'd here to
sin and earth!

Rejoice in God alway:

Ye babes, to Jesus dear, Rejoice in Him alway. Ye whom He bade draw near, O'er whom He loved to pray,

1 Cf. Ezekiel i. 5.

Wake and lift up the head, Each in his quiet bed.

Listen: His voice the night-wind brings: He in your cradle lies, He in our carols sings.

#### CHRISTMAS DAY. November 23, 1843.

(While reaiting on an Infant at home.)

Behold, I and the children which God hath given

me. Isaiah viii. 18.

The infant, who cannot join in the worship of Christmas Day, yet by its very smile in sleep seems to be dreaming of Christmas joy, and hearing the voices of children now adoring Christ in Heaven; and the parents, who have to tend it, can join in that worship by offering their child to God, in union with the great Eucharistic Offering. The child's smile is mysterious, yet much more mysterious must have been the face of the Eternal Child; that can never more be seen, but this new-born child shall know of His Crucifixion, and receive mercy and joy therefrom.

THOU, who didst choose Thine awful

Within the undefiled womb,-The bridal chamber, where our God For spousals high made brief abode, High spousals, evermore to bind The Godhead with our fallen kind :-Now while the o'erarching clouds among Echoes the Angels' matin song,

# HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 289

While, heart and hand,
In every land
The Saints their sacrifice prepare
The Cradle to adore of Heaven's dread Heir,
Behold where in the silent shade
Thy slumbering little ones till matin prime are

Soon will a thousand bells ring out,
A thousand roofs the choral shout
Prolong, where Kings with Shepherds meet
His manger with their gifts to greet.
What shall we do, mine infant dear,
Who may not those glad anthems hear?
How shall we serve Him, thou and I,
Far from that glorious company?
Thou smil'st in sleep:

Who knows how deep
The dream of joy that smile denotes?
Mild as the summer lightning, see, it floats,
As if, the new-born Spirit o'er,
Came voices low from where departed babes

Such is thy silent Liturgy,
But what is ours who wait on thee?
We offer thee to Him, this hour,
Who in like slumber veil'd His power:
Thy cradle with its hopes and fears,
Thy May-day smiles and April tears,
Whate'er thou hast, whate'er thou art,
Howe'er thy mother's dreaming heart

#### LYRA INNOCENTIUM

Shapes thy bright doom In years to come;-All with that offering would we blend, Which Saints on earth to Angel hands commend To bear on high, this favour'd day, And on the sovereign Babe's unquenched altar lay.

> Mysterious are these smiles of thine; But of that Face, the Godhead's shrine, Those holy lips, that awful brow, Nor Angel then nor Prophet now Might truly deem; none trace aright Those hoverings of supernal light. No more to sight, in earth or heaven, Shall the Eternal Child be given. But, Infant dear,

Unveil'd and clear,

Thou shalt behold Him as He died. Thine eye shall gaze upon the Crucified: In mercy may He meet thy gaze, And all the joy fulfil of all His bright glad days!

# THE EPIPHANY. January 1843.

They saw the young Child with Mary His Mother, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts. St Matt. ii. 11.

A christening day or a birthday is full of brightness and of gifts; let us then to-day brightly bring our very best to our Lord-the gold of a virgin heart,

# x.4 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 291

the frankincense of prayer, the myrrh of penitence that so the sight of the infant Child may be a protection during the coming year.

HOW gaily seems the sun to rise in On christening days and days of birth,

Whether he smile in summer skies,

Or faintly warm the wintry earth!
Bright are the dreams he drives away,
And bright the promise of that day,
All charms, all gifts of Love are there,
Love breathes in all the fragrant air.

Oh haste we then to-day to greet was had. Him who is born our glorious King: Of gold and myrrh and incense sweet

Your treasures to His cradle bring. The Virgin Mother waiting by Your offering scans with earnest eye, Angels and Saints with jealous heed Watch if you bring your best indeed.

And He, the Holiest, Humblest One, Making as though He could not see,

Yet is His Eye all hearts upon.

O may He find some good in me! A poor, weak, wayward soul is mine, Yet own I, Lord, Thy saving sign. Thou seest me daily, how before Thy gracious footsteps I adore.

Fain would I there my stores unfold,
And of the gifts Thy Love hath given
One heart restore of virgin gold,
One prayer, like incense, seeking Heaven,

One drop of penitential Love, Fragrant and dear to God above, Yet bitter in the mouth as gall, <sup>1</sup> Fain would I bring Thee: 'tis mine all.

O blessed, who with eyes so pure
Have watch'd Thy cradle day by day,
Thy look may in their hearts endure,
Brightening their dim and weary way!
Blest, whom sweet thoughts of Christmas tide
Through all the year may guard and guide,
As on those sages journeying smil'd
In dreams the Mother and the Child.

# \*\*\* THE PURIFICATION

La Zi ze Trade

February 12, 1843.

The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Song of Solomon ii. 12.

As on a bright February day, the budding violets and snowdrops, the gay faces of the children, the first spring notes of the birds anticipate the spring, yet the cold winds and mists return again; so the Presentation of Christ by His mother in the Temple anticipated His great offering of Himself, yet at once there mingled with it the note of sorrow.

WHAT buds, what fragrant flowers are here!
Not yet are Christmas garlands sere,
The stern bleak months that lead the year
Are frowning still,
Yet forth they come, no stay, no fear,

And bloom at will.

Cf. Revelations x. 10.

# x.5 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 293

Each nodding violet spray beneath
What troops of tender nurslings breathe,
Close set as gems in bridal wreath!
April's last day
No richer gift did e'er bequeath
To brightening May.

The snowdrops round the cottage door Are twinkling gay by tens or more, The merry children on the floor As gay within:

As gay within:
The birds tell out their vernal lore
With joyous din.

As they prevent the matin prime, So, might it seem, sweet Nature's chime Rings out to greet the holy time.

Heaven's softest airs and be be with the Maid who now shall climb

The Temple stairs, and the maid was and the main the main that the main the main that the

Pure from her undefiled throes,
Her virgin matron arms inclose
The only Gift the wide earth knows
Not all unmeet
For the dread place where now she goes,
His mercy-seat.

See the Redeemer on His way
Himself to be redeemed to-day:
In humblest meekness see her lay
Before the shrine
Such offerings as poor matrons pay.

Such offerings as poor matrons pay,
Want's lowly sign.1

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St Luke ii. 24.

But soon the untimely vernal gleam Must fade away like morning dream, and and the And ill winds blow, and cold mists stream On flower and leaf: So with the glad prophetic theme a reason of

Come tones of grief.

"The sword shall pierce thy very soul."
As on some gay glad hour might toll
The funeral knell, or thunders roll So did that word thy joy control,

Thou Virgin bright!

sting, went at mings, inc. Then, poor and orphan'd though I prove, Yet would I praise Thee, Lord, and love, And learn of Mary's spotless Dove. With moanings meek, white to all?

And soft wing gliding high above, Thy Face to seek.

The July Con it was after

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#### LENT. March 6, 1844.

Sanctify a fast . . . gather the children, and those that suck the breasts. Joel ii. 16.

# (ASH WEDNESDAY)

The grown up have one advantage over children, that their service of God implies deliberate choice of heart; hence, while children rejoice in the Church's festivals, Lent is for the grown up-for sinners; yet the presence of children deepens the penitence of the sinner; and as at the sight of sorrow they show an instinctive sympathy, so at the sight of

# x.6 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 295

the broken heart they feel instinctive horror of sin and soothing sympathy with the sinner. Cf. supra, ix. 9.

'TIS said, the immortal Powers on high Might envy Saints on earth, for they can die;

They for their Lord may suffer loss;
Those but adore, these taste, the healing Cross.
So while in all beside, dear babe, we pined out for hope as pure as thine.

One gift we have, one token more than thou, With choice of heart beneath the Saviour's yoke to bow.

No deep of joy to thee is lost and From Christmas, Easter, or bright Pentecost:

No memory-cloud in air, to dimension (1)

The unfolding heavens or mar the Seraphs' hymn.

The gladsome days are thine: to us are sent in The wan soft gleams of Lent,
The kindly waters from the heavens above,
From earth to be exhal'd in dews of tearful love.

Our portion in Christ's awful year, The Oak Not thine, is Lent: and yet He calls thee near.

Come, spotless one, He seems to say, id o't Come with thy pure white robe, and kneel to-day

Beside the fallen and defil'd, and learn ... oroM.

How keen the fires must burn it will.

Of the dread Spirit, purging contrite hearts

Of the dread Spirit, purging contrite hearts
With penitential pains, Truth in the inward parts. 1

Oft have we marked thy wistful eye Fix'd upon ours when evil news came nigh.

As who should say, "My dreams are bright.

"Why should the cloud of woe on thee alight?" Then sweeter grew thy smile, thy soft caress

Would closer seem to press, And for the woe, to thee yet unreveal'd, Pure balm of kindly hope thou didst unknowing vield. 4 to relamin on C

So be it now: the secret dark Of wasting sin here in God's awful ark In mercy may He keep from thee, Yet be thou near, our penance-hour to see, mon-Our penance-hour to see, and deeply thrill

.g. 01.6

At sense of unknown ill. ill. and a od'1 Thou look'st an Angel: be thy presence found Like a bright Angel's here, guarding the holy ground.

Oh much we need a loving spell, To scare away the Powers unclean and fell, Whom we too oft have tempted nigh, To bind our burden, dim our upward eye. Thou from the Font art fresh and undefil'd: O surely, happy child, More than angelic power is where thou art,

More than angelic love, to melt the cold dry a light artiful min zit of

# x.7 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 297

# EASTER EVE. April 4, 1842, and T

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Lamentations iii. 26.

Nature's flowers bloom as much while the Lord lies in His grave as though there were no sorrow in the world; the thyme and violets grow even on the tomb, for they anticipate the Easter message; and the child's delight in the flowers is one with their instinctive faith, but it needs as it grows, to be kept safe by fast and prayer.

THE Primroses with kindly gleam
Are looking out from bower and brake:
As bright and quiet all things seem
As if no heart on earth could ache.

Yet He, the Sun who yester even
Set in that wild tempestuous gloom,
When graves flew wide, and rocks were riven,
Still lingers in the dreary tomb.

Nor blame our peace: for He will rise,
His veil for evermore withdrawn.
O never yet shone vernal skies
So pure, as shall to-morrow dawn.

'Tis in that faith the flowers of Earth
Their very best make speed to wear,
And e'en the funeral mound gives birth
To wild thyme fresh and violets fair.

Stoop, little child, nor fear to kiss The green buds on this bed of death, Thou hast thy first baptismal bliss, Like new-born babe's, thy fragrant breath.

Thy fragrant breath with this sweet air From briar and turf may duly blend: But keep it pure with Fast and Prayer, Come early near, and lowly bend.

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#### EASTER DAY. April 11, 1844.

I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him. and would not let Him go. Song of Solomon, iii. 4.

To a child, on Easter Day.

As at the Incarnation, Jesus lay in a Virgin's Womb, and left it undefiled, so in death He lay in a tomb in which no man had ever lain, and left it sealed, as He rose triumphant in the early Easter Morn to receive the homage of those who had learnt the lesson of His Death. He rose to bring blessings, to others, and to thee among them. He appeared first-so Church tradition vouches-to His mother, then to the Magdalen, to Peter, to John, to the holy women, to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, and to the Apostles in Jerusalem-that thou mightest learn first to care for thy parents, and then to be with the penitent and the sorrowing, with those who talk about Christ, and those who meet together for His worship,

TWAS at the matin hour, early before the

The prison-doors flew open, the bolts of death were drawn.

#### x.8 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 299

'Twas at the matin hour, when prayers of Saints are strong,

Where, two short days ago, He bore the spitting,

wounds, and wrong,

From realms unseen, an unseen way, th' Almighty Saviour came,

And following on His silent steps an Angel

The stone is roll'd away, the keepers fainting fall; Satan's and Pilate's watchmen—the Day has scar'd them all.

The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone before,

The Breath of Life, the Living Soul, had breath'd itself once more

Into the sacred Body that slumber'd in the tomb, As still and lowly, as erewhile in th' undefiled womb.

And surely not in folds so bright the spotless winding-sheet

Inwrapt Him, nor such fragrance pour'd the myrrh and aloes sweet,

As when in that chaste Bosom, His awful bed, He lay,

And Mary's prayer around Him rose, like incense, night and day.

And e'en as, when her hour was come, He left His Mother mild

A royal Virgin evermore, heavenly and undefil'd, So left the glorious Body the rock it slumber'd on, And spirit-like in silence passed, nor touch'd the sealed stone. The Angel came full early, but Christ had gone before.

Not for Himself, but for His Saints, is burst the prison door, done de la succession door,

That penitents who bring Him tears and perfume 

May for His glory school their eyes, watching His funeral weeds.

englinila security, which we been things They who have sinn'd, though much they love, -they who have thrice denied,-2

'Tis meet that they awhile beneath the garb of glory hide

A shred of Jesus' grave-clothes, such robes as hermits weave :-

But Virgin Love needs only to behold, rejoice, believe.3

Dearest, be thine such portion: yet even so, in still

And humble guise draw nigh: such is thy Saviour's will.

Stoop lowly o'er His traces dim, and of His Angels learn

Where face to face He will be met, and for that greeting yearn.

Thou know'st He died not for Himself, nor for Himself arose:

Millions of souls were in His Heart, and thee for one He chose.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St John xii. 3.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Cf. St John xx. 6, 7; and supra, v. 12, st. 5.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. St John xx. 8.

# x.8 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 301

Upon the palms of His pierc'd Hands engraven was thy name, 1

He for thy cleansing had prepar'd His water and His flame.

Sure thou with Him art risen: and now with

Him thou must go forth,

And He will lend thy sick soul health, thy strivings, might and worth.

Early with Him thou forth must fare, and ready make the way

For the descending Paraclete, the third hour of the day.2 1 moreover days now and

He veil'd His awful footsteps, our all-subduing Lord,

Until the Blessed Magdalene beheld Him and ador'd.

But through the veil the Spouse may see, for her heart is as His own,

That to His Mother or by sight or touch He made Him known.3

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Isaiah xlix. 16. <sup>2</sup> Cf. Acts ii. 1, 15. <sup>3</sup> Compare "The Christian Year," Fourth Sunday in Lent:

As when the Holy maid beheld Her risen Son and Lord: Thought has not colours half so fair That she to paint that hour may dare, In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from Heaven The earnest of our bliss,

Of many a chosen witness telling. On many a happy vision dwelling, Sings not a note of this.

The actual tradition of such an appearance vouch-

And e'en as from His manger-bed He gave her His first smile,

So now, while Seraphs wait, He talks apart with her awhile;

That thou of all the forms, which to thee His image wear. 11111

Might'st own thy parents first, with thy prime of loving care. are, which could be river in

And when that first spring - flower of love is gather'd, be thou seen

Full soon with mourning Peter, and bereaved Magdalene,

And meet with looks of soothing cheer the women on their way

To find the Lord, nor from beside His musing comrades stray. ..

To Emmaus see thou lose not the narrow path; for there

With open face He tarries, to give thee Angels' fare.

Where all His Saints assemble, make haste ere twilight cease.

His Easter blessing to receive, and so lie down in peace.

safed first to the Virgin is apparently not found earlier than Eadmer. It reappears in Ludolph of Saxony's "Life of Christ."

> of South Books and

Lwe at -9. sud for

WHITSUN-EVE. August 9, 1845.

O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the Rock, . . . let me hear thy voice. Song of Solomon ii. 14.

Plato, in his ideal state, laid down that soft music should be played round every child's cradle at night and stirring tunes each morning; but God has provided us with the lark's song at morn and with the soughing of the wind through the pines at night. Nay, Nature does more! it makes tunes for holy times, for the note of the Dove—soft, grave, content, combining joy with wistful sadness—comes both at morn and eve to remind us of the Spirit's work.

Compare Wordsworth's contrast of the song of the nightingale with that of the stock-dove, especially

the lines about the latter:

He sang of love with quiet blending, Slow to begin, and never ending; Of serious faith and inward glee; That was the song—the song for me.

WELL fare the Sage, whose dreams of old
Would every cradle fain enfold
In evening clouds of softest sound,
Slow settling ear and heart around,
Then with the breeze at morning prime
Would mingle some heart-thrilling chime,
Some Dorian movement, bold or grave,
Such as in inmost soul they crave,

Who, when the battles of the Lord are fought, Shrink from their own frail hearts, else fearing nought.1

1 This reference seems to combine Plato, "Laws," ii. p. 664, where choruses are to sing to the young and tender souls of children, with the "Republic," iii. p. 399, in which the Dorian and Phrygian harmonies are set apart for the true education of the rulers of the state.

Such strains have I desir'd erewhile. When haply with half-pitying smile, One of the attendant Spirits kind, Who float unseen on wave or wind. Might to another say, "Behold The dimly eyed and narrow soul'd! He longs for music in the morn, Nor heeds the lark's unwearied horn. He finds at eve no soothing lullaby, Though west winds stir and whispering pines are nigh."

O heavenly Wisdom, strong and sweet, How dost thou tune thy lyre, to meet The wakening or half-dreaming cares Of souls whom Love for Joy prepares! How do wild Nature's chords, by thee Combin'd in varying melody, Make tunes for holy times! e'en now, From underneath the fragrant bough, In notes of hopeful warning the fair Dove Gives token of the approaching morn of love.

Soft are her tones; for He draws nigh, Who moveth all things quietly: Yet grave and deep; for to His sight Heaven's secrets are undazzling light: Content; for He on healing wings The promise of the Father brings: And Comfort in His name; yet so That in His promptings here below A wistful uncomplaining sadness still Must deeply blend with Joy's adoring thrill.

## x. 10 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 305

As yet we but our vigil hold,
Not yet the Whitsun flowers unfold
Their full bright splendours. In the sky
The third hour's sun must ride full high,
Ere to the holy glorious room
The fires of new Creation come,
Ere on weak hearts, though willing, fall
The rushing mighty wind, in all
The power of its dread harmony, and win,
Ne'er to die down, true echoes from within.

O loving Spirit, gently lay
Thine arm on ours when we would stray!
Prepare us with Thy warnings sweet,
Us and our little ones, to greet
Thy visitations dread and dear!
Grant us, when holy times are near,
In twilight or of morn or eve,

Thy dove-like whisperings to receive,
And own them kindlier for the plaintive mood,
That breathes of contrite Love, mild Hope,
and Joy subdued.

10.

### WHITSUNDAY. June 16, 1843.

The Promise is unto you and to your children. Acts ii. 39.

The one Spirit given at Pentecost produced many varying crowns of glory and tongues of praise; only of children is there no mention then. Yet the Virgin Mother, whose heart is always full of the true Child,

<sup>1</sup> New Creation, of. supra, i. 2.

was there in worship; and St Peter, the Shepherd who was bidden to feed Christ's Lambs, declared that the promise was "for you and your children."

> NE the descending Flame, But many were the tongues of fire; From one bright Heaven they came, But here and there in many a spire, or In many a living line they sped To rest on each anointed head. Town and

There, as you stars in clearest deep of night, The glory-crowns shone out in many-colour'd light.1

One the dread rushing Wind,

But many were the tones of praise, Love guiding each to find His way in Music's awful maze. Many the tongues, the theme was one, The glory of th' Incarnate Son, How He was born, how died, how reigns in Heaven.

And how His Spirit now to His new-born is given.

Join'd in that choral cry Were all estates, all tribes of earth: Only sweet Infancy Seem'd silent in the adoring mirth. Mothers and maidens there behold The Maiden Mother: young and old On Apostolic thrones with joy discern in the Both fresh and faded forms, skill'd for all hearts to yearn.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. supra, vii. 10.

## x. 10HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 307

Widows from Galilee,
Levites are there, and elders sage
Of high and low degree;
But nought we read of that sweet age
Which in His strong embrace He took,
And seal'd it safe by word and look,
m Earth's foul dews, and withering airs o

From Earth's foul dews, and withering airs of Hell:

The Pentecostal chant no infant warblings swell.

Nay, but she worships here,
Whom still the Church in memory sees
(O thought to mothers dear)
Before her Babe on bended knees,
Or rapt, with fond adoring eye,
In her sweet nursing ministry.—
How in Christ's Anthem fails the children's part,
While Mary bears Him thron'd in her maternal
heart?

Hear, too, that Shepherd's voice,
Whom o'er His lambs the Saviour set
By words of awful choice,
When on the shore His Saints He met. 1
Blest Peter shews the key of Heaven,
And speaks the grace to infants given:
"Yours is the Promise, and your babes', and all,
Whom from all lands afar the Lord our God
shall call."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. St John xxi. 15-17.

II.

#### OCTAVES OF FESTIVALS.

November 26, 1844.

Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound. Ps. lxxxix. 15.

#### (SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS)

As in a strain of music the last notes recall the main tune, so in the strains which greet Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Whitsuntide, the Church keeps her octave, and on the eighth day sounds once more the note given on the festival. We may grow wearied, but the angels weary not; and both little children with their cry of "Again," "Again," for what they like, and with their unwillingness to part with a friend, and mothers, ever untired of their children's voices, are examples to us how we ought to train ourselves to greet the unvarying bliss of Heaven.

E'EN as the close of some grave melody, Hovering and lingering in the moon's still

Breathes o'er and o'er, reviving ere they die The notes that are the soul of the sweet lay, And hearts that own the music, loitering near, Drink the lov'd cadence with enchanted ear:

So the bright holy days, as one by one
They pass, a glorious week behind them draw.
Nor will their echo cease till they outrun
Their Octave: such is heavenly Music's law.
Nor will Faith's ear grow weary of the strain,
But long for the glad note to sound again.

1 enchanted, but unsated, MS.

## x.11 HOLY SEASONS AND DAYS 309

Whether the tones were pastoral, warbled low On Christmas Eve, but ere the bright sun rise, From thousand Seraphs in harmonious flow O'erspreading earth new-born and gladden'd skies:

Or in high triumph from beside the tomb
The sudden anthem pierc'd the Paschal gloom:

Or cloudlike soar'd the long-drawn melody, Still upward gliding where the Lord had gone: Or in all tongues the Pentecostal cry Rose from all lands in perfect unison;— For each and all, seven happy nights and days, The Church untiring holds her notes of praise.

For each and all, the eighth mysterious morn Doth of the first tell o'er the perfect tale. Lo, from Heaven's deep again the lays are borne That seem'd for ever past behind the veil, (For Thy dread Hours, Thou awful Trinity, Are but the Whitsun airs, new set on high).

'Tis only our dull hearts that tire so soon
Of Christ's repeated call; while they in heaven,
Unwearied basking in the eternal noon,
Still sound the note, by the first Seraph given,
What time the Morning Stars around their King
Began for evermore to shine and sing.<sup>1</sup>

And you, ye gentle babes, true image here Of such as walk in white before the Throne, Ye weary not of Love, how oft soe'er 1 Her yearnings she repeat in unchanged tone, To tale familiar, to remember'd strain, To frolic ten times tried, ye cry, Again.

How have I seen you, when the unpleasing time Came for some kindly guest to pass away, Cling round his skirts! how mark'd the playful chime

Of earnest voices, pledg'd to make him stay!
O deeply sink, and with a tearful spell,
The memories of such welcome and farewell.

Nor wants in elder love the like soft charm.

The Mother tires not of one little voice,
E'en as she fain all day with patient arm
Would bear one burthen. O frail heart, rejoice!
Love trains thee now by repetition sweet.

The unwasting and unvarying bliss to greet.

<sup>1</sup> oft. I have restored this from the MS, and the first edition. Later editions read soft—probably a mere slip.

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#### APPENDIX

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#### MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT.

December 8, 1844. IN CONCEPTIONE B. V. M.

The incident which suggested this poem occurred in August 1844. Mr Keble was on a visit at Ballachulish, in Scotland, when a child rushed into the room, then stopped, complaining, "My mother is not here." This suggests to the poet two thoughts: (a) how many devout Englishmen are complaining that the True Mother, the Church, is not to be found in England! (b) how many are also complaining that the proper reverence is not paid there to the Virgin Mother of Our Lord! But as the child was stilled by the assurance that his mother was not far off and would soon be back, so we are comforted by the thought (a) that the Church is still with us, even if not in all her glory, giving Her blessing to our prayers; and (b) that though we may not adore the Blessed Virgin, yet the true love and fear is growing which pays due reverence to the Saints. We think of her as associated for ever with her Son, we name her in the Creed, we use her Magnificat, we keep her Festivals, and we may unforbidden use the Angelic greeting and call upon her and all the Saints to aid our prayers.

The poem was written for the "Lyra Innocentium," but not published in it, as Mr Keble's friends, Mr Justice Coleridge and Mr Dyson, thought it would give offence, and that it went farther than was sanctioned by the English Church. But, as it

#### 312 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

has since been published, it is printed here. (Cf. Introduction, pp. 20-22. Coleridge, "Memoir," c. xiii.; W. Lock, "J. Keble," c, vi.). It should be compared with the Poem for the Annunciation in "The Christian Year,"

S AW ye the bright-eyed stately child, With sunny locks so soft and wild, How in a moment round the room His keen eye glanced, then into gloom Retired, as they who suffer wrong When most assured they look and long? Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear, In anger half, "My Mother is not here!"

Perchance some burthen'd heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone.
What if our English air be stirred
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
Or penitents, to leaning angels dear,
"Our own, our only Mother is not here."

The murmurings of that boyish heart
They hush with many a fostering art,
Soon o'er the islands of the west
The weary sun will sink to rest;
The rose-tints fade, that gradual now
Are climbing Ben-y-veer's green brow,
Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer,
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.

Lightly they soothe the fair, fond boy,
Nor is there not a hope and joy
For spirits that half-orphan'd roam
Forlorn in their far island home.
Oft, as in penance lowly bowed,
Prayer—like a gentle evening cloud—
Enfolds them, through the mist they seem to trace
By shadowy gleams a royal Mother's face.

The holy Church is at their side,
Not in her robes a glorious Bride:

As sister named of Mercy mild
At midnight by a fever'd child
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
A white-stoled angel in a dream,
Such may the presence of the spouse appear
To tender, trembling hearts so faint, so dear.

The babe for that sweet vision's sake
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake;
And we for love would fain lie still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.
And wills He not? Are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless our home, or choral throng,
When true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

Mother of God! O, not in vain
We learn'd of old thy lowly strain,
Fain in thy shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest;
With thee would "magnify the Lord,"
And if thou art not here adored,

#### 314 LYRA INNOCENTIUM

Yet seek we, day by day, the love and fear Which bring thee, with all saints, near and more near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek,
Or where the angel in the thrice-great Name
Hail'd thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry,
Man hath assail'd the Throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie, that pardoning hour
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break:
None may that work undo, that Flesh unmake.

Thenceforth, Whom thousand worlds adore, He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor Saint His face may see
Apart from what He took of thee.
How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below in high acclaim
In holy Creed? Since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthem there.

How, but in love on thine own days, Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze? Nay every day, each suppliant hour,
Whene'er we kneel in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblamed,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed,
"Hail, Mary, full of grace!" O, welcome sweet
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat!

Fair greeting, with our matin vows
Paid duly to the enthroned Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity,
Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
To bear and nurse the eternal Son.
O, awful station, to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven!

Therefore, as kneeling day by day
We to our Father duteous pray,
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek.
(As children with "good morrow" come
To elders in some happy home:)
Inviting so the saintly host above
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
Our falterings in the pure bright air.
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit, else how vain of thee
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side!
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

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